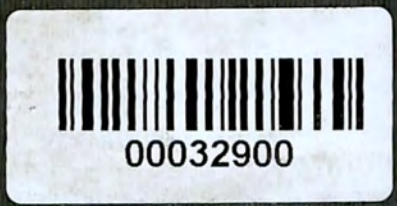
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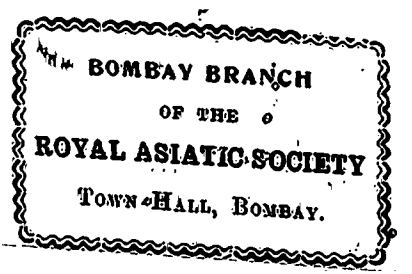

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ITALY

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,

CONTRASTED WITH

ITS PAST CONDITION.

BY JAMES WHITESIDE, ESQ.,

A.M., M.R.I.A.,

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S COUNSEL.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

A Farewell to Florence.—The Routes to Rome compared. The Siena Road. — Residence of Boccaccio. — The ancient Cities of Etruria.—Their Characteristics.—Gigantic Labours of the Etruscans.—Their Skill in the Arts.—Works in Bronze and Clay.—Their Ideas in Arts derived from Greece. Origin and Language of the Etruscans.—Niebuhr's Opinion.—Inscriptions undeciphered.—Genius of their Government.—Siena described.—Approach to the Papal Frontier. Buonconvento. — La Scala. — Fording a River. — Radicofani.—Its gloomy Castle.—Crossing the Frontier.—Compliment to Pope Gregory.—Acquapendente.—Bolsena.—The Lake.—Deceitful Aspect of the Country.—Afflicted by Malaria.—Viterbo.—Ronciglione.—Mr. Mathews's description of Italian Country Inns disputed.—Their Luxuries detailed. 1

CHAPTER II.

Perugian Route to be preferred.—Road by the Arno.—Views of Florence—Incisa—Arezzo.—Reference to its History.—Descent of Hannibal into Italy.—Camp of Flaminius. Camuscia. — Cortona. — Lake of Thrasymenus and its Scenery.—The Battle between Hannibal and the Romans. Narrative by Hobhouse, Niebuhr, and Livy.—Passignano. Views of the Lake. — Torricella. — Vale of the Caina.—

PAGE

The Country described.—Ascent to Perugia.—Account of that Etruscan City.—Its modern School of Art.—Perugino and his Pupil Raffaelle.—Early Labours of the great Painter in Perugia.—Umbria.—Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. St. Francis—The Monk and his Miracles.—Assisi, its Churches and Paintings.—Foligno.—Clitumnus, its River and Temple described.—Antiquarian Disputes.—Byron's Delineation of Italian Scenery.—Spoleto, and its Roman Aqueduct.—Monte Somma.—Flaminian Way.—Valley of the Nera.—Plains of Rieti.—The Falls of Terni.—History of the Cascade.—Pleading of Cicero.—Narni.—Bridge of Augustus.—Descent into the Valley of the Tiber.—Cività Castellana.—The State Prison.—Nepi.—The Cassian Way.—The Campagna.—Approach to Rome.——Milvian Bridge. The Flaminian Gate.—Reflections on entering the Walls of Rome. 13

CHAPTER III.

Rome and its Attractions. 38

CHAPTER IV.

MODERN ROME.

Brief Topographical Description and General Aspect of the City.—Tables of the Population.—The Seven Hills described. 44

CHAPTER V.

Sights at Rome. 52

CHAPTER VI.

Pompey's Statue.—Gardens of Sallust.—A Word on the Historians and the Men who flourished in the latter Days of the Republic. 53

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

Night Walk in Rome. 61

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Delights of Spring.—Piazza della Trinita di Monti, and the Landscape Painters of Italy.—A Word on the Sculptors.—The Church, and Daniele da Volterra's Picture. Palace of the Medici. — French School of Art. — The Pincian Hill: its Attractions.—Italian Schoolboys, Soldiers, and Convicts.—Dr. Arnold's Criticism on Italian Character.—Nero's Ashes and Family Burial-place.—The Church of Santa Maria del Popolo —Raffaelle's Sculpture.—A Voice from the Obelisk. 72

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Jesuits' College and Church.—Control of that Society over the Press.—The Propaganda.—Its Exhibition in Honour of the Holy Magi.—Discipline of the Noviciates.—Walk by the Porta Pia to the Mons Sacer.—Menenius Agrippa's Apologue.—The Anio.—Life in a Tomb.—The Improvisatore verified.—A Cardinal exercising.—Return by the Muro Torto through the Flaminian Gate to the Propaganda.—The Buffaloes.—Singular History of Father Rillo.—A few Suggestions to the Heads of the English Church. . . 91

CHAPTER X.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Quirinal.—Palazzo Pontificio.—Monte Cavallo and its Ornaments.—The Pope in Conclave.—Cardinals in their

PAGE

State.—The Swiss Harlequins.—The Old and the New Cardinals.—A Ceremony.—Rospigliosi Palace.—Guido's Aurora. Summits of the Esquiline.—Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore.—Corinthian Column.—San Pietro in Vincoli.—Return by the Viminal and Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli.—Origin of Cardinals, their Number, Titles, and Dress. The Title of Pope, not confined to the Bishop of Rome. Father Paul, a good Antiquary. 107

CHAPTER XI.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Piazza Barberini.—The Fountain.—Capuchin Convent and Church.—Its famous Picture of the Archangel Michael. The varied Occupants of a Palace in Rome.—Palazzo Barberini.—Guido's famous Portrait of Beatrice Cenci.—Shelley's Tragedy.—The true Story of Beatrice Cenci. . 122

CHAPTER XII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Walk to St. Peter's—its difficulties.—Borghese Palace.—Picture of St. Antony—his Sermons to the Fish.—Addison. Eustace.—A word on the Saint.—House of Raffaelle—his Death—Character.—The Pons Ælius.—Hadrian's Monument.—Mausoleum of Augustus.—A Reflection.—Piazza of St. Peter's.—The Cathedral as designed by Michael Angelo—and as it is.—Ascent of the Dome.—Views of Rome.—The Vatican.—Manufactory of Mosaics.—Monte Mario.—Ecclesiastical Prison.—Singular Story of the Archbishop of Memphis. 173

CHAPTER XIII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Pantheon—Exterior and Interior described.—Was it Agrippa's Bath?—His Conversation with Augustus and Mæ-

PAGE

cenas.—Dedication of a Heathen Temple.—Comparison of the Rotunda with the Gothic Cathedral and ancient Basilica. Italian Market.—Bill of Fare.—Crows — Hedgehogs — and other Luxuries.—Expenses of Living in Rome.—Piazza di Sopra Minerva and its fearful Reminiscences.—Piazza Madama.—Piazza Navona—Picturesque Scene.—Statue of Pasquin.— A pleasant Cobbler.— Church of St. Andrea della Valle.—An Italian Sermon.—Padre Ventura, the popular Orator, sketched.—Madame de Stael's Account of Preaching in Rome in her day.—A Doctrine of the Infallible Church doubted.— Padre Ventura misquotes his Text.—Reception of the Scriptures in Italy.—A Reflection. . . . 197

CHAPTER XIV.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Fountain of Trevi.—Corinne and her Lover.—Column of Trajan.—Forum of Trajan, a Cemetery for Cats!—Church of St. Apostoli.—Canova's earliest Works—comparison with Raffaelle.—Forum of Nerva.—Magnificent Remains of the Temple of Mars in the Forum of Augustus.—Porta Latina. The Roman Columbaria described. — Baths of Caracalla and their ancient Splendours.—The Villa Mills.—Palace of the Cæsars.—House of Augustus.—The Palatine.—Via di Gregoria—and Gregorian Convent.—Frescoes of Domenichino and Guido.—Arch of Constantine, its Style and Decorations.—Beauty and Solidity of Triumphal Arches in Rome. Meta Sudante. — The Colosseum, exterior and interior, described.—The Arch of Titus—his Triumph over the Jews. Line of the Via Sacra. — Horace—his Satires, the Vicissitudes of his Life.—A Day with the Poet in ancient Rome. Basilica of Constantine — the View from its Summit. — Villa Farnese on the Palatine—a Walk over its Grounds and Descent to the Baths of Livia.—Church of Cosimus and Damius.—The Bronze Gates and Plan of the City.—Pope Gregory and the Image hold a Conversation.—Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.—Head of the Roman

PAGE
Forum—its Antiquities described.—Cicero in the Rostra.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Church of San Martino and the Silver Head.—The Mamertine Prisons—Historic Recollections.—Ruins at the base of the Capitol.—The Clivus Capitolinus.—Glories of a Roman Triumph.—The House of Cicero—and Site of Vesta's Shrine.—Church of San Teodoro. Church of St. George in Velabrum. — Cloaca Maxima. — Church of St. Maria in Cosmedin.—Bocca di Verità.—Temple (so called) of Vesta.—The Cobbler and the Monk. Temple of Fortune.—The Ponte Rotto.—Rienzi's House Reflections on his Character.—Theatre of Marcellus.—Portico of Octavia.—Modern Front of the Capitol.—Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius.—Tarpeian Rock.—Church of the Ara Cæli and the Bambino.—A Story and a Ceremony.—Gibbon in the Ruins of the Capitol.—Reflections. . 218

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF A WINTER IN ROME.

The last Winter under Pope Gregory.—A Correggio discovered—and a Law-suit thereon.—How it was not decided—and what became of the Picture.—Civil Justice and its Blessings.—A Visit to the Tribunals.—A Sketch of the Proceedings.—A Contrast between the Church and the Law in Rome.—Drawing of the Lottery and the Priest—a Ceremony not Religious.—Popular Education.—Position in Society of a Roman Advocate.—Papal Justice.—Example of the Uses of the Index Expurgatorius.—Church Discipline exemplified.—A Lesson for Oxford.—Inquisition as it exists in reference to the Layman and the Priest.—A Narrative and Reflection.—Newspapers abhorred.—Foreign Journals seized.—Mystery in all things.—A Saint's-day and its Advantages.—Locomotion forbidden.—Pope Gregory's sensible View of Railways. Agriculture, how encouraged.—A Harvest and its Horrors. Criminal Code in relation to Political Offences expounded.—Its Effects.—Niebuhr's Sketch of Roman Society.—Massimo Azeglio introduced to the Reader. . 268

CHAPTER XVI.

SUMMARY OF MASSIMO AZEGLIO'S TRACT, ADDRESSED 'O CESARE BALBO.

PAGE

Insurrection of Rimini.—Why has Italy been so long enslaved?—Its Position distinguished from that of Spain or Greece.—The Comments of a foreign Press on the Italian People.—Ireland and Poland.—A pertinent Question asked of the Papacy.—Pope Gregory described.—The Subjects of Gregory tempted to unite with Austria.—No Law or fixed Rule of Government in the Papal States.—Does the Pope believe the Gospel?—An eloquent Appeal to his Conscience. Financial System of the Papacy, recommended to the notice of Political Economists.—Agriculture.—Commerce. Causes of Corruption in the State exposed.—The mercenary Army.—A Prophecy.—A Horrible Accusation against the Government.—State Prosecutions.—A Pope's practical Administration of political Justice — contrasted with the Usages of Heretical Nations.—Events of Romagna since 1843. — A fearful Sketch. — The Inquisition realized.—Anecdote of Avvocato Pantoli, and the honest Monk.—Truth a Crime.—Seizure of Rimini—the Manifesto—the Result.—Contrast between the Pope and the Grand-Duke of Tuscany.—How Tranquillity may be obtained in the Papal Dominions.—England yields to Opinion.—Can Rome resist it?—Papal Government at Home sustained by a Hireling Army—Abroad by a Foreign Army.—All Esteem for the Pope's Government gone. — Difficulties of reforming the Papacy.—Anticipations of a Reforming Pope—and a Statement of the Obstacles he would have to overcome. — A Brief Sketch of the domestic Politics of Rome.—Reforms suggested.—If not soon adopted the Papacy must fall.—Will the Government of Rome follow the Advice offered? A Word to the Governed. — A glorious Anticipation for Italy.—Appendix.—Financial View of the Papacy.—The Manifesto of the Liberals at Rimini.—Summary of the Reforms demanded by Azeglio.—Concluding Observations. . 302

SUMMARY OF THE REFORMS DEMANDED BY THE MARCHESE MASSIMO AZEGLIO.

PAGE

The Right of Petitions to be accorded.—The Right of public Audience of the Sovereign.—Abolition of Special Commissions and the Spy System.—An improved Code.—The Opening of all Offices in the State to Laymen.—Reform in the Customs, &c.—Dismissal of Mercenary Army.—Formation of an Italian Force.—Disconnection with Austria.—Improved System of Education.—Abandonment of the Lottery.—Construction of Railways.—Economical Reform.—Encouragement of the Scientific Congress.—Free Expression of Opinion. A Government to be conducted in Obedience to enlightened Opinion, and directed towards accomplishing the Independence of Italy. 340

ITALY

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

A Farewell to Florence.—The Routes to Rome compared.—The Siena Road.—Residence of Bocaccio.—The ancient Cities of Etruria.—Their Characteristics.—Gigantic Labours of the Etruscans.—Their Skill in the Arts.—Works in Bronze and Clay.—Their Ideas in Arts derived from Greece.—Origin and Language of the Etruscans.—Niebuhr's Opinion.—Inscriptions undeciphered.—Genius of their Government.—Siena described.—Approach to the Papal Frontier.—Buonconvento.—La Scala.—Fording a River.—Radicofani.—Its gloomy Castle.—Crossing the Frontier.—Compliment to Pope Gregory.—Acquapendente.—Bolsena.—The Lake.—Deceitful Aspect of the Country.—Afflicted by Malaria.—Viterbo.—Ronciglione.—Mr. Mathews's description of Italian Country Inns disputed.—Their Luxuries detailed.

"Look round below
On Arno's vale where the dove-coloured steer
Is ploughing up and down among the vines.
And on thee,
Beautiful Florence, all within thy walls,
Thy groves and gardens, pinnacles and towers,
Drawn to our feet."

We have lingered long in Florence, but her attractions in history, art, and civilization, bind the traveller

in their spell. Moreover, by gaining a clear insight into the manners, laws, and politics, of Tuscany, we are the better able to comprehend the general history of Italy, and her once famous republics. In departing, heartily do we wish to Florence the speedy restoration of her liberty, and greatness.

But it is high time to wend our way to the Eternal City. Which road shall we select? and what are the chief objects of curiosity and interest to detain us on the passage? Our natural desire would be to annihilate space and alight at once in Rome.

The traveller might well exclaim, after Florence, and the surrounding country—What can the district between it and Rome possess to interest the mind or the eye! which, by dwelling on the choicest productions of art, have become fastidious. The riches and attractions of Italy are various and boundless. Whichever of the great routes we select, we have mountain scenery, rapid rivers, lakes, cascades, singular natural phenomena, cities older than Rome, exhibiting imperishable remains of a remote antiquity, or of the peculiar architecture of the Middle Ages, or of the early works of renowned masters in the art of painting. In prosecution of such a journey a month might be spent with advantage.

The invalid may, if requisite, drive to Pisa, some forty miles, thence proceed by railway to Leghorn, and take the steamer to Cività Vecchia, and so, avoiding any object of novelty or interest, reach Rome in thirty-six hours with little fatigue. But he who desires to see Italy will assuredly explore each of the principal routes from Florence to Rome, namely, those by Siena, and Perugia.

I have often thought, what a mass of information

would be gained by stopping at each town of Italy the traveller visited, long enough, not only to examine the curiosities, but search into its history, or recall its historical, or poetical associations.

Quitting Florence for Siena, we pass through a well-cultivated country for some miles, but it rather loses interest as we advance. The convent of Certosa, the villa of Macchiavelli, are left behind as we reach the unclassically-named town of Poggibonsi.

There I rested for the night, having made much about the same distance Horace did as he journeyed to Brundusium. Not far from this place was the residence of Bocaccio, called from it *da Certaldo.* Born to be a merchant, a walk near Naples by the tomb of Virgil, with the presence and conversation of Petrarch, instigated his natural inclination, and he became a poet. His fame rests not, however, on his poems, but his prose, the style of which is said to be *simplex munditiis.* The "Decameron" possesses a European fame. Whoever happens to read the harsh criticism of Mr. Eustace on Bocaccio, will not fail to notice the spirited defence of the Italian poet and novelist by Sir John Hobhouse, in his second note to the fourth canto of "Childe Harold."

We are near some of the most ancient of the Etruscan cities; and were we to pause, in order to trace the history or language of their early inhabitants, we might postpone our visit to Rome for a year. The Etruscans seemed to have possessed twelve cities north of the Apennines, and twelve cities south of that mountain range. Among the former are reckoned Verona and Mantua, of which we have spoken (the Brenner forming the northern boundary of the Etruscan vale); of the cities to the south the names of eight only, are I

believe, mentioned by Livy. And we have Clusium, Porsenna's capital, Perusia, Arretium, Tarquinii, Volaterra, Russella, little changed in their modern names. It is probable Veii was included in the number of the twelve, and Cortona, but it is not certain that Fæsulæ was. We have just left this last named Etruscan city under the name of Fiesole: often from its heights have I enjoyed a commanding view of Florence and the surrounding country. I visited most of these Etruscan cities: perhaps from my visit to Tarquinii, the modern Corneto, I derived most interest and instruction. All are built on the summit of lofty hills or steep rocks; we may readily presume for two objects, health and defence. All are surrounded by walls, constructed of large blocks of polygonal stones, which still subsist in imperishable solidity, unless where ruined by the assaults of man. The works of the Etruscans astonish us in their ruins; and it is supposed, from their prodigious size and Cyclopean style compared with the small extent of the States, those labours must have been effected by slaves. We do not find the Etruscans squandered their energies in erecting pyramids, or obelisks, or splendid temples: their works were of public utility or for national defence; walls, houses, theatres, cities, and colossal buildings they constructed to endure for ever. They also drained marshes on a vast scale, emptied lakes, pierced mountains with their tunnels, and so drew off the water lodged in the craters of extinct volcanos. The rich valley of the Arno, which we now behold with so much pleasure, was, it seems, anciently a lake and a swamp: the stout Etruscans drained it by means of a cut through Mount Gonfalina, which blocked up the valley, but which was made to afford a passage for the water towards Pisa. It is said the arms by which the Po discharged itself were

also excavated or directed by the Etruscans, and its Delta was the fruit of their labours; nay, in the neighbourhood of Peruzia are traces of lakes dried up by tunnels, which, though now unknown and never cleared out, still drain off the water as before.

These astonishing labours are enough to convince us of the skill and power of the Etruscans; as their curious vases adorned with elegant drawings, and works in bronze and clay, prove how early, and how well, they cultivated the arts, and shed light on their habits and civilization.

Some writers assert, that these vases, and bas-reliefs, were executed by bondsmen, and not by the Etruscans themselves. The difference observable between the works of art of Tarquinii, and Arretium, is traced to the different origin of the people. Thus, Arretium, now Arezzo, made red vases with graceful figures in relief, while at Tarquinii the vases were painted like those found near Corinth; and it is from the similarity, fairly argued, that Etruria derived from Greece her ideas in these works of artistic skill, as she most undoubtedly took the subjects of her most beautiful works of art from the Greek mythology. The early Etruscan statues were of clay, those of Rome bronze, as were the Etruscan masterpieces. The celebrated she-wolf of the capital, affords an admirable example, of the perfection to which Etruscan art in bronze had arrived in the fifth century of the city.

What is most curious about the Etruscans is, that their origin and history puzzled the ancients as much as it has perplexed the moderns, and their combined researches and conjectures have left the subject in obscurity. Humboldt, Müller, Niebuhr, have exhausted their talents in endeavouring to trace the origin of this

wonderful people. Niebuhr says, the Etruscans spoke a language which bore no affinity to any other known form of speech; and then, in his usual confident manner, adds, that the language of the people of Groeden in the Tyrol may have claims to be considered as a relic of the ancient Etruscan. No scholar, by any effort of etymological skill, has been able to decypher the extant Etruscan inscriptions: and these curious monuments, which have baffled the most ingenious minds, will remain for ever unknown, unless a key shall be accidentally furnished for their interpretation, by the discovery of a bilingual inscription.

The affinity supposed to be traced between the Etruscan, and Latin or Greek languages is purely imaginary. It is most extraordinary that the Etruscan alphabet is almost perfectly decyphered, while the language remains completely unintelligible; and the best opinion appears to be, that the attempt to interpret the Etruscan without the aid of bilingual inscriptions, which afforded a key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, will be futile.

Of the Etruscan tombs, the contents of which have furnished whole museums, I may hereafter give some account. The bond of union amongst the Etruscan cities was federal, the government of each was independent, and oligarchical, and the people serfs; hence, although successful under Porsenna, they ultimately failed in their struggle with Rome.

Let the traveller, who has time to spare, and inclination to explore the antiquities of Etruria, now hasten to Volterra from Poggibonsi. If he will not repress his impatience to reach the Eternal City, Siena must be his resting-place. We have here a city which once rivalled Florence, and flourished in the Middle Ages, a brilliant and powerful republic. It is surrounded with walls,

but the view on the side towards Florence is not to be compared with that on the side towards Rome; massive palaces, numerous churches, an immense cathedral three hundred and thirty feet in length, capped by a large cupola, and adorned like the churches with beautiful paintings and frescoes, invite our inspection. An university existed here; a school of painting, called after the city, sprang up and prospered, and was celebrated for the deep devotional feeling which pervaded its style. But the glory of Siena has faded; her scanty population of 24,000 affords a sad contrast to those bright days when 100,000 men rushed through her gates to battle. We have seen how she was treacherously over-mastered by the Medici, since which time she has been a second-rate city of the little kingdom.

Siena is one of the cheapest, and, I might add, the dullest cities in Tuscany to reside in. Sir J. Clarke asserts, there is not any place in the north of Italy superior in point of climate as a summer residence for invalids not disposed to pulmonary disease; so those who desire not to cross the Alps may here while away their summer, lounge through the Duomo, and study "Hope's Architecture," when the beams of an Italian sun forbid active exercise. Siena, being an Etruscan town, is built on a height, and its streets are irregular and steep; it is now the chief town of a department, the seat of an archbishop, and of the supreme courts of law under the Tuscan administration.

We are on the road again, and approaching the Papal frontier, traversing a district so bare and waste, as to excite surprise by the contrast with the richly cultivated valleys near Florence. Nature has protected the fair city by a barrier of sterile mountains; the country

around, destitute of vegetation, seems as if it had been ruined by some terrible volcanic eruption.

Buonconvento received us with moderate hospitality, but I conclude it to be improved since many of the guide-books have been written.

From this place we traverse dreary and steep hills to La Scala, and thence, through a scene of wildest desolation, worked our weary way to Radicofani. Before reaching this last-named place, perched upon a mountain, we had an adventure not at all agreeable. A stream from the hills, which ordinarily crossed the road at a shallow depth, swollen by the rains, now dashed along a torrent; it presented a formidable barrier to further progress. While our post-boys anxiously considered what should be done, a sickly-looking peasant appeared on the opposite side, made signs, then nearly stripped, waded across the stream twice to shew how and where the horses could safely pass: this was an ingenious mode of gaining a few pauls. Following our guide, we ventured into the water, which was three feet deep and ran with extreme violence; the bottom was composed of big loose stones, and the carriage rocked like a boat at sea; however, we struggled through famously. When we reached the other side, the Italians shouted in triumph, cracked their whips, and galloped up the steep ascent merrily. The prudence of building a bridge in this place has not yet occurred to the Papal government. I liked Radicofani. A gloomy castle (converted into an hotel) on a desolate mountain affords a suitable resting-place for the romantic traveller. The dark stone staircase and vast chambers and passages of this huge fortress impress the mind with suitable ideas of the days of chivalry, of feudal lords and gallant knights. The old woman who attended

reminded me of Macbeth's witches; soon, however, a blazing wood fire cheered our hearts, recalled happy remembrances, and made us almost to enjoy the storm which raged without.

The hills surrounding Radicofani are volcanic, and the country appears as if it had been shattered by a convulsion of nature. We have entered the Papal frontier, soon after, I heard the first compliment paid to the administrative capacity of Pope Gregory. Inquiring from one of his subjects why his holiness did not mend his roads, the man answered, "the Pope does nothing but eat and sleep." And, certainly, as we struggled to Acquapendente, our prepossessions towards the Papacy were not favourable; bad roads, cheerless inns, a dreary neglected country. However, we toiled along the frontier towards Acquapendente, a picturesque old town, perched upon a steep hill, and in the midst of trees and vegetation; an agreeable situation to rest in, but a repulsive hotel induced us to push on by Bolsena to Montefiascone.

Bolsena is, I believe, on the site of Volsinii, which may have been one of the twelve cities of the Etruscan league, and it is, of course, full of objects of antiquarian interest. Everybody has heard of the miracle of the wafer in Bolsena. There are many representations of it through Italy, but its chief picture is by Raphael, which, under the name of the "Mass of Bolsena," adorns the walls of the Vatican, removing all doubts from the minds of the most sceptical.

We next pass near the Lake of Bolsena by a road commanding every variety of prospect. The hills, covered with vegetation, run down to the edge of the lake, and its bright waters cover an expanse of nearly thirty miles; yet are there no boats, no dwellings, no

smiling villages in view, although the soil is rich and skilfully cultivated, and the scenery around of unexpected beauty; the curse of malaria visits the land, and no man dare sleep in the district, so fair to behold, with safety to life. Ascending another hill, we composed ourselves at Montefiascone, the hotel of which place has been refitted, and is tolerably clean; thence, crossing another dreary district, we reached Viterbo,* a considerable town of the patrimony of St. Peter. It lies at the base of the mountains, and is surrounded with old walls and towers, has broad streets, paved with lava, and some good buildings, and valuable pictures, by Piombino. The cultivation of this province appears careless and indolent. Viterbo is supposed to stand on the site of an Etruscan city; we read that the twelve federal cities nominated a common high priest, who presided at the national festivals, it is believed, on this spot. A few miles from Viterbo is the immense Necropolis of Voltumna, in the vale of Castel d'Asso.

* A French writer has graphically described the district between Montefiascone and Viterbo as affected by the fatal malaria. "L'espace de terrain compris entre Montefiascone et Viterbo donne une idée exacte des plaines malsaines des Etats Romains: un sol bosselé, ravine, dénué d'arbres, montrant çà et là des masses de roches volcaniques semblables à des cendres compactes; des champs de blés du vert le plus riant, des pâturages étalant pendant la saison humide tout le luxe de la plus forte végétation, brillent au milieu de ce triste encadrement. Mais ces champs semblent cultivés par des mains invisibles, car l'œil ne découvre ni ferme ni chaumière, l'oreille n'entend ni l'aboiement des chiens ni le chant de coq; seulement de loin en loin sur un tertre, autour d'une roche aiguë, apparaissent quelques maisons que la crainte a serrées les unes contre les autres, et c'est de cet amoncellement d'habitations que les paysans descendent chaque jour aux travaux de la plaine."

Ronciglione is a filthy place, nothing should induce the traveller to sleep in its abominable inn, which combines everything most repulsive to the senses.

La Sette Vene was our last resting place, on the Siena road to Rome. It is too highly praised in the guide-books. Being in a situation exempt from malaria, it is preferred as a sleeping-place and is consequently much frequented by travellers; there were one hundred and nine persons in the house one night I slept there, and our accommodation was very inferior. I was exceedingly entertained at the way in which the Italian travellers were disposed of. I saw a waiter lock up a whole family, consisting of five individuals—then a monk, next a priest, and lastly, two dogs, in a small closet! Right glad were we, in the freshness of the morning air, to emerge on the Campagna of Rome.

Mr. Mathews, in his popular book, "The Diary of an Invalid," thus speaks of the Italian inns on this route:—

"Whatever may be said of the roast-beef of Old England, I think we might learn much from our neighbours in the science of good living. The inns in Italy are generally better than those of an equal class in England. What can a traveller hope to find at a country inn in England but the choice of a beef-steak, a mutton-chop, or a veal-cutlet; for one of these, with some bad beer, or worse wine, he will be charged more than he will pay in Italy for an abundance and variety of dishes. The wines of the country are light, pleasant, and wholesome. And in that great article of a traveller's comfort, his bed, Italy has again the advantage. Instead of the suffocating feather-bed of England, you find everywhere an elastic refreshing mattress, which will conduce to ensure a good night's sleep, in spite of the dreary unfurnished room in which it is placed."

Now I must object to this passage, except partially as to the beds. I think the second-rate country inns of England incomparably superior to the same class of hotels in Italy; and on the very ground that the traveller will have the choice of a beef-steak, mutton-chop, or veal-cutlet, any one of which, with cleanliness, would suffice for one not an epicure. Sir James Clarke, who knows Italy thoroughly, takes pains to exhort the invalid to carry his food with him; I would add, a little wine free from acidity, and some tea. Surely Mr. Mathews did not mean to represent to the English invalid, he is better provided in Italy, than in the country parts of his own happy country; if so, a greater mistake was never committed. Now, once for all, to dismiss the subject of hotels, this is the result of my experience of the fare in the inns of second-rate Italian towns through the peninsula. Mutton execrable, buffalo beef, veal tolerable, fowl stringy, bread dark and sour, butter and milk scarce and bad, wine acid, beds generally good, dirt triumphant; the enjoyment of travelling predominating, nevertheless, greatly over the fatigue.

CHAPTER II.

Perugian Route to be preferred.—Road by the Arno.—Views of Florence—Incisa—Arezzo.—Reference to its History.—Descent of Hannibal into Italy.—Camp of Flaminius.—Camuscia.—Cortona.—Lake of Thrasymenus and its Scenery.—The Battle between Hannibal and the Romans.—Narrative by Hobhouse, Niebuhr, and Livy.—Passignano.—Views of the Lake.—Torricella.—Vale of the Caina.—The Country described.—Ascent to Perugia.—Account of that Etruscan City.—Its modern School of Art.—Perugino and his Pupil Raffaelle.—Early Labours of the great Painter in Perugia.—Umbria.—Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli.—St. Francis—The Monk and his Miracles.—Assisi, its Churches and Paintings.—Foligno.—Clitumnus, its River and Temple described.—Antiquarian disputes.—Byron's Delineation of Italian Scenery.—Spoleto, and its Roman Aqueduct.—Monte Somma.—Flaminian Way.—Valley of the Nera.—Plains of Rieti.—The Falls of Terni.—History of the Cascade.—Pleading of Cicero.—Narni.—Bridge of Augustus.—Descent into the Valley of the Tiber.—Cività Castellana.—The State Prison.—Nepi.—The Cassian Way.—The Campagna.—Approach to Rome.—Milvian Bridge.—The Flaminian Gate.—Reflections on entering the Walls of Rome.

"Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene."

I HAVE another route to describe from Florence to Rome, and the attempt will recall many delightful recollections.

I can safely say there cannot be made in any of the romantic countries of Europe, an excursion of ten days presenting such a succession and variety of interesting objects, whether of art or natural beauty, coupled with classical and historical associations, to attract the notice of the traveller and scholar, comparable with those on our road from Florence to Rome by Perugia. Let no man be induced, whether he visits Rome in winter or in spring, if he has but one journey to make, although it be considerably longer than that already described, to omit this route. Quitting Florence by the Porta St. Nicolla, the road continues for some distance by the banks of the Arno, yielding from every ascent striking examples of that scenery which surrounds the favoured city, and from time to time rewarding the lingering eye of the traveller with views of the town, ever changing and always beautiful. About four miles from the gate, after making a considerable ascent, that last and most delightful view of the valley in which Florence stands breaks suddenly upon the horizon: the winding river, the proud city, the richly cultivated foreground, far away the striking outline of the Carrara Mountains, form a combination not easily to be equalled; and yet so wonderful and various are the attractions of the road which we are about to follow, that the mind has not leisure to dwell upon, or regret a particular scene, which in any other country would make a fame. Looking forward, we have a view of the upper valley of the Arno, and the beauty of the scenery increases each step, until within a few miles of Incisa the road, by a sudden turn, affords a series of landscapes, which might excite the genius of a Claude or Poussin.

Incisa, a small town on the banks of the Arno, stands in a picturesque position, and from the opposite side of

the river forms, with its ancient bridge, towers, and mills, a very pleasing object, but it is not a place to rest in for a night; thence, to Arezzo, the character of the scenery becomes that of luxuriant fertility, varied by small towns. The lands are irrigated by the Chiana Canal. Arezzo stands on the site of the ancient Aretium, and, as we have already seen, is an Etruscan city, the old walls of which are in parts still visible. The position of this town is commanding, built rather on the declivity of a range of hills which overlooks the neighbouring plains. The modern streets are broad and paved and clean; indeed, Arezzo is one of the neatest towns in Tuscany. The churches are adorned with admirable paintings; the cathedral is a noble building, in the style of what is called the Italian-Gothic, with painted windows, and sculpture, and pictures of high value. This provincial town, with 9000 inhabitants, contains treasures in ancient and modern art, which might well occupy the scholar in exhausting for a week. The birth-place of Mæcenas, of Petrarch, and a host of famous men, Arezzo must deserve, even on this score, something beyond a passing visit. It awakens, also, historical recollections, and of an interesting epoch, when Hannibal had well nigh ruined the fortunes of Rome.

The Carthaginian general descended into Insubria, now Piedmont, by the little St. Bernard (according to the best opinions), and seems on his arrival in Italy to have had but 20,000 foot and 6,000 horse, which number he caused to be engraven on a column. In the first year of his Italian campaign he twice defeated the Romans; and in the next, having crossed the Apennines and penetrated into Etruria, and being joined by the Cisalpine Gauls, he marched against the hot-headed

Flaminius, who lay encamped with the Roman army under the walls of Aretium.

What befel the impetuous Flaminius we shall be reminded as we approach the memorable lake Thrasymenus.

Before leaving Arezzo, let us add, it produces a pleasant red wine, and is furnished with an excellent hotel.

Camuscia may detain the gallant traveller who desires a bad dinner, but served by a whole family of pretty girls in short petticoats and black velvet boddices.

We are now within view of Cortona, high up the mountain, astonishing the traveller by its spacious circuit of massive Etruscan walls, nearly as perfect as when their solid foundations were laid thousands of years ago. Museums, paintings, and above all, ancient tombs, will reward him who turns aside from the beaten track, to visit the undoubtedly Etruscan city of Cortona. We approach one of the chief attractions of this road, the Lake Thrasymenus, celebrated no less from its perpetual beauty, than from the memories it recalls. This beautiful sheet of water, forty miles in circumference, is studded with islands, and has its outlet into the Tiber at Pasignano. Coming from Rome, woods and defiles lead to the lake, and abrupt heights shut it in as a basin; vineyards now cover the flat and formerly marshy ground, stretching towards the water's edge on the side next Arezzo—a fit theatre for the bloody tragedy therein acted. It is not possible for the traveller to understand the localities, or even appreciate the surprising natural beauty of the scene before and around him, unless he walks over the ground at least two miles. I do not think he will feel the fatigue, invalid though he may be.

Standing on the eminence near the Tuscan frontier, facing the lake, one quickly enough comprehends the craft of Hannibal and the impetuous folly of Flaminius. The Gualandra range of mountains, in a semicircular form, appear to enclose a vale open at the side next the lake only, and these hills are behind, on the right and on the left of the traveller. On the hills behind, near a village called Torre, it is believed Hannibal drew out his heavy-armed troops. In the vale below, there is a round tower named Borghetto, close to the edge of the lake, at a considerable distance from our present road, but plainly in view; here are hillocks, covered with wood, and marshes. In this spot Hannibal concealed his horse; and near it, between the lake and the existing road, was the passage through which Flaminius and his army had to enter the valley so encompassed.

As he marched on, the pass behind was blocked up by the Carthaginian horse. Immediately on the right of the Romans was the lake, on the left the Gualandra range of hills and the army of Hannibal, and before them, at the extremity of the flat ground near Pasignano, the mountain range runs into the water, there being round its base but a very narrow road, also occupied by the light troops of the wily Carthaginian. Flaminius, when he marched into the vale by Borghetto, which he did blindly confident, and in the early morn, was completely surrounded by his opponents, and routed with a terrible slaughter. I walked over this interesting locality with a pocket edition of Hobhouse's "Notes to Childe Harold" in my hand; his twenty-third note on the battle of Thrasymenus is written with admirable clearness, and his description, applied to the ground, explains satisfactorily the movements of the hostile armies, and the order of that fearful battle. The writer

is very confident: he says boldly, "The site of the battle of Thrasymenus is not to be mistaken."

Sir John is positive, speaks as though he had shared in the tremendous conflict, stood near Hannibal, and enjoyed the best view of the scene he so vividly describes. I would also suggest the propriety of reading the tenth and eleventh lectures of Niebuhr in the fourth volume of his "Roman History," as containing a lucid narrative of the battle and of previous events. Niebuhr says, the army of Hannibal, descending from the mountains, was like a host of gipsies. This account differs in some particulars from that which Hobhouse has drawn from Livy. The latter ingenious gentleman writes,—

"There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake, the traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories; the second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called the bloody rivulet, and the peasants point out an open spot to the left, behind the Sanguinetto and the hills, which they say was the principal scene of slaughter. Chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto, and the passes of the Gualandra were strewed with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left, above the rivulet, many human bones have repeatedly been found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the '*stream of blood.*'"

Niebuhr, more likely to be accurate, says the greater part of the Romans were pushed into the lake, and there perished; he says,

"There are two spots, Ossaia, and the small stream of Sanguinetto, which are pointed out by different writers as the place where the battle was fought, and which are generally cited as instances of the manner in which local traditions are

preserved, but the *Sanguinetto cannot have been the actual scene of the battle, though it may have been fought in its vicinity.* Of Ossaia I have discovered, that in the 16th century it was called Orsaia, and that the nobles of Perugia used to keep bears (*orsi*) in that spot, from which it derived the name Orsaia, which was subsequently corrupted into Ossaia."

So intense was the ardour of the engagement, so eagerly was their attention occupied by the fight, that the combatants perceived not a great earthquake, which at the time overthrew large portions of many cities of Italy, turned rapid rivers out of their courses, carried up the sea into the rivers, and by the violence of the convulsion levelled mountains.

> "From the Thrasymene, that now
> Slept in the sun, a lake of molten gold,
> And from the shore that once, when armies met,
> Rocked to and fro unfelt, so terrible
> The rage, the slaughter, I had turned away."

We have reached Pasignano; a wretched village in a picturesque situation, jutting into the lake, and now rest from our labours, overlooking the lovely expanse of waters before us. When we speak of mountains surrounding "Il Lago Thrasimene," it must not be supposed they are bare or lofty; they are of fine form, but of no great altitude, and the banks of the lake are no less luxuriant of fertility than beautiful.

Nowhere does the vine flourish in greater perfection. I recommend the reader, whether he means to travel or enjoy the quiet pleasures of home, to study a series of sketches of the unrivalled scenery on this route through Italy. I feel the advantage of doing so now; my recollections are revived by the book published by my friend Mr. Henry Cook, (no mean poet, and a distin-

gvished artist,) entitled, "The Scenery of Central Italy," referring to the eighteenth plate, I have Thrasymene, its wooded heights, winding road, rich vineyards, bright waters studded with islands, fresh before my view. Inspired by the prospect, although cold on paper, let the beholder haste away to realize the glorious scene of which I have sketched but a feeble picture.

We have ascended the lofty hill of Torricella, enjoyed a last view of the Lake Thrasymenus, and reluctantly pursue our journey to Magione up a hill, on whose summit stands a venerable tower, reminding the traveller of bygone days. Descending into the rich valley of the Caina, we then ascend the mountain range which separates this valley from that of the Tiber; and having toiled up, by the help of stout oxen, which assist the traveller in most of the mountain passes in Italy, we find ourselves in the singularly picturesque Etruscan city of Perusia, now designated Perugia. With respect to the character of the district we have passed through, the road is exceedingly good, though hilly; and the country on each side exhibits every variety of scenery, richly-cultivated valleys, wide plains covered with abundance, and irrigated by shining streams, bounded by magnificent ranges of mountains, and adorned by fine trees; while towns, placed in every imaginable position on the steep sides of mountains, or crowning conical hills, with broken arches, and ruined towers, and extraordinary bridges, give it a character peculiar to itself, and lend an additional charm to all that constitutes beautiful scenery in other lands. Our thoughts are now irresistibly impelled towards the consideration of the history, antiquities, and architecture of Etruria, by a visit to Perusia, one of its most ancient cities. Here we must rest some days, while the crowd

of travellers hurry through, rushing to the carnival, or posting back to Florence.

Perugia, celebrated alike in ancient history, and in the annals of modern art, is now the capital of a province in the Papal States, and forms part of the ancient Umbria. It is surrounded by old walls, boasts of its cathedral, adorned with the pencil of Perugino and of Raffaelle, contains twenty-four monasteries, twenty-five nunneries, a university, several learned societies, a fine theatre, and some pleasing promenades. The population is said by some to be 60,000, while others calculate it at 30,000, and some as low as 15,000. Amongst the second-rate or provincial cities of Italy, Perugia holds a prominent rank.

I sauntered up and down the steep streets of this singularly-built city, visiting churches, palaces, and museums, till wearied with sight-seeing. The number of churches at Perugia, nearly a hundred, is out of all proportion to the size or population of the place—a decisive proof of the genius of a priestly government. They are adorned with pictures by masters of a peculiar school, called the Umbrian, and characterized by a profound religious feeling. The name identified with Perugia is that of the artist Pietro Vanucci, called Perugino, from the place where he established himself, whose pupil was the divine Raffaelle. Pietro flourished from 1446 to 1524, and Perugia is full of his works, pleasing, no doubt, and soft, but uniform in design, and often unequal in execution. It is an amusing and interesting occupation to compare their style and trace their effects in the earlier productions of his illustrious scholar. Exactly opposite the hotel, on the walls of the Old Exchange, may be seen a series of frescoes, by Pietro, wherein he represents sybils, and saints, and

prophets, philosophers and soldiers, and famous men of Ancient Rome. It is asserted Raffaelle exercised his youthful genius on these frescoes, and especially in drawing the head of our Saviour in the Transfiguration —the mighty subject in the delineation of which he subsequently established an eternal fame.

There is likewise in this interesting city, in the palace of Count Staffa, what is said to be the earliest of Raffaelle's works, namely, a picture of the Madonna and Child, which must be examined with a curious interest. It is small and round, and very beautiful. The Virgin is represented reading, and the Child is peeping into the book. "It is a miniature painting of inexpressibly delicate and beautiful execution." There is no doubt of its authenticity. The family to whom this valuable picture belongs had formerly in their possession a written contract for the painting, made with Raffaelle, which, however, we are told, is now lost.

No traveller will omit visiting the Academy of Fine Arts, to see several curious pictures by Pinturicchio, or the Benedictine Monastery of San Pietro, which is a gallery in itself: as might be expected, the museum is filled with memorials of Etruscan art, found in and around Perugia. Here are many inscriptions highly valuable, no doubt, and possibly instructive, could anybody read them. There is also an Etruscan arch to be seen; but, remembering that we are in Perusia, we are disappointed in not finding more numerous architectural remains of antiquity. However, it contains enough in other respects to detain and delight the scholar, the archeologist, or the lover of art. We must now descend towards the valley of the classic Tiber, and we depart from "the city seated on a hill" with a profound respect for its ancient inhabitants.

The district around Perugia is fruitful, and the town is the centre of a considerable trade in the raw productions of the fertile soil. There are some small manufactures of silks and velvets, and the best sheep and oxen sent to Rome are from the healthy heights surrounding this ancient town.

Having got to the base of the mountains in safety, we take our leave of Etruria, and, crossing the Tiber, enter Umbria, where the aborigines of Italy are said to have dwelt. I beheld the Tiber, for the first time, with veneration—it called up many pleasing associations.*

The country we now traverse is no less fertile than beautiful. The spacious Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, at the distance of ten miles, now attracts our notice; it was shattered by an earthquake, some fifteen years since, but has been repaired, and well deserves a visit, were it not only to listen to the fabulous stories of the Franciscan monk, who conducts the traveller over the church and the chapel where St. Francis worshipped, and the apartments in which that famous Saint dwelt. The monk, with evident sincerity, narrated to us marvellous stories of a dove which used to visit the Saint and assist him in his meditations. Numerous miracles he also coolly recounted; then will he conduct the traveller to a little space enclosed by railings, called the Garden of St. Francis, in which he says the rose trees planted never produce a thorn; and the leaves of which bear traces of our Saviour's blood. When in the centre of the magnificent church, I asked the monk to explain the picture which stands over the passages used for

* Virgil reminds us that its ancient name was *Albula*.

"Tum reges, asperque immani corpore Tibris
A quo post Itali fluvium cognomine Tibrim
Dicimus, amisit verum vetus *Albula* nomen."

penance, he pointed to St. Francis,—to our Saviour; and then I asked who the third figure represented was, he answered composedly, "that was God." I never have been able to conquer my repugnance to bodily representations of the Deity which abound through Italy. That an artist should presume to delineate in flesh and blood the great Creator, whom eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and whose greatness it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive, startles while it offends the beholder. But the Italians have no scruples of this nature, they paint even the awful mystery of the Trinity, seeming to rejoice in being able to lay their hands, as it were, on the Divinity they worship.

Santa Maria degli Angeli is much frequented by devotees at a particular season of the year, in order to obtain indulgences. I asked the monk, was it very difficult to obtain the desired blessing? he replied, "not if the applicant came at the proper time. You have only," said he, pointing to the narrow passage beneath the picture I have described, "to go in at this door and out of that." This church and the neighbouring city of Assisi, containing the sanctuary and tomb of St. Francis, are celebrated all over Italy; thousands of pilgrims flock annually to Assisi to receive consolation at the tomb of the greater founder of the Franciscan order.

Assisi contains twenty churches, twelve monasteries for begging friars, and about four thousand people; who, as if to demonstrate the blessings imparted by monastic institutions, are either beggars, or dependent for subsistence on the saintly devotees who flock to their town in the appointed season.

To the lover of ancient Italian art, Assisi has a peculiar interest because it contains much of the labours

of Cimabue. Here may be seen well preserved specimens of his vigorous colouring, and colosssal but ill-proportioned figures. There are also in Assisi frescoes and paintings by Giotto, whom we have already touched on, the father of painting, friend of Dante, and greatest artist of his age.

We proceed on our delightful route. A capital road conducts us to Foligno, named in ancient times Fulginium, a busy little town of some 15,000 inhabitants, in the delegation of Perugia. It was shattered in 1832 by such an earthquake as already described to have devastated Tuscany in 1846. This small place contains no less than eight churches, twelve monasteries, eight nunneries, and a museum of antiquities. The inhabitants to their credit employ themselves in woollen manufactures, and in making paper, and bleaching wax. These, however, are not attractions to detain the traveller, and therefore he hastens towards the delightful valley of Clitumnus, a name celebrated alike by the genius of Virgil and Byron. Clitumnus in ancient geography was a river of Umbria; according to Pliny it was a fountain consisting of several veins, situate between Hespellum and Spoletium, which swelled into a navigable river, running into the Tinia, and both together into the Tiber. Its banks were and are famous for milk-white flocks and herds. The god of the river was called Clitumnus. "Hic ver assiduum," and truly the climate and the scene are alike exhilarating and delicious.

> "There flows *Clitumnus* through the flowery plain
> Whose waves for triumphs after prosperous war,
> The victim ox and snowy sheep prepare."

Mr. Addison, whose finished classical taste lends such a charm to his travels through Italy, has thus de-

scribed Clitumnus and the white steers which still abound along its banks.

"In my way hence to Terni I saw the river Clitumnus, celebrated by so many of the poets for a particular quality in its waters of making cattle white that drink of it. The inhabitants of that country have still the same opinion of it, as I found upon inquiry, and have a great many oxen of a whitish colour, to confirm them in it. It is probable this breed was first settled in the country, and continuing still the same species, has made the inhabitants impute it to a wrong cause; though they may as well fancy their hogs born black for some reason of the same nature, because there are none in Italy of any other breed. The river Clitumnus, and Mevania, that stood on the banks of it, are famous for the herds of victims with which they furnished all Italy."

"Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
Integit et niveos abluit unda boves."

I recollect passing through a fair near this classical spot, and I had the opportunity of seeing some hundreds of these milk-white steers. They are the same breed as described by the poets, sleek, and perfectly clean, and in high condition. We may regret some portion of the care bestowed upon the oxen is not devoted to the men, which would tend greatly to the improvement of their physical condition. These oxen perform all the work of the farmer, and constitute the greater portion of his wealth. Nor must we forget the temple of small and elegant proportions, standing on the "mild declivity of hill," supposed to be that dedicated to the river-god Clitumnus; its antiquity has been doubted by Mr. Forsyth, and maintained by Hobhouse in his spirited and ingenious illustrations of Childe Harold; but whether it be or be not the shrine

described by Pliny, there can be no question about its elegance and beauty. It is of the Corinthian order; four columns support the pediment, the shafts of which are carved in spiral lines, and in forms to represent the scales of fishes. The bases, too, are richly sculptured. The temple fronts the river.

"Pass not unblest the genius of the place!
If thro' the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 'tis his, and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clear
With nature's baptism, 'tis to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust."

Byron seems to have been inspired not less by the historical recollections, than the unequalled natural beauty of the scenery he so vividly describes. He gives the reader here outlines of a "picture pure and brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine." His stanzas on this route to Rome raise the mind to a suitable feeling of enthusiasm for what the eye beholds.

A drive of ten miles through a rich country, yet abounding in picturesque ruins, conducts us to Spoleto, anciently Spoletium. This city is the capital of a delegation, and is built in a romantic situation at the foot of a hill. It has about 7000 inhabitants, and is the seat of a bishop. I inquired into the number of monastic institutions and churches, and learned it contained a cathedral, twenty-two parish churches, twenty-two monasteries, with other places of devotion. What an enormous church establishment for so small a town! The streets are narrow, and the houses dilapidated, but there are many interesting ruins of antiquity in and about it,

dating from the time of Hannibal. Of Spoleto and its ancient aqueduct Mr. Cooke, in illustration of his sketch, has written a concise description :—

"This magnificent aqueduct has been a subject of endless dispute among antiquarians, some attributing it to the Romans, and positively affirming it to have been erected about the year of the city 560, and afterwards repaired by the Goths; others pronouncing it unquestionably the work of Theodoric. This point is still unsettled; but there is no discrepancy of opinion as to the structure itself, it being universally admitted to be worthy of the highest efforts of Roman greatness. It consists of ten narrow and regular arches, which, though regular in form, are unequal in height and distance, and this without any obvious cause; the height of the centre arch is enormous, certainly not less than three hundred feet. This aqueduct spans a chasm; it is wholly without ornament, solidity and use being the sole aim of its founder, Goth or Roman. The city which it supplies with water is highly interesting, containing many antiquities, and possessing much of historic associations.

"It was made famous by its gallant resistance of Hannibal, of which there is a splendid memorial in the form of a triumphal arch, yet bearing the inscription of 'La porta Annibale;' but, alas! its present deserted and poverty-stricken appearance but ill suits with the grandeur which its monuments record."

We are now ascending the Monte Somma, in our way to the grand attraction of this route,—the falls of Terni. Quitting a rich and fruitful country, the variety afforded by something of a wild mountain-pass is agreeable. The Via Flaminia is our road.

"La via Flaminia traversa la Nera à Terni, et apres avoir passé le col de la Somma, élevé de 851 mètres, qui separe

le bassin de cette rivière de celui du Clitumne, elle conduit à Florence par Spoletto, Perugia et Arezzo. Dans sa direction vers Rome, elle coupe une admirable plaine semée des maisons, ombragée d'arbres, ornée des cultures les plus variées, et dominée par une chaine de coteaux sur lequels les villages de Collescepoli et de Staneone entassent pittoresquement leurs maisons sur des gradins de rochers."

The extract above given is from the excellent work, which I may hereafter more fully describe, by Le Comte de Tournon, Pair de France, entitled "Etudes Statistiques sur Rome."

The French writer gives an admirable description of the valley of Velino and of the Nera, which we now traverse. The fertile plain of Rieti, it appears, was partly reclaimed from the waters of a lake which once occupied its now smiling surface:—

"Cette plaine est en partie une conquête de l'homme, et un lac en occupait autrefois presque tout l'espace: suivant Pline, les eaux de ce lac contenaient beaucoup de substances calcaires; car, dit-il inlacu Velino, 'lignum dejectum lapideo cortice, abducetur.' L'écoulement enfut procuré l'an 480, par Marcus Curius Dentatus, qui ouvrit un canal d'évacuation dans la Nera, et la vallée desséchée devint suivant l'expression de Ciceron une vallée de Tempe: 'Reatini me ad sua Tempe deduxerunt;' Virgile appelle ces champs:' 'rosea rura Velini;' et les anciens estimaient fort les chevaux et les ânes qu'on y élevait."

The plain of Rieti may well be compared with the richest part of Lombardy. The Turano and the Velino re-unite in the centre of it, forming one rapid river, crossed by a bridge of wood.

Terni stands between two branches of the Nera, in a delightful valley surrounded with olive and mulberry

and fruit-trees. It is the seat of a bishop, has five monasteries, several churches, with but 5000 inhabitants. There are to be seen remains of an amphitheatre and of a Temple of the Sun.

The classical name of the river Velino is the Velinus, —"Rosea rura Velini." Below its conflux with the Nar, or Nera, Terni is placed, on the site of the ancient Umbrian city of Interamna, so called (writes Addison) for the same reason that a part of Asia was named Mesopotamia. It is the celebrated cascade of the Marmora, a few miles from Terni, which has made it famous through Europe. The river Velino, by three successive falls of three hundred feet each, empties its water into the Nera. Leaving Terni to visit the falls, three miles distance, we ascend by the vale of the Nera to a considerable height and approach the Velino, which has passed through an artificial canal.

This immense mass of water, at first winding slowly, then rolls with frightful rapidity over a bed of rock, until reaching the edge of the rocky platform, one feels rather than sees it precipitate itself into a gulf in the midst of clouds of vapour. At this point a new horizon is displayed. At an immense depth is seen a beautiful valley, its rich culture watered by the Nera, and sheltered by an amphitheatre of mountains: in the distance appears the magnificent plain of Terni. It is from the summit of a projecting rock suspended over the abyss that we must first—not without some emotion—enjoy this sublime spectacle; then descending over slippery rocks, formed by the concretions of several ages, (indicating the various passages of the rivers,) covered with a green turf of the most brilliant and refreshing colour, but so damp as to render this walk somewhat perilous, we reach a little pavilion called La Specola, built in 1780 by order

of Pius VI., upon a ledge of rock boldly projecting over the abyss.

"C'est ici que, la scène acquiert toute sa grandeur; car elle presente un fleuve entier qui parvenu à l'éxtremité du plateau sur lequel il coulait, tombe, en décrivant une vaste courbe, rencontre des amas de débris qui brisent sa chute, roule au milieu d'eux; tombe de nouveau en se brisant en mille jets, etattient ainsi, de cascade en cascade le niveau de la Nera, à 143 mètres audessous du plan supérieur, suivant la mesure prise par M. Brandolini, ingénieur."

Trees the most beautiful crown the crest of the mountain; and it is from the very midst of a bed of verdure that the rapid waves of the Velino rush out in two great branches, which soon re-unite in one majestic sheet of water. The rapid waves seem like moving curves of snow, and the entire cascade dashes over the rock in one immense arch of foam. At the side of the principal fall, a hundred little threads of water trace a silvery network over the brilliant green of the turf. A frightful noise resounds incessantly, and the promontory suspended over the abyss trembles from the redoubled action of the turbid waters.

The history of this fall, connected with great epochs of ancient history, merits our attention. I have said that the plain of Rieti was in part a lake, then the waters escaped with difficulty by many outlets over the edge of the platform, and fell into the Nera. The Reatins, wishing to dry up or diminish the lake, found an ally in the censor Marcus Curius Dentatus, who caused a canal to be dug in order to facilitate the flowing out of the waters, and bring into cultivation much excellent ground. But the waters coming more abundantly to the Nera caused the inhabitants of its banks to

fear the overflowing of that river, and this fear excited quarrels between the citizens of Reate, or of the upper valley, and those of Interamna, nowadays Terni, the lower valley. In the year 698 a process was brought before the prætor; Cicero and Hortensius pleaded for and against the canal opened by Curius, and it was decided that the lower valley should preserve the passage clear for the upper waters. Some time after, in order to calm the Roman people, who were alarmed at the inundations of the Tiber, and attributed them to the overflowing of the Velino, Tiberius sent one of the consuls and ten senators to inspect the locality, and on their report the sentence before passed on the pleading of Cicero was confirmed.

Mr. Cooke mentions that, while sketching this wonderful scene he met with an American gentleman, who declared in his judgment the falls of Terni were more striking than Niagara. I agree in the expression of the poetic artist's regret, that so few comparatively of our countrymen behold a spot on which poets, scholars, and artists have lavished their encomiums, and exerted their genius.

A pleasing road of eight miles in length conducts to Narni. Here again the traveller must stop, to admire magnificent remains of Imperial Rome, also lying in a country which unites richness, and diversity of natural objects, with proud memorials of antiquity. In such a journey as this we can make but slow progress; but we may learn and see much, and hive up pleasing recollections for the remainder of our lives. We are in the same delegation of Spoleto, and have arrived at Narni, which is happily built upon a hill, at the foot of which the Nera flows through a valley of great fertility; this is the river into which the Velino runs, after having

found its way out from among the rocks where it falls. Addison remarks,—

"The Nera runs all along upon the fret, and is still hacking against the stones that oppose its passage; so that for these reasons, as well as for the mixture of sulphur in its waters, it is very well described by Virgil in that verse which mentions these two rivers in their old Roman names.

> "Tartaream intendit vocem, quâ protinus omne
> Contremuit nemus, et sylvæ intonuere profundæ,
> Audiit et longè Triviæ lacus, audiit amnis
> Sulfureâ Nar albus aquâ, fontesque Velini."

Narni occupies the site of Narnia, or Nequinum. The modern town is clean, with but 5,000 inhabitants, yet, scanty as the population is, the town is blessed with a bishop, a cathedral, five parish churches, seven monasteries, and five nunneries.

The great attraction, however, of Narni is its stately Roman bridge, called after Augustus, across which the Flaminian way traversed the Nar, and of which such stupendous ruins still remain. Nothing can be more picturesque than the appearance of this huge structure, or more romantic than the surrounding country. This scene forms one of the favourite sketches of the Italian artists, and it is well exhibited by Mr. Cooke in the book of engravings now before me. He whose pencil can graphically delineate such a scene may be expected most suitably to describe what he has beheld, with enthusiasm such as an artist most intensely feels.

"Of this colossal ruin, which Addison describes as one of the stateliest remains in Italy, it is difficult to speak in measured terms. Its gigantic dimensions, exquisite proportions, and wondrously beautiful position alike excite and satisfy the imagination; and dull indeed must be the heart

upon which this combination of the works of nature and of art does not leave a powerful impression. Over this scene all the elements of beauty seem diffused with an equally lavish hand. The rich time-stained marble, the deep woods, the glowing *tufo*, the brilliant sky, the perfect stillness only broken by the convent-bell, the distant mill, and murmuring river, are things more within the poet's than the painter's power. To the sinking of the centre arch, caused by some unusual flood, must be attributed the destruction of an edifice which seemed built to outlive time. The arches are about ninety feet in span, and the piers not less than twenty-eight in width."

We descend at last from the Apennines into the broad basin of the valley of the Tiber; in crossing these mountains and the valleys which lie amongst them, we may experience in a journey of a few days, the several seasons of the year in their beauty and perfection.

A natural impatience here impels the traveller to quicken his speed towards the "Eternal City." Through a well-wooded country we reach Otricoli, anciently Otriculum, and catch a glimpse of the celebrated Mount Soracte,—in the language of our day Monte di Silvestro.

> Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
> Soracte,—

In view of Soracte's airy mount, I relished the ode in which Horace pleasantly expounds his epicurean doctrines. We cannot afford here to take leave of the inimitable satirist, as Byron professes to have done, honestly avowing his reason for disrelishing the verse of the Roman bard.

> "Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
> Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse

To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse,
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge we part."

We have reached the plains of the Tiber, crossed the road by a bridge asserted to have been built by Augustus; quitted Umbria, and again entered the ancient Etruria, in reaching Cività Castellana. The reader will find this place also proves a picturesque sketch, with which the artists have familiarised the English public. There is a viaduct here, which, at the height of one hundred and thirty feet, crosses the valley. The citadel, which might be the strongest fortress in Italy, now converted into a prison, is perched above us, and the day I first passed this state-prison of Pope Gregory, it was crowded with political offenders. Another striking view of the castle of Nepi, surrounded by magnificent timber, gratifies the eye of the traveller, but will not detain him. Quitting the fresh and pleasant groves around him, he enters the Cassian way at Baccano, and a few miles further emerges on the Campagna, and strains his longing eyes to catch a view of Rome.

His heart beats with expectation, and he beholds every worthless fragment with classical veneration.

From La Storta, a village on a hill, the Campagna of Rome develops at each step more distinctly the solemn stillness of its immense plains—of its boundless horizon—of the vast circle of its surrounding mountains. The monotonous grandeur of this scene strikes and elevates our thoughts, and we are surprised at feel-

ing a melancholy pleasure in gazing on a scene of desolation, a sight which seems to prepare us for beholding the stately shadow of Ancient Rome.

I stood on the Campagna the moment it was possible, to behold the glorious dome of St. Peter's. The view of some broken monument, was interrupted by the strange figure of the Italian shepherd, clad in sheepskin, tending his flock; or the stranger figure of the mounted peasant, muffled in his cloak, and with pointless spear driving the buffaloes before him.

I passed the site of ancient Veii, and near those fields which Cincinnatus cultivated with his victorious hands. It seemed as if I traversed a plain shewing still traces of a civilization and grandeur which had been swept away by a whirlwind, or scattered by an earthquake.

Surely this approach to Rome teaches the most awful lesson of the vicissitude of human things!

At the Milvian Bridge I stop to gaze with reverence on the yellow Tiber, here a noble river, rolling through gardens and plantations. I remembered the historic associations connected with the spot,—Cicero and Cataline, and the fearful narrative of Sallust,—the victory of Constantine over Maxentius, establishing Christianity in the world. In such a place, a crowd of great events rush at once into the mind, and agitate the soul with various and conflicting feelings. I look up, and behold upon the mighty dome of St. Peter's, the cross triumphant over the power of the Cæsars. Crossing the Tiber, a spacious road passing through imposing suburbs, conducts in a straight line of two miles to the Flaminian Gate.

Poets, undaunted patriots, heroes, emperors, conquerors of the world, have trod this path. Their power,

but not their glory, has passed away, for their history is written in characters ineffaceable.

> "Still to the remnants of their splendour past,
> Shall pilgrims pensive, but unwearied, throng."

Still are we taught by their wisdom, animated by their eloquence, exalted by their chivalrous courage, educated in their learning, and fired by their genius. I stop before the venerable walls of Rome—they tell a wondrous history; I enter "the City of the Soul," forgetful of what is passing around me—burning thoughts will here inflame the coldest heart; I peopled the streets with the famous men of the mighty republic and fancied I beheld a race of heroes. Coriolanus, haughty Scipio, stern Brutus, the eloquent Gracchi, great Pompey, "triumphant Sylla," and their various fortunes were vividly before me.

Here Hortensius and Cicero strove for immortal fame, here Cato struggled for freedom—Cæsar thirsted for power. Their spirits may hover around the scenes of their glory—let me exult! I am at last on the theatre of their illustrious actions—let me fly to behold localities consecrated alike by their genius and their greatness!

CHAPTER III.

ROME AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies:—
Thou art in Rome! A thousand busy thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!"

WHATEVER unpleasant feelings a long and fatiguing journey may excite in the mind of an invalid, they quickly subside in Rome, and sensations of a more agreeable character succeed. Prudently avoiding the cheerless streets of the modern city, keeping in the sunny heights, enjoying healthful drives, and breathing the air of a charming climate, I dwelt with a happy satisfaction upon the real delights of the place. Even the illness which drove me abroad I bore uncomplainingly, as the cause of a visit to the country which Dr. Johnson says "it ought to be the great business of every man's life to see." I compared my past existence with the present, and felt the soothing effects of a change of scene, so complete and wonderful. No business here to distract the thoughts or disturb the temper, no political wrangling to interrupt sober reflection, no hot pursuit of commerce, no professional labours, no parliament, no newspapers, no railways. A delicious tran-

quillity steals over the mind, which the external aspect of things helps to maintain; a solemn stillness reigns over a great portion of the Eternal City; even where people may be seen, their manner is grave, and their scanty business transacted with a quietness unknown to the bustling inhabitants of the North. The ministers of religion move about with a noiseless step and a sombre air, as befit their sacred vocation, their dress is suitable, grave; and their various degrees and classifications are distinguished by a corresponding variety of costume. The monks in coarsest stuff and sandals, the cardinals shining in crimson, bear a serious aspect, and exhibit outwardly an admirable propriety of behaviour and conversation. Then, whether at early morn or bright mid-day, or when the evening shades have covered the shrines of martyrs, or at still mid-night; the solemn tolling of the bell, warns the most unthinking votary of fashion or pleasure, sounding in his ears, this is not man's abiding place, that to another world he must soon be summoned, and that a preparation for death ought to form an important part of the business of life. This is in excellent keeping with the character becoming the seat of that temple which professes to be mistress of all churches in the Christian world. In such a residence, we forget, insensibly, the selfish pursuits of ordinary life, our moral nature is schooled, we learn to dwell on the glories of the past, or indulge in bright hopes of an happy futurity. Our intellectual nature is improved, for "whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Pleasing thoughts arise almost involuntarily. The beautiful story of Rome's foundation, the growth of her vigorous sons in power, and the extraordinary history of "The Commonwealth of Kings,

the men of Rome,"—their noble struggle for liberty, its downfall under imperial usurpation, the decline of an universal empire, the rise of Christianity, its amazing progress in the city where Paul reasoned, and its blessed influences upon the world. There, indeed, we have a history of great events to contemplate, of wise laws and free institutions to study and admire—an amazing revelation to receive and bless. Undoubtedly, however, it is the associations connected with a great antiquity which overmaster for a time every other impression of Rome. The Via Sacra—the Capitol—the Forum, what memories do they not recall! But the bright pictures of Livy—the terrible history of Sallust, the racy effusions of Horace, and enchanting verses of Virgil, teach not so forcibly as a view of the spot where Cæsar, Cicero, Hortensius, and Cato spoke, where her patriots, with the liberties of Rome perished in a blaze of glory which still illuminates posterity. What abundant food for the mind is here spread before us. Even as to the choice of studies, how great variety! In prose—antiquities, jurisprudence, history, oratory, travels; in poetry, what glorious verse! Wonderful city! which, even in "her ruin, past redemption's skill," has animated the labours, and stimulated the genius, of the greatest intellects; amidst a host of illustrious writers have we not Niebuhr, Gibbon, Shakspeare, Addison, De Stael, Mitford and Shelley; the light and graceful poetry of Rogers—Byron's immortal verse. What a vast and splendid genius was *his*. In Rome the enthusiasm of his soul reached its height, and poured itself forth in those noble stanzas which must live for ever: we may imagine his lofty admiration for the Eternal City from what he has recorded of his first impressions.

"I have been some days in Rome the wonderful! I am

delighted with Rome as a whole, ancient and modern; it beats Greece, Constantinople, *everything*, at least, that I have ever seen."

The poet has acknowledged his aversion of school drudgery, but the spirit of the classics thoroughly possessed him, the mere critic could never have felt as he did. From the seventy-eighth to the concluding stanzas of Childe Harold, when the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting his pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay, conducts us to the borders of the great deep, there was never penned so poetical, and, at the same time, graphic a description, of the greatest characters which have figured in her stirring history, and of some of the choicest antiquities in Rome itself. With what touching eloquence he laments her ruin:

"Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!—but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free."

The poem of Mr. Rogers is no doubt elegant and graceful; all his reflections in prose or verse are charitable and improving; but his lines on Rome are tame, when read after the sublime stanzas of Childe Harold. How delightful to possess such guides as Corinne, Byron, and Rogers; their beautiful compositions raise and sustain our contemplations above the vulgar level to which the dull details of commonplace descriptions would inevitably sink them. Nor should

we be forgetful of what we owe to Sir J. Hobhouse for his masterly illustrations of one of the noblest poems in our language. Shelley and Mitford in what they have done have shewn a lofty genius: while Forsyth and Bell force us to regret their critical skill, and discriminating taste, were not more fully expanded in the vast field of Roman antiquities and literature. It seems as if now the palm must be yielded to writers of other nations; and in our day, the manners, habits, brilliant scenes and skies of Italy, have been described with the deepest feeling, and poetical fervour, by the author of that admirable book, the "Improvisatore." Let us enjoy the intellectual feast and be grateful. But we find in Rome additional attractions; an universal courtesy prevails. Whithersoever we turn, a polite reception awaits us, from the sovereign pontiff, to the lowest facchino. This invariable civility of demeanour is very pleasing, and effaces the memory of little inconveniences. The Italians have a natural graciousness of manner, most agreeable to strangers, and when understood, a frankness and gentleness accompanied frequently with a noblencss of sentiment which induce us to believe they will shake off their fetters, and again work their way to freedom. The enjoyments of Rome are not coarse, her aristocracy, if proud, are not churlish. There is not a palace or villa in or near this extraordinary city, although stocked with gems of art, any one of which (say Pompey's statue) is worth a journey to behold, that is not flung open to the stranger at seasonable hours. It affords pleasure to the noble proprietors to give pleasure to others; every thing may be seen, and thoroughly examined. Marvels of art, the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Raffaelle, Da Vinci, and of their celebrated successors, tempt the frequent

visits of the traveller, and are arranged so as to be seen with most ease and advantage; all public collections are open stated days free of expense; the facchino drops his bundle of faggots to gaze on the works of Raffaelle, which he too can appreciate and relish. Private museums in the same courteous spirit, and with true liberality, are easily accessible to the inspection of the stranger; while the spacious grounds of the villas outside the city are available for exercise and recreation.

These gratifications within the reach of all, tend to humanize and civilize the Roman people, and may have a higher and more wholesole effect in mitigating the evils of positive laws, and qualifying men for the attainment and possession of better. My residence of two winters in Rome, will be ever remembered as a scene of protracted enjoyment and instruction, the brightest episode in my existence.

CHAPTER IV.

MODERN ROME.

Brief Topographical Description and General Aspect of the City. Tables of the Population.—The Seven Hills described.

"In the midst
A city stands, her domes and turrets crowned
With many a cross."

MINUTE descriptions of great towns are proverbially tedious,—of Rome they may be thought superfluous; an outline, however, of the famous city, its topography, and general aspect will, perhaps, be acceptable, if not entertaining. The impatient traveller enters within the venerable walls of Rome by the Porta del Popolo, and quickly catches the chief features of the scene displayed to his straining eyes. A church on his left-hand, two more guarding the Corso at the opposite extremity of a beautiful piazza, an Egyptian obelisk raising its tall, graceful proportions to the skies, ancient even when Cæsar Augustus tore it from Heliopolis to adorn the Imperial City,—a sparkling fountain at its base, the bright waters gushing into an ample basin through the mouths of four marble lions *couchant*,—two smaller fountains, one at either side of the broad piazza, glistening in the sun. Statues adorn the front of the terraces leading by a winding road, turning close from the church of St. Maria

del Popolo, up to the Pincian Hill, which is crowned by a platform commanding an extensive view of the city and its glorious monuments. Hastening onwards through the splendid street named the Corso, adorned with many noble edifices, the traveller will pass churches, palaces, Aurelian's column, and almost by a straight line will arrive at the Forum and the chief wonders of Old Rome. The yellow Tiber flows near to the spot from whence our traveller started in the Piazza del Popolo, but it is obscured from view by the Via Ripetta, which runs close by the banks of the river in a south-westerly direction. The bulk of the inhabitants dwell in the space between the Corso and Old Tiber, and are closely packed, a few in fine palaces, the many in cheerless, shabby dwellings. A third street, running from the same starting-point in a south-easterly direction, leads to the Piazza di Spagna, where another fountain cools the air, and the huge building called the Propaganda blocks up all further view; but the traveller will meet other fountains, and massive palaces, and churches, and piazze, interspersed with venerable ruins. Whithersoever he turns his eager steps, he is alternately delighted and disgusted; the majestic remains of a great antiquity he wishes to examine with critical accuracy, but he stands in the midst of inconceivable filth. He turns to the churches, sacred in the eyes of Christians,—but often not safe from defilement in the City of Churches. He finds in his guide-book, and notes on the map, numerous piazze which he imagines to be fine squares, clean, if not splendid; he observes, with some few exceptions, they resemble waste-ground reserved for rubbish or the refuse of a great city. Persevering in his walk through Rome, he finds himself more severely fagged in one hour than he would have been in London in three; for the streets

are generally narrow and gloomy, seldom clean, the pavement sharp and broken, there being no flagging, with the exception of the Corso, where it is three feet broad, and of so rugged a material, that little knobs of stone rise up in the flags and almost penetrate the stoutest boot. Following the map to gain an object of interest, he turns into narrow bye-streets and lanes, and then learns, through the medium of his senses, what amount of filth can be endured by human nature.

The Ghetto startles him, but the Jews flourish under adverse circumstances everywhere. The shops he discovers are generally poor, their contents paltry, and whatever is useful, the produce of London or Paris. A principal source of business is the imitating in bronze the classic monuments, and at every corner is an artist's studio. He remarks no substantial houses building for a respectable middle-class, but several old ones plastered with white cement to attract tenants in the English quarter; fifty dwellings are inspected before he meets one congenial to his English taste, for if an invalid, he wants sunshine, and does not want malaria. He desires wholesome air, and spacious apartments, with a good look-out; yet he finds several excellent apartments, but looking into a yard or court everlastingly covered with wet or filth. He thus learns there never was a real, opulent middle-class in Modern Rome, and that cardinals and bishops cannot, even with their fine palaces, make a flourishing city. He observes the people have a cheerless, gloomy air, incompatible with a healthy freedom, or a happy political condition; that there is no symptom of extensive business, lucrative traffic, or commerce of any kind. Miserable shelties, dragging the Campagna wine-wagons or faggots, dispute the way with his eminence the cardi-

nal's gilded coach. But still does he ever find, to his inexpressible delight, that into no quarter of the once Imperial City, no palace, no church, or building, or studio, can he put his head without meeting with some object of interest and art, novel to his eyes, beautiful or wonderful. He forgets all inconveniences, forgives the government and the Pope, and rejoices in his visit to the Eternal City.*

* Modern Rome occupies a triangular space, each side of which is nearly two miles long. The greater part of the city lies low, about forty feet above the level of the sea, although but sixteen miles distant from it. The Tiber where it enters Rome is but twenty feet above the sea. The city is divided into,

54 parishes, and 300 churches,
154 churches served by secular clergy,
130 churches served by regular clergy (monks),
64 monasteries and convents for men,
50 monasteries and convents for women.

It has some 500 streets, 270 lanes, 140 palaces, and 5000 shops, 340 noblemen's houses, of which 60 might be considered palaces. As to the population, when Gibbon quitted Rome, in 1765, he says he left the population, without the Jews, 161,899, the Jews being calculated at about 10,000. In the masterly work of the Count de Tournon, Napoleon's prefect (vol. i. page 238), we find the following statement respecting the population: "From the time of Pope Sixtus, who destroyed the brigands, and administered justice, the population of Rome was constantly on the increase. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, it reckoned 138,000 inhabitants. In 1796, it counted 165,000, but the change of government which followed the first French invasion, the removal of Pius VI., and the dispersion of his Court, reduced the population to 135,000, and it was not more than 123,000 when Pius VII., in 1809, was violently torn from his throne, and the clergy scattered. Under the French administration, the population was stationary; but on the return of the Pope it rapidly augmented, and in 1829, Rome reckoned 144,541. In 1831 the

To comprehend the topographical plan of Modern Rome, the stranger should procure the excellent map prepared by Letarouilly, Paris, embellished with engravings of the chief public buildings and monuments, ancient or modern, of the city; and supplied with lists on the margin, of the general divisions, piazze, streets, fountains, public places, antiquities, churches, colleges, remarkable houses, and villas, with reference to their site on the map. Then standing in the Piazza del Popolo with his map before him, the traveller makes the circuit of Modern Rome, fixing clearly in his mind the physical divisions, or ground-plan, of the city.

On his right, but across the Tiber, rises the Monte Vaticano, where proudly sits St. Peter's, "the most magnificent temple ever consecrated to the purposes of religion." Beyond the mighty dome the Monte Janicolo appears, ornamented usefully, with a fantastic fountain, whose refreshing waters fall in cascades into a huge basin. The view from this spot is by far the most extensive and striking, not only over Rome, but the Campagna: the two elevations just mentioned, are within the walls.

Farther on, and across the river, is a most unclassic

population had increased to 150,666. De Tournon gives (page 243) tables calculating in decennial periods from 1709 to 1829, the births and deaths, from which this curious fact appears, that while the population increases, it yet appears that the deaths exceed the births. But this phenomenon, which no other great town in Europe presents, is thus explained, that the city of Rome receives every year a considerable importation of strangers, and a considerable number of the labourers who come from thirty miles around to work in the Campagna, die in the hospitals. The population it is asserted reached in the year 1847, 170,000, some proof certainly of increasing prosperity.—[W.]

elevation, called Monte Testaccio, being composed of broken earthen vessels; this vulgar mount is close to, and within the ancient walls, and near to the solitary burial-ground of the Protestants, where the bones of Shelley and Keats rest in peace. Returning again towards the city, and at some distance from the walls, is the deserted Monte Aventino, surmounted by a melancholy convent, whence the tourist looks down upon the Tiber, and the city stretches out before him.

The Monte Palatino, where stood Nero's golden house, is separated from the Aventine Mount by the valley of the Circus Maximus, and is almost in a right line drawn from the Porta del Popolo.

The famous Capitoline Mount is almost in the same line with the Palatine, and nearer the Porta del Popolo; it is the smallest but most celebrated of the ancient hills of Rome. To catch the outline of the seven hills, and their position relative to each other, the traveller should ascend the tower of the Capitol, and the person in charge of this building (who is intelligent,) will point out and explain the site of the Seven Hills, and the edifices now erected on their summits. The Monte Cœlio, the most southerly of the Seven Hills, once crowned with temples and splendid buildings, is now distinguished for the church of St. Stefano Rotando, of which Mr. Dickens has drawn one of his usual ludicrous descriptions.

To the west, and nearer the city, is the Monte Esquilino, where vulgar people lived in the days of Horace, and at the extremity of which the witty poet was buried. The Esquiline has two summits, one crowned with the famous Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, the other with the remarkable church of San Pietro in Vincoli. The Monte Viminale we next endeavour to

find, tracing our returning path to the Quirinal hill, once adorned by the magnificent Temple of the Sun, and now by the summer palace of the Pope. The Quirinal continues healthy, and is thickly inhabited. The Monte Pinciano, with its pleasant promenade, completes our circuit of the city, by its terraces you may descend to the Porta del Popolo, our original position.

Thus we perceive, although the Roman Empire has passed away, the physical divisions of the ground on which the city was built are still plainly traceable and obvious. And how excellent the site. The Seven Hills were separately places of defence, their summits were healthful, their position commanding. The ground which lay between one hill and the other might be enclosed as necessity required, and until needed for habitations, yielded sustenance; in either case it was commanded, and could be protected, by those in possession of the high ground.

Then as to the two more distant ranges of hills, that is the Pincian on the one side, and that on which stands the Vatican, the Marian, and Janiculum on the other, they might be used as outposts of defence in time of war, and in time of peace for wholesome recreation, and also as a means of extending the dwellings of the city. Thus a large tract of land was naturally enclosed as it were for the early Romans; they were not cooped up in a narrow spot or upon a single hill, and they had the yellow Tiber flowing by them, to supply water and facilitate commerce. The localities of the Seven Hills, may have had a considerable influence, in forming the robust character of the Roman people. They profited by their natural advantages, extended their city, guarded it by their

valour, and became by degrees a renowned and mighty nation.*

* The height of the principal hills above the sea is here given: the Capitoline, 160; Palatine, 170; Aventine, 148; Cœlian, 146; Esquiline, 180: Quirinal, 150; Pincian, 206. The Palatine Mount is nearly a mile and half in circumference, and almost square. The Capitoline contains 16 acres, is about 500 yards long, and 185 broad. The Esquiline is the most extensive of the Seven Hills.

CHAPTER V.

"Expectation whirls us round."

WEEKS fled while I revelled in the intellectual enjoyments of the Eternal City. So far as bodily health permitted, I hurried from one famous spot to another, without method or a plan. I followed at times the guide-books, and visited as directed, in perverted order, things ancient and modern, sacred and profane, although wholly disconnected with each other. Palaces, Basilicas, Temples, Amphitheatres, Baths, Catacombs, Churches, Pictures, Statues, were all mixed up in my mind in a delightful confusion. Definite or exact ideas of Ancient or Modern Rome, or of Rome in the Middle Ages, I had none. I only discovered the renowned city was a prodigious treasury of art and antiquities, which could never be exhausted.

Every morning I arranged a plan, and every evening found I had been seduced to deviate from its order by temptations not to be withstood. What seemed strange, notwithstanding my apparent activity in sight-seeing, this novel and exciting business accumulated. Fascinating occupation dispelled gloom, while it quickened flagging energies; and I forgot, in my enthusiasm, that the doctors said I was an invalid, and ought to behave as such.

CHAPTER VI.

Pompey's Statue. — Gardens of Sallust. — A Word on the Historians and the Men who flourished in the latter Days of the Republic.

"Did *he* die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey! have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene!"

THE associations connected with a great antiquity prevail over every other during our early residence in Rome. Standing before the severe statue of Pompey in the Spada Palace, I felt transported back to the age in which the friend of Tully struggled for the commonwealth. This figure of an old Roman fully equalled my previous conception of what it ought to be. It is almost ten feet in height, the attitude imposing, one arm stretched out grasps a globe, the aspect is grave and dignified, the face that of a stern man. Gazing upon the whole statue, even if ignorant of its history, one would be tempted to exclaim "What hero of the Republic is before us?" Gibbon tells us,—

"The discovery of a statue of Pompey, ten feet in length, was the occasion of a law-suit. It had been found under a partition wall. The equitable judge had pronounced that the head should be separated from the body to satisfy the claim of the contiguous owners; and the sentence would have been executed, if the intercession of a cardinal and the liberality of

a pope had not rescued the Roman hero from the hands of his barbarous countrymen."

Hobhouse rightly observes, "The face accords much better with the *hominem integrum et castum et gravem*, than with any of the busts of Augustus," "and is too stern for him who was beautiful," says Suetonius, "at all periods of his life." I have seen many busts of Augustus Cæsar, and nothing can be more absurd than the assertion that the statue of Pompey could ever have been meant for the Emperor: *his* busts and the statue have not the slightest resemblance. The traits of the statue resemble the medals of Pompey, a fact which removes all reasonable doubt as to the person for whom it was intended. The authorities satisfied me the statue is genuine; and the fact that Napoleon coveted its possession to adorn Paris, strengthened my conviction. The proprietor, (Spada,) a nobleman employed in the administration of affairs under the Emperor, replied to Buonaparte's unreasonable demand, that he wished to preserve to his posterity the classic statue of a noble Roman, which had been handed down to him from his ancestors. The Emperor desisted from his unreasonable demand, and "dread Pompey's statue" has been suffered to stand in gloomy grandeur in an old baronial hall of the Spada Palace, the proprietors of which have not crossed its threshold for twenty-five years. Political reasons, it is rumoured, induced this noble family, under the reign of Pope Gregory, to absent themselves from their Roman palace, which is tenanted by "Great Pompey's statue," and the steward.

It is impossible to behold the figure of so remarkable a man, and not desire to review upon the spot his history and that of the times—the closing days of the republic in which he flourished.

Things wholly distinct in themselves are often, almost unconsciously, associated in our thoughts; and so although at an opposite extremity of the city, the gardens of Sallust became somehow connected in my mind with this memorial of the commonwealth. By whom have the most fearful passages in Rome's history been so graphically narrated as by Sallust? This luxurious villa was consumed by fire. "Its ruins remained," writes Gibbon, "in the age of Justinian, a stately monument of the Gothic conflagration." Our historian, by a note in his fifth volume, sketches the character of Sallust, and marks the site of his gardens.* Gardens amongst the luxurious republicans were not what may be now popularly supposed.

The Roman garden was, in fact, a large suburban villa. Sallust's was crowded with statues, and ornamented with porticoes, and supplied with fountains, and whatever could minister to an Epicurean taste. The gardens of the Villa Ludovisi, bounded on one side by the venerable walls of old Rome, now occupy a portion of what must have been the splendid retreat of the historian. There are here casinos containing much to interest the lover of art—classical busts and statues. Amongst them the huge colossal head of Juno, and in the smaller casino is the famous fresco by Guercino, representing Aurora in her chariot dispelling the shades of night, and shedding flowers in her bright career. It

* The historian Sallust, who usefully practised the vices which he had so eloquently censured, employed the plunder of Numidia to adorn his palace and gardens on the Quirinal hill. The spot where the house stood is now marked by the Church of St. Susanna, separated only by a street from the baths of Diocletian, not far from the Salarian gate.

was not, however, my principal attraction in the grounds and spacious gardens of Sallust, which I felt compelled, as it were, frequently to visit. Cicero, Cæsar, Cato, with their famous contemporaries, may have trod with a lofty step the ground over which I then walked. What heroic thoughts swelled within their breasts, and what must have been their fears and forebodings at the terrible epoch of Catiline's conspiracy! The history of that period arrested my attention. I procured Cicero's Orations, Sallust, Niebuhr, and pored over their pages with a keener relish than I had ever felt before.

To comprehend Catiline and his times is to understand the most extraordinary history in the world; moreover, it teaches the true cause of the downfall of the republic, and Sallust seems, if corrupt, to have been very impartial. The narrative of the whole conspiracy must satisfy the sternest republican that such was the fearful corruption of morals in Rome, that, as Niebuhr has expressed it, "an angel out of heaven could not then have saved it." Niebuhr's account of those men and of this epoch must be studied with deep interest and close attention. Gibbon is stately and grand, and oppresses his reader with the profusion and splendour of his learning; Niebuhr, not less learned but more minute, enters into his subject so thoroughly, that he writes as if he had been a looker-on of the whole business he describes, and in a homely but terse and vigorous style, and often by apparently small details or facts which have escaped other men, stamps on the mind, which he irresistibly bears with him, a vivid impression of the persons and characters he sketches. His wish was to finish where Gibbon commenced. I know not a more agreeable or (in Rome) a more use-

ful book than Niebuhr.* Niebuhr feels a strong personal attachment for Cicero, and dwells on his character with evident pleasure. How graphic this sketch:—

"Cicero occupied himself in the study of the civil law under the great Scævolo. His method of studying the law as an apprentice, under a man distinguished in his profession, resembles the method which was formerly followed in France, and which is still customary in England. It afforded immense advantages to young men of talent, as they became acquainted with the law in *concreto*. They assembled early in the morning in the *atrium*, and listened to the advice which was given to those who came to consult the lawyer. This mode of education is the best in all cases where it is practicable, although it is a very just remark that Cicero had no scientific knowledge of the law, still it was not without an important meaning that he said, 'If I wished to acquire a scientific knowledge of the law, it would not take me more than two months.'"

So much for Cicero's character as a lawyer. But

"He possessed the greatest vivacity, an excellent memory, a quick perception, and a great facility of expressing himself, all gifts which may make a great orator; but the predominant and most brilliant faculty of his mind was *wit*, in what the French call *esprit*, light, unexpected, and inexhaustible wit, he is not excelled by any amongst the ancients. It is to be lamented that he lived at a time when it was necessary to be friendly towards villains in order to do good."

The remark of Niebuhr, that Cicero was unacquainted with Roman history, is very entertaining.

* Of course I except from this panegyric Horace, without which, for constant reference and study, a man can do nothing in Rome.

I have somewhere read the Germans take delight in proving the natives of other countries do not understand their own history, and are incompetent to write it faithfully. Cicero, according to the historian, erred greatly in his mode of proceeding against Catiline and the conspirators. It would have been better if Cato had not spoken, and that Cæsar's advice had been followed. This is not the ordinary view taken of that memorable transaction, but it appears to be the correct one. Niebuhr is angry at the charges made against Cicero of vanity, and warmly defends him :—

"It always grieves me to hear such expressions which we meet with even among the ancients themselves, for I love Cicero as if I had known him, and I judge of him as I would judge of a near relation who had committed a folly. Cicero was a man of a sensitive nature, but of great firmness and resolution.

"What makes Cicero appear weak is his sensitive nature, where Milton makes God say to Adam—

> "A nice and subtle happiness, I see,
> Thou to thyself proposest—"

he makes me think of that class of men to which Cicero belonged.

"I have known a man of very similar character, Frederick Jacobi, who has likewise been charged with vanity, irascibility, and the like; he often reminded me of Cicero, whose character has in fact become clear to me in my intercourse with Jacobi."

The above is one of the most characteristic sketches in the whole of Niebuhr's writings.

Cæsar's character is very favourably drawn, and, from all we can learn, apart from his ambition, we may feel

disposed to admit the great Julius to have been the most complete character of antiquity.

Niebuhr has no high opinion of Pompey's capacity and vigour; before the last great struggle he says:—

"Pompey had become old and dull, and made enormous pretensions, which he had lost the power to justify."

On the 10th of August, at Pharsalus he was defeated, and shortly after murdered. Cæsar wept, and sincerely we may believe, over the head of Pompey when presented to him.

There is an epigram relating to Pompey's tomb, a genuine ancient poem, which Niebuhr pronounces one of the most beautiful epigrams that have come down to us:—

"Marmoreo Licinus tumulo jacet, at Cato nullo,
Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse deos?
Saxa premunt Licinum, levat altum fama Catonem,
Pompeium tituli. Credimus esse deos."*

Cato retreats to Utica; he had never smiled since the civil war broke out; firm in republican virtue he lived and died:—

"Thou hast seen Mount Atlas,
While storms and tempests thunder on its brows
And oceans break their billows at its feet;
It stands unmoved, and glorious in its height:
Such is that haughty man, his towering soul,
Midst all the shocks and injuries of fortune
Rises superior, and looks down on Cæsar."

Pompey was avenged; at the base of his statue, which we have described, the bloody Cæsar lay.

Although Cæsar thought Brutus the fittest man to

* The Licinus here mentioned was an upstart who became very rich, and had a magnificent monument erected to himself.

succeed him, *he* could scarcely have repaired the republic: laws would have been of no avail—all public morals were gone—

> "Quid leges sine moribus
> Vane proficiunt."

The young Octavius exhibited a cool perfidy, with a remorseless cruelty, beyond his years; and, having massacred his enemies, rivals, benefactors, affected moderation, a love for poetry, and applied himself to the restoration of the city and the settlement of the empire. The boast of this crafty tyrant was, that he found Rome of bricks and left it of marble.

Having reviewed this eventful period of history, I resolved to examine the plan of Ancient Rome methodically, and afterwards I proposed to observe the principal periods of its vicissitudes, before entering on the consideration of modern things.

In order to disencumber these volumes of topographical descriptions, which, however interesting to the traveller and the antiquary, may not be acceptable to all classes of readers alike, I have placed the Topography of Ancient Rome, illustrated by notes, in a separate volume, referring thereto occasionally in the subsequent chapters of this book: the reader can do the same, if so disposed.

CHAPTER VII.

NIGHT WALK IN ROME.

" Prepare for death, if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home."

THE state of civilization existing in Rome may perhaps be better discovered by a walk through the streets at night than by day. He must, however, not easily be daunted who will venture far from the Corso in a winter's night.

No pathway,—no lights,—no police—inconsiderable drawbacks from comfort, some may say, especially those who have enjoyed the luxury of sauntering after dark through the streets of Lisbon. In Rome if you keep to the Corso, and one or two other places of resort, you have the light from shops, *cafés*, and a few glimmering lamps to cheer your way. Turn aside, and in a few seconds you are plunged in Cimmerian darkness. Proceed in your walk towards the Lateran, and you may quickly exclaim, "Oh, solitude, where are thy charms!"

An occasional passenger, to be avoided, may cross your path and excite your courage. The stout young Englishmen wisely walk in the centre of the street buttoned up tightly, and provided with a stick to be depended on. Curious enough this rough weapon wielded by a vigorous arm, is more dreaded by an Ita-

lian desperado than his favourite stiletto. He does not understand it.

A stranger who might feel disposed to take an evening stroll towards the famous Basilica of St. John Lateran, would find it a very different affair from walking up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's. Profound silence, utter darkness, a solitude so universal as to make one doubt his presence in a great city. Should the adventurous youth in his passion for exploring be assailed by a treacherous enemy, he must rely upon his oak-stick. Shouting will be of no avail, there is nobody to shout to, and if any chance passenger heard the cry,—if he were an Italian—in all probability he would run away in an opposite direction, not from heartlessness, but to save himself from trouble and imprisonment should he remain; because an odd practice prevails in Rome. Suppose a man is stilettoed even in a thoroughfare, and falls, every passenger flies from the wounded person from an instinct of self-preservation; for, should the guard come up, their rule and practice is, to seize every individual they find within any reasonable distance of the wounded man. Thus, innocent passengers are safely lodged in gaol, and the guilty escape; and as the Pope never heard of so ridiculous an innovation on Italian jurisprudence as the English writ of Habeas Corpus, when his holiness (Gregory, I mean) catches any evil disposed people, as all persons in the streets of Rome after nine o'clock must be presumed to be, he keeps them close for an indefinite period: thus some, at least, are punished for the manifest breach of the peace which has been committed; besides it is shrewdly suspected that if twelve men are laid hold of soon after the crime is perpetrated, there is twelve to one but the offender is amongst those arrested.

There is no police office, no daily investigations, no summary release, so far as I could make out. When the police are tired of keeping a person whom they have seized on suspicion, they let him go, and he is so delighted at his escape from the ministers of justice, that he hazards no complaint, lest, mayhap, he might be arrested again for his presumption. He can present a memorial, it is true, against the police, but that is seldom opened, and never attended to if read. These interesting particulars being explained, we can understand why it is that passengers in the streets of Rome, under the reign of good Pope Gregory, fly from his police much faster than from his brigands; so, as I have said already, should the Englishman be assailed, let him depend upon his oak-stick.

I had a young friend in Rome who was skilled in the noble art of self-defence, and it did him one evening essential service. Returning from the theatre through a dark, narrow street, his attention was attracted by lights and music; he stopped an instant and looked up—a passenger appeared—my friend asked (in bad Italian, I suspect,) what was going on; the reply he received was a violent blow on the head from the *gentleman* whom he politely accosted, and who it appears walked about with some heavy ugly substance in his right hand. My friend's hat was cut through, his forehead wounded, and he staggered, but disappointed the cowardly assailant, for he did not fall, on the contrary, mindful of his national courage, he instantly closed on the Italian, and administered two such facers that he neither saw nor felt the villain again. My friend, narrating his adventure to me next morning, complained bitterly of the silence of his assailant, who did not answer his question, but, like a miscreant,

spoke not a word. The lower classes of Italians are certainly not addicted to boxing, they prefer a sharper method of proceeding, it suits them best.

But we are somewhere near the Lateran after dark, and our business is to get away from it as quickly as we can to some friendly corner, where a lamp, suspended by pious hands, dimly lights the image of the Virgin, and invites the passenger to his prayers. My private opinion is, the streets of Rome after dark are unfavourable to pious exercises, although, in one sense, favourable to meditations, for

"Puræ sunt plateæ nihil ut meditantibus obstet."

I have often thought, although a peaceful man, the vacant space between St. John Lateran and Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, would be an admirable spot for settling an affair of honour; but then it should be with small field-pieces, if the antagonists were planted one at each church. I have been assured by a resident artist, he once encountered a very unpleasant adventure in Rome: turning down a solitary passage he beheld two men draw their knives and prepare for combat. They knived each other furiously; the artist shouted in vain, the combatants paid no attention, and the solitary spectator dared not interfere between such infuriated adversaries. I have heard an Italian ascribe this wicked propensity to the proud spirit of the people, which cannot brook an insult.

The French, when in occupation of Rome, knew how, by a summary and certain chastisement, to check these practices, but a violent interference with national peculiarities, is not suited to the genius of an ecclesiastical government; so the people have returned to their ancient habits. Let it not be supposed there are not

guards through Rome, and brave ones, too. There are various stations through the city where the Papal troops are snugly ensconced, and from whence they occasionally, throughout the night, but as seldom as possible, emerge; and sentries are there, not to be forgotten, at the head of several piazzas, and on the steps of some, to check the unpleasant practice which formerly prevailed of plundering and stabbing passengers at these convenient spots. Sentries there are, also, at all the gates; but these gates, or most of them, are so distant from the abodes of civilized people, that it might cost a man his life to reach the sentry, and it might be as well not to meet the latter functionary alone either.

But there is no police through the streets of Rome at night, nor any system of patrol, which gives an additional value to the oak-stick. Under the foregoing circumstances, the words of Juvenal have some application to modern Rome:—

—— "Possis ignavus haberi
Et subiti casus improvidus ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas."

It is highly amusing to observe an Italian family, belonging to the so-called middle class, returning to their homes at a late hour of the night; their lanterns carefully lighted, and the family skilfully marshalled for the enterprize. I have observed the domestic party halt before their habitations and chatter loudly, make a noise, almost a disturbance, and for no apparently assignable reason. I once asked why this was done, and was answered, *to clear the stairs.* For it should be understood the entrance to many houses of the middle classes is through an archway, pitch dark, open to the public, dismal often, and filthy. To other habita-

tions there is a big stone doorway, but no door, nor lamp, nor porter; there may be half a dozen families in one such house, each entrenched in their peculiar flat. No one family has any authority over the hall-door, or rather the place where the hall-door might be expected to be, more than another, and, to do them justice, none regard it; never cleansing, but on the contrary, seeming to pride themselves on doing the very thing in respect of it which they ought not to do. Also, be it known, in each door in every flat, there is cut a little trap which may be opened first, to enable the terrified inmates to see who goes there, before they commit themselves by opening the door. This precaution is generally practised even by day.

Imagine an Italian family arrived at their pleasant abode. Under the circumstances, one must admit and admire the wisdom of their proceedings, in halting for a suitable interval before they undertake the perilous movement inwards; and coughing, chatting, laughing, in order to clear the staircase, and afford ample opportunity to any thieves, assassins, or disagreeable intruders, to retire for the present, at least, and enable the happy family to reach their flat in safety.

But I have not enumerated all the perils of the night: it rains, or rather pours. A Roman torrent is a very different thing from an English shower. You put up your umbrella; it is laid flat upon your head in an instant. The flimsy Parisian article is viewed with contempt by the Italian people. The native carries (when apprehensive of rain which may continue three days without cessation) a ponderous machine, which, when opened out, resembles a little tent suspended in the air, under which he walks securely. The construction of the Italian umbrella is simple enough,—a

mass of oiled calico is attached to a stout pole, and this, when spread, resists the torrent wonderfully. In a short time the spouts begin to play, the *jets d'eau* of Modern Rome. I think these spouts have been dexterously contrived to aid in washing the streets, a process the natives would perish rather than undertake. These ducts are about two feet long, and project from the roofs of the houses; through such spouts the water is made to spin into the middle of the street with admirable effect, for no deposit can withstand its power. But while the two-fold deluge from the houses and the heavens may be so useful in dispensing with the labour of scavengers, it increases the discomfort of the passenger: he must keep close to the eaves of the houses, and get under cover speedily as he can—then he listens to the play of the waters with an almost inconceivable degree of pleasure.* I have something to add, yet I do not desire to be more explicit than the necessity of the case requires. However, to render my communication intelligible some minor points of Italian domestic economy must be premised. The architects of Modern Rome were a peculiar race, and entertained (as we might suppose) odd ideas of cleanliness and comfort; there is no accounting for taste, so, building high houses they did without providing those conveniences so essential in most other cities of Europe. The consequence is what might be expected—the streets receive, and most unnecessarily retain, what might just as well be concealed. Heavy deposits are lodged safely on the neighbouring piazza, amusingly denominated the dog's *table d'hôte*; the

* Pope Pius has, with the determination of Sixtus V., undertaken to remove this nuisance, and compel his reluctant subjects to use spouts.

lighter descriptions are used as missives against unoffending passengers. It is essential, then, for the stranger to be on his guard if he walks the streets of Rome at night. When he once understands the habits of the people he may get on agreeably enough. My plan of operations was, when I heard a window opening, instantly to stop in order to catch the sound, and ascertaining whether the window opened was before or behind, perform my evolutions accordingly. An instinctive feeling of satisfaction pervades the mind when conscious of escape, and the crash is heard. An umbrella would be often more useful during fine than wet nights in the streets of Rome. This practice is methodically followed, and, indeed, there is no help for it. Why should the modern Romans be blamed for preserving the bad habits of their illustrious ancestors.* The inimitable satirist Juvenal, in describing the various dangers of the night in ancient Rome, has drawn no unfaithful picture of the perils to be encountered during a walk in the modern city.

"Respice nunc alia ac diversa pericula noctis:
Quod spacium tectis sublimibus, unde cerebrum
Testa ferit, quoties rimosa et curta fenestris
Vasa cadent; quanto percussum pondere signent
Et lædant silicem. Possis ignavus haberi
Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
Intestatus eas. Adeo tot fat fata, quot illa
Nocte, patent vigiles, te prætereunte, fenestræ.
Ergo optes votumque feras miserabile tecum,
Ut sint contentæ patulas defundere pelves."

Dryden thus renders the above passage:—

"Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height;

* The reprehensible practices satirised by Juvenal sprung up, it may believed, in the corrupt periods of Rome's history.

From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a —— only for thy share."

Although residing in one of the best streets in the English quarter, I have regularly heard the windows open at a late hour of night, and then the splash against the pavement. I had the curiosity to inquire from a Roman advocate whether there was any sanatary or police regulations in force in Rome, he assured me there were sensible laws in existence, but they were not enforced. A learned gentleman of my acquaintance, Signor Camilli Sneider, in all probability delicately aiming at reform in these matters, republished in the Latin tongue the laws of Ancient Rome relating to the office of Ædiles, and their duties in regard to the cleansing, repairing, and preserving the streets of the city, and he was kind enough to present me with the tract. The old law was excellent. No noxious animal was by the Ædiles suffered to be at large; spouts, bridges, dangerous dwellings, and tottering walls were the peculiar objects of their watchful care. No person dared to impede the public thoroughfare; every house-holder was bound to construct a pathway before his dwelling, according to a prescribed plan; passages for the escape of waters were to be cleansed; nothing was to be projected before shop doors, except that the fuller might dry his clothes, and the coach-maker place his chariot in the street, provided ample space was left for carriages and passengers.

Finally, and this passage of the ancient law is especially to be commended,

"Postremo Ædiles vetebant, ne rixæ fierent in viis, ne stercora projicerentur, ne morticina, neque pelles jacerent. Coepollæ, addit, quod nec urinam effundere licebat, si via publica fœtida reddebatur."

I must in fairness add the commentary of the learned and estimable writer on the above passage.

"Hoc quidem in gratiam publicæ tranquillitatis, et munditiei, tamquam aliud signum magnitudinis Romanæ, quod certe in opprobrium vertitur nostrum, cum non sit via, quæ turpitudinibus non redundet."

Where could a modern Ædile be found to enforce vigorously these wise resolutions? I remember shewing this scholar-like essay (for it abounds in classical references,) to an Italian friend who, having turned over its pages, remarked—This is the production of an intellectual man in a state of slavery; instead of writing a bold tract in the language of the people, to be understood by them, and reprehending the scandalous abuses he and every man beholds in the management of our city, and demanding a speedy and effectual reform, he is obliged to reprint, in a dead language, the laws of the old Romans, and modestly hint at their application to our times. His essay can only be understood by the lawyers and the priests, and will do no good.

A householder of substance thus explained to me the cause of these abominable nuisances, the existence of which he admitted and deplored.

"We have," said he, "no control over, nor share in the management of the city, nor means of expressing our opinions on the subject. The entire absolute superintendance of all

these matters is vested in a cardinal; he never touches the ground himself, and cares nothing for any body else. It would be unusual, as well as dangerous to complain of his administration, and even if we did, we should be sure to get no redress; so we are silent, hoping for better days."

I have heard it said in Rome by the priests, that the only thing England required to become truly great was to embrace once more the ancient religion. It has often struck me what a surprising change would be wrought even in outward things in Rome if a revolution were effected in the faith of the people, and they became Protestant. The innumerable convents and monasteries would be no longer necessary, their ample funds would be applicable to really useful purposes—sturdy monks who are not ashamed to beg would be obliged to work. Three-fourths of the priesthood must turn farmers as their services could be well dispensed with; if they possessed talents they might become authors or teachers. Religious corporations would get no more grants of land, and what they had before obtained would now be cultivated. Freedom of conscience would be established, for the true Protestant never persecutes. Political liberty would follow. The citizens would get a share in the management of their own concerns. Cardinals would cease to be scavengers, cleanliness would no longer be proscribed, a rational police system would be introduced, literature would flourish. Rome, happily and quietly revolutionized, in a month would rise to a pitch of true glory she has never yet attained.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Delights of Spring.—Piazza della Trinita di Monti, and the Landscape Painters of Italy.—A Word on the Sculptors.—The Church, and Daniele da Volterra's Picture.—Palace of the Medici.—French School of Art.—The Pincian Hill: its attractions.—Italian Schoolboys, Soldiers, and Convicts.—Dr. Arnold's Criticism on Italian Character.—Nero's Ashes and Family Burial-place.—The Church of Santa Maria del Popolo.—Raffaelle's Sculpture.—A Voice from the Obelisk.

"Who would not say the forms most perfect, most divine, had by consent flocked thither to abide eternally."

THE soft air of spring to us Northerns, like gentle summer, tempts even the invalid to walk forth, seeking health and enjoyment. Business has not yet begun, the churches are open, few people are stirring. It has often astonished me to have met so seldom even the proverbially active English, inhaling the fresh breeze of morning on the sunny heights in the most attractive quarter of the city. We may learn much passing along the streets of Rome; few are the districts destitute of interest in this region of art and classic story. We begin the morning as we commence the race of life, fresh and hopeful, and, though often disappointed in our expectations, yet do we sometimes fulfil, occasionally exceed them. The sun shines brightly; the

sound of the wakeful convent bell, has summoned the pious from their slumber, reminding them of the duty they owe to God. Striking up the Via Gregoriana, I ascend to the Piazza della Trinità de Monti, an open space, not, however, extensive, in the centre of which stands an Egyptian obelisk, opposite the spacious flight of stone steps leading down to the Piazza di Spagna, and its sparkling fountain. I read, inscribed on the curious column, the tall sides of which are covered with hieroglyphics, these words :—

PIVS VI. PONT . MAX .
OBELISCVM . SALLVSTIANVM .
QUEM . PROLAPSIONE . DIFFRACTUM .
SVPERIOR . ÆTAS .
JACENTEM . RELIQVERAT .
CŌLLI . HORTVLORUM
IN . SVBSIDENTIUM . VIARVM .
PROSPECTV . IMPOSITVM .
TROPEO .
CRVCIS . PRÆFIXO .
TRINITATI . AVGVSTÆ .
DEDICAVIT.

Thus is the cross everywhere in Rome made to triumph over the proud memorials of a heathen antiquity. This obelisk is judiciously placed so as to be seen from several points of view with effect: found in the Circus of Sallust the historian, the interesting monument was removed in the Pontificate of Pius VI., and now adorns its present site, and looks as if destined to "flourish in immortal youth."

There are a few dwelling-houses on two sides of the Piazza, facing the west. There are no buildings to obscure the view. This spot was the chosen residence of the great landscape painters of Italy—Claude, the Poussins, Salvator Rosa here exercised and proved their genius. They looked over the cupolas, and pillars, and

lofty domes of the Eternal City, and beheld the sun of Italy setting in evening splendour, illuminating the heavens with golden light. They could quickly escape into the wide Campagna, and sketch its natural beauties or majestic ruins. Their ambition was inflamed, their taste cultivated, and imagination fed by what they beheld, whether of art, or nature, or antiquity, in and around Rome. As lawyers flocked to the Temple, so landscape painters did to the Pincian Hill. It is however curious, but one of these celebrated artists was an Italian. Rome attracted the others, but they were not her sons, although she appropriates their fame. Passing the house where Claude dwelt, we naturally think of his bright productions. His name is associated with the great masters of the school of landscape-painting, if indeed he be not its founder. His habits of life ensured success: wandering over the Campagna he sketched the sun-rise, and every curious object—ruin, dell, lake, or mountain which he saw before him, and then returned to complete his labours in the studio on the Pincian Hill. There is a peculiar fascination in his pictures; the general composition it is which fastens our attention; a soft and perfect beauty pervades the whole work. There is nothing unusual or startling in his paintings, no terrible convulsion of nature, but nature in repose he loves to delineate.

"There is not a single effect of light which he has not contrived to imitate, either in the reflection of water or in the sky itself. The various changes of the day are no where better seen than in the landscapes of Claude. In a word, we may truly call him a painter, who in depicting the three kingdoms of air, earth, and water, has given an accurate representation of the whole of the visible world."

Thus is he characterised by the Italian critic. But having examined many of his choicest productions, if I were asked, have you ever actually seen such a landscape in Italy as Claude has represented? I should answer certainly not. I may have seen sunsets as gorgeous, or most of the objects he draws separately, but assuredly I, nor any other mortal have ever observed the whole of his sketch realized in nature. Yet Claude is confessed to be the prince of landscape painters, How is this, if his drawings are not consistent with that nature he proposes to represent? The answer is to be found in the criticism of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who explains this apparent inconsistency:—

"Many painters take a particular spot, and sketch it to perfection; but Claude was convinced *that taking nature as he found it, seldom produced beauty.* Neither did he like exhibiting in his pictures accidents of nature. He professed to pourtray the style of general nature, and so his pictures were a composition of the various draughts which he had previously made from beautiful scenes and prospects."

Thus Claude belonged in reality to the Eclectic school; and his system reminds me of what I have seen in the studios of landscape painters in Rome, namely, draughts of cascades, ruins, forests, sunsets and sunrise, birds and flowers, storms and ruins, all suspended separately against the wall, and ready for insertion in a composition when required. Still, as Claude built his fame on the correct delineation of *general nature*, and triumphed, the works of his pencil will live for ever. He flourished in the seventeenth century, from 1600 to 1682.

Nicolas and Gaspar Poussin were remarkable men, but very distinct in their style. The first came from

France, and settled in Rome about 1624, and studied the art of landscape-painting in oil scientifically. He was poor and not known, and attached himself to no master. Rome was his school, and his models were chosen amongst the galleries of ancient art, and how could he have learned the rules of proportion better, than by constant observation of the matchless Greek statues of the Vatican. This unusual, but excellent, manner of studying affected his style. He preferred old things and loved to dwell upon them, and to introduce Greek vases, arches, pillars, and the like, into his learned paintings. His taste acquired a finish which common artists cannot attain. He aimed at perfection; Leonardo da Vinci was his favourite, nor could he, in the annals of his art, have found a purer model. Philosophical and inventive, and, like his great predecessor, Poussin was a scholar.

"For such elegance of invention the natural penetration of his mind had hardly sufficed, had it not been aided by an acquaintance with the best classic authors, the conversation of men of letters, and the suggestions of the learned."

Those who desire to comprehend his style, will find in the Barberini Palace, Vatican, and at the Capitol, his pictures. In the curious, yet grand and imposing, old church, called San-Martino-ai-Monti, built, according to Canina, on the Baths of Trajan, are some frescoes of Nicolas Poussin. But the picture most celebrated is his copy of the antique Greek painting called "Nozze Aldobrandini." The original was found in the Baths of Titus, on the Esquiline (in such places the choicest relics of antiquity have been discovered), and belonged to Cardinal Aldobrandini, of which family Clement VIII. was a member; it may be seen in a small

apartment off the library of the Vatican, which is kept locked. Having examined the original, the traveller will hasten to the Doria Palace, and feast on the copy by N. Poussin. A more classical representation exists not. It just suited the genius of Poussin; the antique cast of his mind enabled him, in making this copy, to exhibit his peculiar powers in perfection. The composition consists of ten figures, and is believed to represent a Greek marriage. This is one of the *two pictures* criticised by John Bell, while in Rome. The accuracy and elegance with which he has pointed out the beauties of the "Nozze Aldobrandini" make us regret that he did not continue his masterly criticisms.

The discovery of this old painting enabled Poussin to catch the style, drapery, and graceful dignity, of the Greek figures. His favourite subjects were ancient fables. He resided forty years on the Pincian Hill, and lived from 1594 to 1665.

Gaspar Poussin's real name was Dughet, but Nicolas Poussin having been generously received by a French emigrant, married his daughter and educated his son, Gaspar, who assumed the name of Poussin, and became a famous painter of Italian landscapes. It seems, he had so quick a hand that he could dash off a landscape, figures and all, in a day. If so, he must have had a large ready-made stock of cypress and pine trees, fountains, temples, sunsets, arches, and pyramids, with an occasional storm and whirlwind. He painted whatever he saw at Tivoli, Frescati, &c., in and around Rome, and composed imaginary landscapes, putting into one piece whatsoever struck his fancy as most beautiful in nature.

"He succeeded in pourtraying not only the dawn of morning, the blaze of noon, the silver twilight of evening, and the

various aspects of a tempestuous or a serene sky, but sometimes represented to admiration even the agitation caused by a light breeze among the leaves, the fury of a whirlwind rending and uprooting the trees of the forest, or the awful magnificence of a thunder-storm."*

Many of his landscapes may be seen and studied in the Corsini and Doria Palaces. He lived from 1613 to 1675. Salvator Rosa, the most extraordinary individual of his time, dwelt, for many years, nearly opposite the house of Poussin.

Wherever he appeared the finger of curiosity was pointed at him. From the moment that delicious spring of the Roman climate burst into its sudden bloom, till the intolerable heats and fatal *malaria* of autumn emptied its public walks and thinned its Corso, the appearance of Salvator Rosa and his followers on the Monte Pincio, *to which he confined his evening walks, never failed* to produce a general sensation, and to draw all the professed disciples of the *far niente* from the embowering shades of the gardens of the Villa Medici.

"The Monte Pincio was then, as now, the fashionable *passeggio*, or lounge, of Rome; but, at a period when every nation, class, and profession still preserved its characteristic costume, the Roman Mall exhibited many such fantastic groupings as, in modern times, might furnish the genius of masquerade with models equally striking and picturesque. Among the strolling parties of monks and friars, cardinals and prelates, Roman princesses and English peers, Spanish grandees and French cavaliers, which then crowded the Pincio, there appeared two groups which may have recalled

* Lanzi.

those of the Portico or the Academy, and which never failed to interest and fix the attention of the beholders. The leader of one of these singular parties was the venerable Nicolas Poussin; the air of antiquity which breathed over all his works seemed to have infected even his person and his features; soberly clad, and sagely accompanied by some learned antiquarian or pious churchman, and by a few of his deferential disciples, he gave out his trite axioms in measured phrase and emphatic accent, lectured, rather than conversed, and appeared like one of the peripatetic teachers of the last days of Athenian pedantry and pretension.

In striking contrast to these academic figures, which looked like their own "grandsires cut in alabaster," appeared never-failingly, on the Pincio, after sunset, a group of a different stamp and character, led on by one who, in his flashing eye, mobile brow, and rapid movement—all fire, feeling, and perception — was the very personification of genius itself. This group consisted of Salvator Rosa, gallantly if not splendidly habited, and a motley gathering of the learned and witty, the grave and the gay, who surrounded him. He was accompanied by the most eminent virtuosi, poets, musicians, and cavaliers in Rome, all anxious to draw him out on a variety of subjects, when air, exercise, the desire of pleasing, and the consciousness of success, had wound him up to the highest pitch of excitement. From the Pincio, Salvator Rosa was generally accompanied home by the most distinguished persons; and while the penurious Poussin was lighting out some reverend prelate or antiquarian with one sorry taper, Salvator, the prodigal Salvator, was passing the evening in his elegant gallery, in the midst of princes, nobles, and men of wit and science, where he made new claims on their admiration, both as an artist and as an *improvisatore;* for, till within a few years of his death, he continued to recite his own poetry, and to sing his own compositions to the harpsichord or lute."

A graphic portraiture by Lady Morgan of the habits and manners of the witty satirist, scholar, *improvisatore*, patriotic Italian, and artist original and brilliant. His landscapes tell his history. An early life spent amidst mountains and forests, the wild scenes and grand productions of nature, and with banditti and outlaws, gave him a power of delineating the scenes so few had beheld as he did. The least pleasing elements of nature he preferred:—

"Wild forests, inaccessible mountains, rugged rocks, dark caverns, fields deformed with thickets, trees that were either shattered or torn up by the roots, or bent towards the ground, were such as he most frequently represented: even in his skies he seldom introduced colours of a lively hue, far less the brilliant effects of the great luminary that cherishes the earth."

So writes Lanzi. Salvator aimed at the fame of an universal painter, and affected to despise the clever little landscapes, his *quadretti*, the world admired. The Catiline Conspiracy, Triumph of St. George over the Dragon, Saul and the Witch of Endor, demonstrate he had high and varied powers. In the beginning of the seventeenth century he was most in fashion, at a time when Claude and the Poussins were living, when Carlo Marcutti and Pietro de Cortona were each at the head of fashionable schools. He was a Neapolitan, seems to have lived forty years in Rome, and died March, 1673. He is buried in the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, designed by Buonarotti, on the site of the Baths of Diocletian. "Never did the ashes of the dead find a more appropriate resting-place."

The Doria, Corsini, Colonna palaces, and the Capitol, contain his pictures; but several are in Florence,

and many in England. I may add, the celebrated landscape painter, Paul Brill, who painted for some time in Rome, was also a foreigner, being a native of Antwerp. The artists lavish encomiums on his landscape in the Sciarra Palace. Another eminent individual in his branch of art dwelt at a later period on this Piazza del Trinità di Monti—Thorwaldsen, the Dane, who contests with Canova the palm in sculpture, and, comparing such of their works as I have seen, I think Thorwaldsen shews more severe judgment and exact taste; his style is less adorned, less voluptuous, more pure and simple than that of his celebrated rival. The stern dignity of the North, is here opposed to the soft and tender elegance of the South.

But I have lingered too long on the spot where the landscape-painters of Italy made their fame; yet, ere I go, as the door of the church Trinità di Monti is open, let me in the quiet morning enter the sacred edifice, which is sacred to the worship of holy nuns. A priest is celebrating the mass to four people; the sisters are not visible. I stop at the first small chapel on the left, and gaze on what Poussin pronounced to be the third greatest picture in the world—the Descent from the Cross, by Daniele da Volterra, the ablest pupil of Michael Angelo. The Transfiguration, by Raffaelle, is the greatest picture, Communion of St. Jerome the second, and this performance of Volterra's the third. Often as I have stood before it, I seldom was interrupted by the presence of any other spectator, and yet the church is only open in the morning, and for vespers occasionally, when the nuns sing most sweetly. There are fourteen figures in the piece; our Saviour's body has just been removed, but not yet taken down; there are four ladders resting against the cross, and figures

variously occupied on each; the Virgin has fainted, and lies prostrate, while two females minister to her; the favourite disciple beholds, with eyes of faith, the countenance, pale in death, of his divine Master. Lanzi asserts, without Michael Angelo's assistance Volterra never could have painted such a picture, which gives to it an additional interest, as having received the touch of that sublime master.

Issuing from the church, I find my path blocked up by wine-wagons, depositing barrels of the invigorating juice of the grape at the convent gate. I concluded, from the frequency of these deposits, it must be for sale, as the fair inmates could scarce dispose of these extensive lodgments. This convent, however, is used, I have heard, as a place of retirement for Roman ladies of distinction, at certain seasons of the year, to meditate and pray, and, while they are in a kind of confinement (*en retraite*), it is necessary to revive their flagging spirits.

Where we are now standing, the notorious beggar, Uncle Beppo, of the *improvisatore*, has just arrived, descended from his ass, gathered his withered legs under his muscular body, and reminded my friend, the chaplain, of a promised charity; our kind hearted pastor admits the claim, but declares he has only a dollar in his pocket; Uncle Beppo composedly takes out his purse, changes the dollar, deducts the gift, and, with his usual crafty smile, whines, "Buon giorno, Eccellenza." So much for the poverty of a successful Roman beggar.

Passing along the convent garden wall outside, which is a walk lined with trees, I arrive at the famous palace of the Medici, once inhabited by Leo X. It is in a fine situation; there are trees and a fountain towards

Rome, in which direction stands the back of the palace; it has a commanding view and spacious gardens, but curiously laid out in straight walks, lined with tall hedges of box, with a statue at the end of each avenue. Facing this garden, which is more elevated than the road below, forming a kind of platform, is the *façade* and highly ornamented front of the palace, built for the luxurious Medici. It must have been very splendid, when adorned with those statues which now form the chief boast of the Florentine gallery, the Venus de Medici, Apollo, and Niobe; these precious gems, with many pieces of sculpture of less fame, stood in front of the palace, in the open air, amidst fountains and shrubs. I have been through the interior; when existing in all its magnificence, how poor the London dwellings of the English nobility in comparison! It exactly exhibited what we may conceive to have been the splendid tastes and habits of the most extraordinary family in Europe. In this palace, met two remarkable men, Leopold of Tuscany, and the Emperor Joseph, in 1769, when they visited Rome, to see its curiosities and wonders. The palace became the property of the sovereigns of France, who converted it into a school for the encouragement of French artists. Pupils in Paris who give promise of talent are provided with means to visit Rome, and lodged and maintained in this noble palace for a given period, to enable them to study the great masters in their immortal works. English artists must fight their way through every difficulty; I have little doubt it is better; their native energy pushes over every obstacle, and by the very effort they are schooled. What have the French done, with all their schools, academies, and intolerable affectation and pretension? Was any great painter ever bolstered up by

these institutions, so favoured by the small fry of critics and connossieurs? nay, will the constant study of the faultless works of Raffaelle, Coreggio, Titian, make an artist strike out anything brilliant and original. It may frighten the young student; he may have talents and yet despair of such success, and so abandon the pursuit, or be but a copyist for life. All the modern schools and societies of France have not produced a painter worth a rush.

I now find myself in the open, sunny walk leading from the palace to the Pincian Hill; here may be met that amusing sight—Italian schoolboys taking the air, headed by their master; they walk two by two, slowly, and gravely, dressed like little men: they never run, nor jump, nor venture to engage in athletic exercises. Cricket would kill them! In a melancholy train they move leisurely along. Whether they have been ever seen to laugh I cannot affirm. I am on the hill—how fresh the air, and bright the sun. What a view from this promenade of St. Peter's, Monte Mario; willingly do we turn to glance over Rome, and search out the Pantheon, the Capitol, and the famous buildings of the ancient and modern city. We have here a broad space to walk, or ride, or drive round. I meet four gentlemen, two of them my English friends: there are on the summit some neat little gardens—we enter, and find at the upper end of one, a marble statue of Raffaelle on a pedestal, pencil in one hand, the other rests on his easel, and he seems looking towards St. Peter's, the scene of his glory. Passing round the hill, there appears right in the centre another small Egyptian obelisk, and on it an inscription:—

PIUS. PONT. MAX.
OBELISCUM . AURELIANUM

QUI . UNUS . SUPERERAT
TEMPORUM . INJURIA . DIFFRACTUM
DENIQUE . OBLITUM.
IN . PRISTINAM . FACIEM . RESTITUIT
ATQUE . HOC . IN . LOCO . ERIGI . JUSSIT
UT . AMŒNA . PINCII . SPATIA
CIVIBUS . AD . APRICANDUM . APERTA
EXIMII . GENERIS . MONUMENTI
DECORARET.

The judgment with which this column is placed, shews how thoroughly the good old Pope appreciated these inimitable monuments of a remote antiquity, possessed by no city in Europe save Rome. The young timber is beginning to afford a friendly shade on this elevation, which is much exposed to the rays of the sun; but an ignorant official, by way of pruning, lops off the finest branches. My Bedfordshire friend remonstrates in vain—down comes the branch, and many more in quiet succession, a proof how much better it often is to allow things to remain as they are. I have not noticed the rest of my morning company on the Pincian; having gone round the hill, and paused opposite St. Peter's, there are seen lounging on a bench half a dozen old men clad as soldiers. Their muskets rest against the trees; a fire has been lighted of some faggots, around which they crouch; some smoke, others feast on bread and acid wine: these are Italian or Roman soldiers—impossible to look at them and preserve gravity—fit inmates of an old man's hospital. What can they have to do here?

The appearance of these successors to the legionaries reminds me of Dr. Arnold's sarcastic description of certain classes in this country:—

"When you see a soldier here you feel no confidence that he can fight; when you see a so-called man of letters, you

are not sure that he has more knowledge than a baby; when you see a priest, he may be an idolater or an unbeliever; when you see a judge or a public functionary, justice and integrity may be utter strangers to his vocabulary. It is this which makes a nation vile, when profession, whether Godward or manward, is no security for performance. Now in England we know that every soldier will fight, and every public functionary will be honest."

But these old invalids are admirably adapted for the business confided to them, watching their friends, the convicts, who, pleasantly occupied in gardening on the Pincian Hill, have not the least disposition to run away. Every morning in Rome the gaols are emptied of certain classes of prisoners, in the time of Pope Gregory a numerous and melancholy body. Chains hang on their legs to prevent them stepping beyond a certain distance. Some are handcuffed; in this condition they are marched through the public streets to the place appointed for their daily labour, for example, to the Pincian Mount.

Arrived at their destination the convicts disperse over the hill, fiddling with rakes, sweeping walks, or gardening. The old soldiers when not engaged in chatting with the convicts, lounge about as I have described, and so the day passes. At four o'clock a few dragoons gallop up and draw their swords in a valiant fashion, the convicts are collected, the old soldiers waken up and shoulder arms, and totter down the hill after their prisoners, who are preceded by the dragoons. The friends of the convicts supply them with bread and vegetables as they pass along the streets, and speak words of encouragement. No odium or disgrace is attached to a criminal conviction here. Such an exhibition of prison discipline in Rome is

very edifying. Punishment this is not, and if useful labour was desired, the Appian way invites its application; but then the distance would be too great for the old soldiers to march; and for appearance sake it would not be wise to allow the prisoners to go by themselves. Some classes of criminals are the best fed men in Rome, several religious confraternities devoting their time and means, by the assent of the authorities, to the laudable purpose of fattening the vilest offenders.

The Pincian Mount has an historical character. It was the burial-place of the Domitian family. When the monster Nero destroyed himself in the horrible manner related by Suetonius, his nurse and mistress obtained permission to burn his body and inter his ashes in the family sepulchre on the Pincian Hill.* Hither the base populace of Rome flocked to hang garlands over the tomb of their favourite who pampered their vices and gratified their depraved tastes.†

But in better times, the pleasant spot where now we seek recreation and health, was held in abhorrence,

* The words of Suetonius (in Vita Neronis) are—"Nihil prius ac magis a comitibus exegerat, quam ne potestas cuiquam capitis sui fieret: sed ut quoquo modo, totus cremaretur. Permisit hoc Icelus Galbæ libertus . . . . Funeratus est impensa ducentorum millium stragulis albis auro intextis, quibus usus Kalend. Januarii fuerat. Reliquias Ecloge et Alexandra nutrices cum Acte concubina gentili Domitiorum monumento condiderunt: quod prospicitur e campo Martio impositum COLLE HORTORUM. In eo monumento solium Porphyretici marmoris superstanti Lunensi ara circumseptum est lapide Thasio."

† Though he died generally hated and abhorred, yet the vulgar, abandoned to debauchery and inured to the idle amusements of the theatre and circus, began soon to regret the loss of a prince, by whose infamous vices they subsisted. Hence they flocked to his tomb, adorned it with flowers, and carried his images, as it were in triumph, &c. Some even gave out that he was not dead,

for the ashes of Nero were discovered and scattered, and his troubled spirit haunted the place, and terrified the pious. Whereupon to banish the angry ghost and restore confidence in believing hearts, the church and convent we now look upon were built one side the hill, and with the happiest success. Nero's spirit fled to the Red Sea, and the victorious monks dwelt in peace in their new abode. I descend by the winding terrace, enter their church Santa Maria del Popolo, and find it full of interesting and curious things, pictures, and frescoes, and painted windows (rare in Rome), and mosaics, and beautiful tombs recording the virtues of good men gone to their everlasting rest. The peculiar attraction of this quiet church is the statue of Jonah seated on a whale, said to have been sculptured by Raffaelle; like his illustrious contemporary, Michael Angelo, his was an universal genius, although not so greatly soaring. Raffaelle had a passion for architecture, and in sculpture this monument is said to be the workmanship of his hands. These lights of a glorious age scorned the idea, that to be great the individual must be tied down to one pursuit, and follow closely the division of labour so congenial to little minds.

I walk out in the midst of the broad Piazza del Popolo, and gaze again and again on the venerable

but would soon appear again and take vengeance of his enemies; edicts were publicly hung up as issued by him, and soon after a slave, who greatly resembled him, and was no less skilled in singing and playing upon the harp, attempted to pass himself upon the provinces of Asia and Achaia for the deceased prince; but was seized and executed in the island of Cynthus. Several counterfeit Neros appeared afterwards; one especially in the reign of the Emperor Domitian nearly twenty years after the true Nero was dead, created great disturbances in the East, where he was followed by vast crowds."—*Universal History*, vol. xiv.

obelisk, the loftiest and most perfect in Rome; its hieroglyphics are enigmatical to me, but while I examine them, a voice seems to issue from the obelisk and narrate its wonderful history. Lament not, O stranger, the fall of Rome, that proud but now humbled city. Thebes is fallen, that far more glorious city. As for my age, I cannot pretend to any great antiquity, being hardly more than 2,500 years old, which is equal to between eighty or ninety of your transitory generations. Yet short as my experience hath been, my history may be instructive, at least to you, ye children of yesterday. I was born in the dregs of time; it was in the reign of Amasis, co-eval with some of the first kings of Rome, that I came from the ancient cavern of the granite rocky Syene.

As soon as my sides were adorned with these sacred characters, that still remain so fresh, I was floated down the Nile from the Cataracts, to the level meadows of Heliopolis. There I stood before the Temple of the Sun, no more than seven centuries, having been removed thence to Rome, where I have been now scarce 1800 years. The changes in the rise and decline of science I have witnessed, and the visits of Thales, Solon, and Pythagoras, to Egypt. The Persian and Grecian revolutions levelled the proud monarchy and the free republic, and I was carried to Rome by her victorious legions in the Augustan age. The storms which laid waste the Roman empire from the North, have swept over my head; Alaric, Genseric, Goth, Vandal, and Christian, devastated this city before my eyes. In these repeated hurricanes, we, the Egyptian obelisks, bowed our venerable heads in the dust. We lay buried, and arts, and science, and learning with us, for 1000 years. Replaced by Sixtus Quintus, I thought

the Augustan age of science and learning was restored; little have I witnessed since to verify my expectation. How long I may be permitted to stand here erect, I know not. Perhaps, by a future generation, I shall be removed from my present basis and embarked on a voyage to the shores of that western world of which I have heard, to adorn the streets of some stately city, the foundations of which are not yet laid.

Amazed at what I heard, I walked slowly home, ruminating, like the learned Poggius, on "the vicissitudes of fortune."

CHAPTER IX.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Jesuits' College and Church.—Control of that Society over the Press.—The Propaganda.—Its Exhibition in Honour of the Holy Magi.—Discipline of the Noviciates.—Walk by the Porta Pia to the Mons Sacer.—Menenius Agrippa's Apologue.—The Anio.—Life in a Tomb.—The Improvisatore verified.—A Cardinal exercising.—Return by the Muro Torto through the Flaminian Gate to the Propaganda.—The Buffalo's Singular History of Father Rillo.—A few Suggestions to the Heads of the English Church.

"Their's is a wondrous spell!"

I WAS invited by a friend, who had obtained an order of admission, to visit with him the Jesuit establishment. Gladly assenting, we set out at an early hour to examine the abode of the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. It is impossible to reflect on the singular part the Jesuits have acted on the theatre of the world, without feeling a deep though painful interest in their system of life, and discipline. A sensation of awe pervades, instinctively, the mind of a Protestant as he crosses the threshold of the vast building occupied by the indefatigable, and apparently invincible enemies of his faith and creed. The site of this Jesuit establishment is convenient and central. To reach it you proceed straight by the Corso, admiring the fine palaces which adorn either side of this street of business and

fashion, pass the Piazza Colonna, round which are grouped the Post-office, the best modern edifice in Rome, its colonnade resting on pillars of marble brought from Veii. Courts of justice, Palazzo della Camera Apostolica, and churches; the centre adorned with the celebrated Antonine Column of Marcus Aurelius, and containing a wide basin of water, supplied from a sparkling and unfailing fountain. Remembering Gibbon's character of the philosophical emperor, as we gaze on the column which records his virtues and achievements, we proceed on our way, and soon arrive at the Piazza di Venezia, fronted by a vast gloomy edifice, a fortress where Popes once dwelt, which afterwards passed to the famous Republic of Venice, now belongs to the paternal government of Austria, and is the residence of its patriotic ambassador. We are now at the extremity of the Corso, and turning into the Via del Gesu, are soon standing before the Jesuits' establishment, whence the general of that well-disciplined body despatches his emissaries to every quarter of the globe, to execute his supreme commands.

Quickly admitted, we lounged through the long galleries, until a gentleman arrived to guide us over the house. He proved to be Mr. Glover, an elderly Englishman, who has been twenty years in this college, possessing, it is said, an influence second only to that of the general himself. This accomplished Jesuit must have been in high favour with Pope Gregory, as he was chosen censor over books published in two languages, English, and I believe, Latin. His name appears in the *Imprimatur* thus, *Nihil Obstat. Glover.* We were fortunate in our guide, who possessed an intelligent countenance, a mild agreeable manner, and gentle voice. He took us over the whole institution; as we passed along the galleries

several of the Order met our party, each saluted our guide, touching their cap with a formal gravity. The dress of the whole company of Jesuits in their college is the same, a black cloth coat, which from the waist falls round the person like a woman's garment, in the outside of which is a small pocket. Every brother wore a tight black skull cap. Cleanliness and coolness pervaded the vast building. Our guide remarked, that the inmates enjoyed perfect health in the heat of summer. These Jesuits have no parishes, but affixed to the walls in one gallery we saw a kind of ticket-case, where was labelled the name of a brother, and his district in the city for that day. The sphere of daily duty is thus arranged every morning, so there is no conflict or confusion amongst the brethren; each man has the scene of his appropriate exertions allotted to him, it may be presumed, according to the nature of the work to be done, and the capacity of the particular Jesuit to do it. We may further conclude a report is made to the general by each brother, of his daily labours; what their duties may be I know not, for these Jesuits have no parochial functions; we may charitably believe they visit the sick, confirm the wavering, hear confessions, and spread their doctrines amongst the young. What at once struck me as curious in the system was, that here existed a skilful police, in vigorous daily action over the entire City of Rome, each officer having no larger district than he could perfectly attend to; thus manifestly, the Jesuit general each morning could tell exactly the state of political feeling in every quarter of the city, and regulate the movements of his troops accordingly, a formidable, and by Cardinal Lambruschini esteemed a valuable corps; and certainly from discipline, habits, knowledge they would be so, either as con-

federates or enemies. We were conducted through halls, refectories, and to the quarter most respected, namely, where are the treasured relics of Ignatius Loyola, his chapel, and the room in which he died. The brotherhood purchased (as I understood) the house in which the great founder died, and have enclosed it within their institution. There is a picture of Ignatius, and an autograph of his hand-writing shewn here. Bigot as he was, how amazing the influence his stern principles produced on a section of the human race. I gazed on his countenance with a much, although a somewhat, different interest from that with which I should contemplate a Cromwell or a Napoleon. We finally were led into the spacious library, at the door of which Mr. Glover took his leave.

Every facility for study seems afforded: what the character of the books on the well-filled shelves were, I cannot say, but we received much amusement from the announcement that in the small apartment (kept locked) at the end of the library were preserved all the books ever written against the Jesuits. Expressing a desire to see this room, it was at once opened, and certainly although small compared with the apartment we had quitted, there stood a formidable array of volumes around us, in all languages. My companion coolly enquired whether "The Wandering Jew," by Eugene Sue, was in the collection: the brother, who was now our guide, quietly replied it had not yet arrived, but was daily expected. We were then led to the private door into the church, and left to our meditations. We had spent two hours in the establishment, having received the utmost courtesy and attention. It was clean, orderly, and seemed regulated by a perfect system of discipline, understood by all its members, who

number, I think, 140, but I am not positive as to this statement. Their control over the press in Rome is said to be complete. The Jesuit himself submits to a double censorship, that is, first, to the censor of the order, that nothing may be printed not acceptable to the general, or the principles of the confederation, and secondly, to the censor, whomsoever he may be, who is appointed by the State. We now entered the vast church of the Jesuits, Gesu, (the best evidence which could be given of the wealth of the Order,) objectionable from the profusion of decoration with which the walls, ceiling, altar, tribune, and side-chapels are loaded. Marbles of the most rare and costly description, and *lapis lazuli*, and *verde antique*, and frescoes and paintings, and marble groups of allegorical representations. Here lies the body of Saint Ignatius himself, buried under a load of precious stones. Verily these sagacious men understand poor human nature well, they captivate the reason through the medium of the senses. The fabric of the church is, I think, in bad taste; of enormous size, and, as I have said, loaded with gorgeous decorations. On the 1st of January, 1846, I was present in this church at a grand festival, when Pope Gregory attended in full pontifical state. The Jesuits are highly favoured, no less by the good-natured looking pontiff, than his stern minister, Cardinal Lambruschini. In what manner they exert their influence towards promoting the education, happiness, or enlightenment of the Roman people, is a deeply interesting inquiry.

Following the Jesuits let us direct our steps towards the Propaganda in the Piazza di Spagna, which possesses a higher degree of architectural beauty than the building we have quitted. It was founded for the ex-

press purpose of training Italians and foreigners to act as missionaries in other countries. I regard the Propaganda as one of the most remarkable of the institutions. A considerable number of youths are here taught languages, theology, casuistry, and whatever else may be necessary to fit them for spreading the religion of Rome in remote quarters of the world. In the same building accommodation is reserved for distinguished apostates, such as Abbé Newman, who was received with peculiar favour, hospitably entertained, and I presume suitably instructed in the mysteries of the faith.

To-day (that is 10th of January) I have a ticket to witness an academical exhibition of the pupils of this singular college, in honour of the Holy Magi. This exhibition consisted in the delivering of short orations, dialogues, and exhortations, in verse, in fifty-one languages. The printed paper handed about specified the name and nation of the speaker, and the style of address he was to make. The room was circular, and the pupils ranged on seats rising above each other, opposite the spectators. The Cardinal Mezzofanté presided. There were Chinese and Japanese, and youths of different complexions. In several languages, however, there were no declaimers. The Scotch disciple shouted lustily in verse; the burden of his song was, Caledonia once had the true faith—once belonged to Rome, and would soon return to the mother who loved her.

The professed Englishman had pretty much the same theme; he said the greatness of England would be complete if she returned to the Church she had deserted; and he intimated plainly there was now a happy prospect of her embracing truth. A dialogue between

two Chinese rising into a dispute, was the most amusing scene of the exhibition. I thought the accent of the gentleman who spoke English was peculiar; inquiring from an honest Irish priest who stood near, I was answered, the youth was an American, a pleasing fact. There appeared no Englishman, at least to declaim amongst the students, in the Propaganda. This institution is wholly under the management of the Jesuits, as is the Collegio Romano; add the establishment before described to their other sources of authority, their control over the press, and it may be well conceived the influence of the Jesuits in Rome under Gregory XVI. is omnipotent. The training of the youths in the Propaganda is not merely scholastic,—while the mind is tutored their bodies are inured to vigorous exercises. Let us follow the brethren in their favourite walk through the Porta Pia into the Campagna: they set out in parties of three, disputing points of casuistry, and darken the road in their well known costume. An agreeable ascent conducts them to the ancient Porta Nomentana; thence the stout disciples of Loyola prolong their walk to the Mons Sacer, three miles beyond the gate. While we observe their habits we may note the objects of interest on the road, which affords the most agreeable walking excursion out of Rome. The Porta Pia itself deserves our notice; we may refer to Canina for the description not only of it but the ancient walls, thence to the Flaminian Gate. Issuing from the Porta Nomentana we proceed by an elevated pathway, marvellously clean, straight into the Campagna, we catch quickly a view of the distant mountains, and feel braced already to emulation with the hardy noviciates. On our left, at a short distance, we have the Villa Albani, and it reflects

the highest credit on the Cardinal by whom it was built and embellished; it is of exquisite design, and was planned by a profound antiquary.

The statuary, porticos, and grounds, deserve a visit, but we can at present only admire its structure, as the noble palace shines in the sun. We soon pass a cockney villa of the Prince Torlonia on our right. It is just finished, and adorned with new broken arches, young columns, little pillars, and all kinds of modern ruins. The Prince, like *Mac Sycophant* in the play, "Built them last week himself." This Torlonia keeps a bank, lends money to the Pope, in return has the lucrative monopolies of salt and tobacco, which yield him immense profit, gives receptions to the English, when his wife, a Colonna, glitters in diamonds, and the prince furnishes smart bills to his customers in return for his hospitality. This patchwork villa, in such a place as Rome, is in miserable taste. Let us hasten onwards; the blue sky above cheering our spirits, while the wide Campagna, bounded by the distant hills, on which Albano, Frescati, Tibur, are proudly seated, classic ground every inch, is opening to our view. The Noviciates are in advance. We may overtake them in pious meditation at the old church on our left called S. Agnese fuori le Mure, built, it is said, by Constantine, on the spot where the body of St. Agnes was discovered. With all my respect (which is qualified) for the imperial convert and the saint, I never could remain in the church above five minutes, a deadly chill pervades the interior, for it is subterranean, at least twenty-five feet below the surface of the soil, so you descend into it by a long flight of steps. But the form of the edifice, that of the old basilica, and above all, the strange assemblage of marble columns torn

from ancient temples of various colours and shape, well deserve examination. Of thirty-two antique columns, some are of the rarest marble in Rome. In this church may be witnessed the strangest ceremony, I presume, which now is acted in any temple of Christian worship on the face of the earth. That of blessing the lambs. On the 21st (I think) of January, two living animals, which have been carefully fed and cleaned are brought into the church and blessed: their wool is, I was informed, used for the Pallia which the Pope sends to archbishops on their consecration. The flesh of these lambs is feasted on by the Pope at Easter. We may well believe the bringing these living animals to the altar in a Christian church an exhibition which the enlightened Roman Catholics in France or Germany would discountenance and repress.

We now descend gradually to the old picturesque bridge over the Anio, the river described by Horace in an unfinished yet felicitous ode.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon,
Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,
Quam domus Albuneæ resonantis,
Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus, et uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far-resounding source,
And rapid Anio * headlong in his course.

At the other side the river is the Mons Sacer, the limits of our walk; crossing the bridge, roofed in part, which must have been a little fortress in the Middle Ages, I perceived two artists near the banks of this

* The Anio, near Tibur, precipitates itself from a rock, in a cascade; therefore it is called *præceps*.

classic stream, sketching the surrounding scenery, which possesses all the characteristics of the Campagna, its broken ruins, and desolate grandeur. Ascending through the fields the elevation on the right, we stand on the Mons Sacer, and are reminded of Menenius Agrippa, and his sagacious speech to the hungry, discontented, citizens who had emigrated to this spot to deliberate upon their wrongs. Whether he or Livy made it matters not, it is equally agreeable and entertaining.

A few orators, like Agrippa, exerting their eloquence to calm popular fury, would be useful even in our own day.

Leisurely walking over the mount, solemn recollections are awakened. A vast expanse of lonely waste is before us; yet all we see is stamped with a classic renown. The ruins we behold standing up here and there through the Campagna, tell the history of a famous commonwealth passed away, yet living in the pages of her poets and historians. We have here what the world cannot elsewhere exhibit, a populous city in the midst of a wilderness. Permanent ruin has overtaken the surrounding Campagna, never to be remedied till some more vigorous empire shall succeed the Papacy.

But what picturesque ruin is that I see before me, just above the road patched with a modern door? It is evidently an ancient tomb, converted into a habitation for the miserable peasant of the Campagna. The inimitable description in the "Improvisatore" occurs to my mind; it is here verified to the life;—

"My home was neither more nor less than one of the old decayed tombs, of which so many remain here from the most ancient times. Most of the shepherds of the Campagna dwell in these, because they find in them all that they require for shelter, nay, even for comfort. They excavate one

of the vaults, open a few holes, lay on a roof of reeds, and the dwelling is ready. Ours stood upon a height, and consisted of two stories. Two Corinthian pillars at the narrow door-way bore witness to the antiquity of the building, as well as the three broad buttresses to its after repairs. Perhaps it had been used in the Middle Ages for a fort; a hole in the wall above the door served as a window; one half of the roof was composed of a sort of reed and of twigs, the other half consisted of living bushes, from among which the honeysuckle hung down in rich masses over the broken wall; thus, here, in what were the receptacles for the dead, do the living dwell."

We take another glance over the melancholy waste and the herds of buffaloes grazing around us. Then descending, pursue the robust noviciates returning to the Propaganda. Within a mile of the gate we meet that phenomenon, a cardinal exercising. I can distinguish in the distance his red hat and scarlet cloak; the noviciates quit the pathway, salute his eminence with deep obeisance, pausing to regard a future Pope. It should be understood a cardinal seldom sets foot to the ground in the streets of Rome. This would be considered a departure from propriety, so the meek churchman drives in his big carriage, attended invariably by his chaplain and three footmen, to a sunny outlet, such as the road leading to the Mons Sacer. There his eminence descends from the carriage, as do the chaplain and the three footmen. The cardinal and priest walk slowly along the pathway, the three footmen follow close behind, dressed in jack-boots, cocked hats, huge box cloaks of faded blue cloth, edged with a silver lace, or a variegated binding, and carrying huge Italian umbrellas. A walk of half a mile will satisfy a cardinal. The clerical party reseat themselves in the gaudy coach,

32900

and his eminence returns to his statues and pictures, or mayhap the cares of this happy state. Instead of entering Rome by the Porta Pia, we may agreeably vary the route by turning to our right, and walking round the walls of Rome to the Porta del Popolo.

An agreeable recreation it will be found to leave the city by one gate, roam into the wide Campagna, and return by another; this enables the pedestrian leisurely to compass the entire circuit of the walls, and repeat favourite walks as occasion may suit. When it is remembered the circuit of the walls is fourteen miles, the mistake of devoting a single day to the examination, will be perceived. Here at least "the past must predominate over the present" each moment we raise our eyes and look upon the walls of Rome. The memory of her ancient splendour and extraordinary history must recur forcibly to the minds even of careless observers. It seems as though we were engaged in studying the most solemn and affecting page of her story. Perfect silence, nay, a gloomy stillness, reigns unbroken as we move along in the deep shadow cast forth by the venerable walls; the scene is favourable to serious meditation; but our sad musings are interrupted by the sudden approach of a herd of buffaloes. These ferocious beasts are driven by peasants mounted on black shelties, armed with long wooden spears, and dressed in sheep-skin breeches and loose cloaks. It would be extremely perilous to meet these brutes in a place where no escape could be made; accordingly there are placed strong barriers of wood at intervals along the walls which admit the passenger to entrench himself in safety until the danger is past. The buffalo is no doubt a peculiar looking, but I think a hideous, beast, and a poor substitute for the English ox. We

have passed the Porto Salana, through which is the direct road to the Villa Albani, and have reached the Muro Torto. We here behold the walls of Rome for a length of more than forty feet leaning out of the perpendicular, as it leaned in the days of the Emperor Aurelian. It has not fallen, being under the special protection of St. Peter.

We pass the Borghese gardens on our right, and are now opposite the English Church, which is outside the City-gate, close to the Swine-market, and *abattoir* where these animals are killed in a second, by an instrument thrust into the heart. This district is generally filthy; but we must not grumble after so agreeable an excursion; and picking our steps we turn into the city by the Porta del Popolo, and pursue the Jesuits into the Propaganda. But what has become of the head of the Propaganda, the indefatigable Father Rillo?* He had been long the leader of the noviciates, not merely in their mental but bodily exercises, sometimes conducting them so far as Tivoli and the neighbouring mountains, returning with his zealous pupils to the college by midnight. He trained the noviciates into hardy and vigorous men, inured them to fatigue, and fitted them for action in seasons of emergency or peril. Father Rillo, I understood, had travelled in remote countries as a missionary himself, escaped many dangers, was versed in languages, and of course a Jesuit. Ultimately nominated President of the Propaganda, he discharged his duties with remarkable ability, while enjoying the society of a polite and learned capital. Malta is a stronghold of

* For the truth of the following narrative I depend on the statement of a clergyman who had been for some time resident in Rome, and who was familiar with the discipline of the Propaganda.

Jesuitism. A mercantile traveller from Africa chanced to communicate to the Bishop of Malta, that a kingdom heretofore unknown had been discovered and visited in the interior of that continent, the natives of which were of course idolaters, but might possibly be converted if missionaries were dispatched to make the bold attempt. The man offered himself to return to Africa on this hazardous mission, provided a competent missionary accompanied him. The bishop, satisfied of the truth of this communication, wrote to Pope Gregory, acquainting him with the discovery and proposal, and requested his holiness to send a suitable person to Malta, to proceed thence in the perilous undertaking of converting the Aborigines of this unexplored division of the heathen world. The Pope summoned the General of the Order of the Jesuits, and informing him of this communication, required him to name a fit man for the dangerous office. The general considered, and then declared he knew of no person at that time in Rome fit for such a mission to the interior of Africa, and so withdrew. However, he quickly returned, and acquainted the Pope, on further consideration he had found in Father Rillo a suitable person for the undertaking. Father Rillo, head of the Propaganda, was commanded to proceed to Africa. The Jesuit instantly obeyed, quitted Rome on his dangerous enterprise, and may have, ere now, been roasted alive for his obedience. How amazing the discipline of this Order, when such a man could be summarily sent on such a mission! To doubt the sincerity or zeal of these Jesuits seems to me impossible. Hypocrites seldom sacrifice happiness and life to uphold what they believe to be imposture. The Jesuit missionaries to China and Paraguay were devoted to what

they believed to be a divine work. As, however, the aim of the Jesuits was not to induce their converts to embrace sound opinions, but to submit to rites, to make outward Christians, and influence the children by their system of training and education, therefore it is impossible to regret their failure, while we denounce the cruelties under which they have sometimes suffered.

What system does the Church of England oppose to the compact and perfect discipline of the Propaganda? Where in England are these youths from remote quarters of the globe, training under able masters to return in due season to their own kingdoms, and convert their countrymen? What large well-disciplined school exists to educate even Englishmen for missionary labours? Separate societies there are, no doubt, accomplishing much good. But I believe the training school at Islington consists of twenty-four young men thrown promiscuously together, and that missionaries are picked up here and there as they can be got. I am aware that theological institutions for the education and training of clergy have been founded in Toronto, Quebec, and several other colonies, especially in the East Indies. These are valuable but disjointed efforts. Where is there any institution in England to be compared with the Propaganda in Rome? But is indomitable energy only to be enlisted in the cause of error? Is not truth equally inspiring? Let the bishops of the Church of England bestir themselves in this great and pressing matter, and turn their attention towards accomplishing a glorious and comprehensive work. Surely they have scope for the exertion of all their talents, learning, piety, and zeal, to prove a match for their powerful opponents of the Propaganda. Why not resolve on the foundation, upon scriptural princi-

ples, of such a college as the Propaganda, to be built in some healthy convenient district of England? The English people for a noble purpose, wisely undertaken under the direction of the heads of the pure church, will supply the means; able masters, and teachers, and disciplinarians, may be scarce, but they are not impossible to find. Let the bishops pick out in each diocese energetic youths adapted to missionary life, for the purpose of training in this college. A select number of foreigners might be imported and usefully instructed in the reformed faith, and the system of our church, and then returned to their own country to teach their fellow-countrymen as natives only can teach. Languages should be systematically taught, and some knowledge of the art of medicine. Nor do I see why religious artizans and agriculturists might not be valuable helps to the success of missions. The false system of the Jesuits has had partial success, because of the untiring energy and profound craft they have evinced, but it never can take root in human nature. The doctrines of the Reformation might be expected to spread more rapidly throughout the world, had we such an establishment as suggested, whence fit and able, because well-trained men, could be sent at a moment's warning to all corners of the earth, mighty in the Scripture, prepared to conquer ignorance, and combat error by the help of truth, and the irresistible power of the word of God.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

The Quirinal.—Palazzo Pontificio.—Monte Cavallo and its Ornaments.—The Pope in Conclave.—Cardinals in their State.—The Swiss Harlequins.—The Old and the New Cardinals.—A Ceremony.—Rospigliosi Palace.—Guido's Aurora.—Summits of the Esquiline.—Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore.—Corinthian Column.—San Pietro in Vincoli.—Return by the Viminal and Church of Santa Maria delle Angeli.—Origin of Cardinals, their Number, Titles, and Dress.—The Title of Pope, not confined to the Bishop of Rome.—Father Paul, a good Antiquary.

" Those ancient men, what were they, who achieved
A sway beyond the greatest conquerors;
Setting their feet upon the necks of kings,
And, through the world, subduing, chaining down
The free immortal spirit? Were they not
Mighty magicians?"

Ascending from the Piazza Barberini, I reach the street, called Le Quattre Fontane, and very appropriately, because there are no less than four fountains, one at each corner of four streets, which shoot out their waters and supply the people abundantly if they would only use the blessing. From this spot I have, in the centre of the street, a striking view—before me is the renowned Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, seated on the Esquiline hill, and the Egyptian Obelisk which once adorned the entrance to the Mausoleum of Augustus, now, by the piety of Pope Sixtus, surmounted with the cross. If I turn round, the prospect of the Piazza Barberini, and

the Via Felici meets the eye; on my left, a pleasant walk would conduct me to the Porta Pia, and the Campagna. But it would be disrespectful to Pope Gregory not to pay homage to his Holiness as he sits in state in his huge palace, on the Quirinal hill; so I turn to the right and walk along the Via del Quirinale, in compliment to the Papacy surprisingly clean, and in a few minutes I am standing in the wide Piazza, or what is called Monte Cavallo, without any question the best site for a palace in Rome. Here is judiciously placed the Palazzo Pontificio, pleasantly called the Pope's country house—the Vatican being his town residence. Exactly over the entrance is the balcony, from which his Holiness gives his benediction, and where the new Pope is joyfully announced, when their eminences, the cardinals, are able to make up their minds whom to choose. Right opposite this balcony stands another Egyptian Obelisk, the fellow of that at Santa Maria Maggiore, and which had also adorned the same Mausoleum, but it is without hieroglyphics and patched up; then we have here also a fountain, the water flowing from an ancient granite basin found in the old Forum, and removed to this hill, to afford the father of the faithful an agreeable view, and preserve wholesome water for him to drink. To give a finish to the decorations, beside the Obelisk are placed the two marble horses, with their attendant figures commonly called Castor and Pollux; others will have it that one man and horse is but a copy of the other, and describe the separate group as signifying Alexander taming Bucephalus. I believe the fact to be that the workmanship of one of these horses is superior to that of the other, because eminent sculptors say so. From the inscriptions which must be as old as Constantine, inasmuch as the group was found

in his baths;* these horses would seem to be the work of Phidias and Praxiteles,—not very likely, however, as the period of a century intervened between these famous sculptors. The horse and men are Greek, and eminently deserving our study and admiration. The style in which the ornaments of this Piazza or Monte Cavallo† are arranged, is an example of the good taste in which the public places of the city are laid out and adorned, and forms a singular contrast to the bad taste prevalent in private buildings.

But while I bask in the sunshine, and muse o'er the artistic fame of Greece—the gilded coaches of the cardinals are rattling through the Piazza, and I find there is a conclave to introduce a new member, who may himself hereafter succeed St. Peter. Being suitably attired, I cross the spacious court of the pontifical palace, and ascend the grand staircase. The Swiss guards are in their holiday costume, and certainly Michael Angelo must have been in a merry mood when he designed their motley dress. How comical to behold fifty harlequins guarding the gravest functionary of the infallible church, but complete harlequins in costume and appearance are they, equipped for the performance of a Christmas pantomime; but I must advance, for it is very amusing, because novel, to stand near the door of the grand chapel, and look at the cardinals as they enter one by one at short intervals; accompanied by a chaplain in full black clerical costume, followed by an attendant in russet brown, with a bag, and their footmen in bright liveries, whose coats hang loosely upon their shoulders, as if made for their grandfathers.

* Refer to Canina, Region VI., for the description of these baths and the statues found therein.

† So called from the group of statuary described.

The party draw up in the outer hall to settle the tail of his eminence; the bag is opened, robe taken out and adjusted, and let down so as to sweep the ground in a long, graceful train. The dress of a cardinal on such state occasions is not only rich and splendid, but peculiarly elegant and becoming. The colours on certain festivals vary; red, purple, white. Sometimes during a religious ceremony the tippet is removed and laid aside; why, I never could find out. This I would regret, as it looks beautiful enough, yet I am consoled by observing what is underneath is even finer still. But I must enter to see what a cardinal does when he struts in so proudly, like a peacock with his gaudy tail. He sweeps along between files of obsequious Swiss; the noble guard receive him as a prince of the blood. The moment his eminence crosses the threshold of the sacred enclosure he drops gently on his knees; while engaged in pious meditations, the fine gentlemen of the palace, (who wait on the Pope in black court-dress, lace ruffles, and sword,) not to lose time, settle the dress about the shoulders of the cardinal and pull out the tail properly. When his eminence rises all is right, and he may move on, which he does with solemn dignity; not, however, to his seat, but to salute his holiness the Pope, who sits apart in solitary grandeur under a canopy, with two priests at each side, to fold and unfold his robe, and take off his mitre and put it on again, and hold the book, with a pair of huge wax-candles lighted in broad day, to enable his holiness at intervals of the service to read. One might suspect the Pope had neither arms nor hands, for he never touches anything, except when a cardinal kneels before him, when he graciously extends his robe, on which a cross is embroidered, to the devout man to kiss, which when the cardinal (who never kisses

his slipper) has done, he rises, makes a profound obeisance, and then gravely moves to his place on one of the cushioned benches which surround the enclosure. Here a difficulty would arise as to what should be done with his long tail, which looked so beautiful as he strutted along the floor. This is guarded against by a prudent arrangement. There is a lower bench, on which is seated the attendant in russet who carries his master's bag; this practitioner rises, adjusts the cardinal's robe, enables him conveniently to sit down, and then seats himself, ready for any emergency, at the feet of his eminence. Occasionally the members of the Sacred College, during a religious ceremony, rise and descend to the floor; the men in russet are on the alert, watch the tails and untwist them, so that not the least discomposure happens. The new cardinal was now introduced by two of his brethren. How fine he was! His crimson stockings, and scarlet robes, and shining buckles, and sparkling diamond ring delighted me exceedingly. He went through all the ceremonies cleverly, and grew quickly into a pillar of the church. Sometimes the whole company of cardinals stood up and with much formality bowed to each other, as if for the first time making acquaintanceship. Again they whispered confidentially, what secret I know not; but when the new cardinal was made, they had all severally to embrace him—a serious business to get through. This is done by each laying both arms on the shoulders of the other, as if the cardinals were about to wrestle (which, some say, they do for power, and occasionally one of the wrestlers will get a heavy fall). This embrace is to prove their affection for the new comer, (and, no doubt, that affection must be very sincere,) who thenceforward is as great a personage as they are.

I confess my admiration for the Sacred College; they are the best dressed men I ever saw; and they look so stately and grand, they quite fascinate me. Poor Saint Paul would have seemed a very humble Apostle placed in juxtaposition with these ecclesiastical princes! I pondered what might the thoughts of these grave men be. Are their breasts torn by avarice, ambition, and lust of power? Do they prize or despise the glittering baubles of this world? The picture drawn by Ranke of the Roman Court in the sixteenth century is not pleasing,—the outward mask of piety put on to hide a dissimulating, grasping spirit, and a profound selfishness. Let me hope better things of the churchmen seated in bright array around. Old Mezzofanti, the universal linguist, with, I think, a heavy countenance; and sour-faced Acton,—and plotting Della Genga,—and jolly Piccolomini,—and gentlemanly Barberini,—and little gouty Gizzi, with his merry eye,—and the radical Capuchin, Micara, who suspects his brethren and loves justice,—and the haughty Lambruschini, with a good face and figure and a remorseless heart,—and many more, I trust, better men,—all by the will of a Pope converted from officials or priests into ecclesiastical and temporal princes, and rulers of the whole Christian world.

Those who visit Rome when the Pope is at the Vatican, may by an order see the interior of this summer-palace, and many good pictures and frescoes adorn its walls. One I greatly liked, of Horatius Cocles manfully defending the bridge, before Popes flourished, "in the brave days of old." The ladies of my party would even see the chamber where the Pope slept; but this they were told was strictly forbidden, no woman being permitted to cross the sacred threshold. There are spacious gardens, protected by lofty hedges from the sun,

along the melancholy walks of which the unfortunate Pope may pace when he wishes to catch an idea of country life. "I would not be the Pope."

Emerging from the crowd of splendid ecclesiastics, I cross the Piazza and enter the grounds of the Rospigliosi Palace. Here the old Romans once bathed; and many fine busts and statues were discovered amidst the ruins of the baths of Constantine. My object is not to see the palace, but to get admission to the garden and the *casino*, and enjoy a view of that well-known "Aurora" of Guido. The colours are still fresh and brilliant as when laid on by the pencil of that famous master. It is one of the few frescoes that has perfectly withstood the wasting effects of time. Apollo guides the fiery steeds; which had Phaeton beheld careering in the heavens he would scarce have madly tempted fate. Aurora* scatters flowers before the chariot of the Sun, and beautiful female figures around the car, represent the advance of the Hours. The critics dispute learnedly whether Guido's or Guercino's "Aurora" excels; the opinion of Forsyth satisfies me. Speaking of Guercino's, he says:—

"If, compared with the Aurora of the Rospigliosi pavilion, its composition will be found less obvious, and its story more learned. In allegorizing Nature, Guercino imitates the deep shades of night, the twilight grey, and the irradiations of morning, with all the magic of *chiaroscuro;* but his figures are too mortal for the region where they move. The work of Guido is more poetic, and luminous, and soft, and harmo-

* "—Ecce vigil rutilo patefecit ab ortu
Purpureas Aurora fores, et plena rosarum
Atria. Diffugiunt stellæ: quarum agmina cogit
Lucifer, et cœli statione novissimus exit."

nious. Cupid, Aurora, Phœbus form a climax of beauty, and the Hours seem as light as the clouds on which they dance."

Leaving the Quirinal, I turn to the Esquiline Hill, because its antiquity invites, and I wish to visit the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore. Its exterior disappoints, but the interior is imposing. The roof of the nave is rather low, divided into compartments, and richly gilded; its chief attraction consists of two rows of Ionic columns of white marble, thirty-six in number, and supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Juno Lucina.* The church is nearly three hundred feet in length, and, at the upper end, is the tribune adorned with mosaics. The altar is an urn of porphyry, and the four supporting columns of the baldacchino are of the same material, entwined with gilt palm-leaves. When illuminated on Christmas eve, this basilica presents a brilliant appearance. It has two side-chapels, one opposite the other, which contest the palm as to the absurd waste of money, in the erection of senseless decorations to record the fame and virtues of two dead men. One was erected by Sixtus V., and, I believe, contains his body, together with the sacred cradle; the other, and by far the richest, being the most gorgeous in Rome, was erected by a Borghese, Paul V., and is called the Borghese Chapel. Agates, lapis lazuli, oriental jasper, with every variety of rare marble, are lavished on the walls and altar, and what may be considered by the faithful as even more valuable, there is here a painting of the "Madonna," announced by a Papal bull to be the workmanship of St. Luke himself, whom I learned in Rome was a clever artist, and accordingly patronizes the academy of St. Luke to encourage painting. This

* Refer to Canina, Region V., for the description of this temple.

church preserves admirably the form of the ancient basilica. In describing this locality I ought not to omit the tall Corinthian column standing in isolated grandeur in front of this church From what classical edifice originally taken I know not. It is a perfect gem, nearly fifty feet in height, perfectly white, fluted, and unbroken. If one may judge of the architecture of the Imperial city from this single column, it must have been unrivalled on earth. The column is on the summit of the Esquiline, purified and consecrated in the usual manner by an ugly bronze statue of the Virgin, which is perched upon the top, whence it is called "Colonna della Vergine." I may here mention that among all the remains of antiquity there are none more interesting than the columns of a great variety of marble collected from all parts of the universe when the Roman Empire was in its glory, and now erected in later fabrics, or scattered through the palaces of Rome.

There is another summit to the Esquiline Hill, and on it, in a situation removed from the bustle of Rome, is built the church called San Pietro in Vincoli. This name is given to it because the chain which bound St. Peter at Jerusalem is carefully preserved here. The precious relic would not have tempted me to repeat my visit to this ancient church; nor did I ever ask if it could be seen; when exhibited, on great occasions, it gladdens the hearts of the faithful, and, I hope, quickens their piety and inflames their zeal. The genuine relic of Michael Angelo, his statue of "Moses," has a higher charm for me; the sculptors say, with many faults, it partakes of the sublime. It is in a sitting posture; and, in my judgment, is executed in a style of severe grandeur. Some critics affect to ridicule it. "One compares his head to a goat's; another his dress

to a galley-slave's; but the true sublime resists all ridicule: the offended Lawgiver frowns on undepressed, and awes you with inherent authority." *

> "What living form in solid marble bound
> Sits here gigantic, while each stretch of art
> Springs into being? hark! there seems to start
> Forth from those living lips no fancied sound.
> 'Tis He!—his brow with forked radiance crown'd,
> His beard's full-flowing honours speak his name;
> 'Tis Moses!—thus from off the mount of flame
> With god-like light encircling him he came."

The readers of John Bell's book on Italy will remember he selects this church as in his opinion, in structure and architecture, of surpassing excellence. It has a wide and lofty nave and two side aisles, and some twenty beautiful Grecian marble columns of the Doric order supporting the roof, and is, in sober truth, a noble edifice. Few people can in such a situation frequent the spacious church; but it does not appear to me the founders ever meant the churches in Rome should be used for devotional purposes—that is impossible, for there are not congregations to fill one fourth part of them. Wherever a vacant space appeared, the money of the country has been judiciously expended in erecting these imposing fabrics, and a spirit of emulation excited the piety of one age to exceed that of a preceding. The like industry employed in other works of usefulness would have made the Romans a flourishing people.

I do not at the same time agree with the political economist, who censured the practice of building churches because they yielded no profitable return; it

* Forsyth.

is the useless excess I complain of, to the neglect of matters of pressing necessity.*

Before we leave the Esquiline, let us remember this mount was the favourite habitation of the poets; Corinne reminds her readers,—

"Le Mont Esquilin était appelé le Mont des Poëtes, parceque Mécène ayant son palais sur cette colline, Horace, Properce, et Tibulle y avaient aussi leur habitation."

Returning from the Æsquiline, near the spot where the Viminal touches the Quirinal, we may conclude our excursion by a visit to the celebrated church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, where we have seen Salvator Rosa was buried. This church is in the same district we have been exploring; and, referring to Canina, Region VI., the reader has the description of the baths of Diocletian, on the site of which this splendid edifice now stands. It is singular this church is not one of those selected by many critics for commendation, yet in form I prefer it to St. Peter's; it is the work of that astonishing man, Michael Angelo. Canina informs us, the great hall of Diocletian's baths was, in the pontificate of Pius IV., converted into the present church, according to the design of the famous architect. The form is that of the Greek cross, peculiarly favourable for displaying at one view the whole interior of the building; and, when fully examined and compared with St. Peter's in the shape of the Latin cross, the superiority of the Greek cross is evident. There is a grand simplicity in the design and execution of this fabric, and our admiration is heightened by the certainty we have under

* The reader referring to Canina, Region IV., will perceive near the church of San Pietro in Vincoli was the place in classic times called the *Suburra*, and observe the note.

our eye a part of a great work of antiquity, erected by a tyrant and persecutor, now converted into a sublime temple for Christian worship. The oriental granite columns are of large proportions, forty-three feet in height, of a single block, and eight of sixteen are ancient, remaining as they stood in the days of the emperor. The hall of Diocletian, being the transept, is three hundred and ten feet long, seventy-six wide, and eighty-four high; the length of the nave is three hundred and forty from the entrance to the altar. There is attached to the church a convent, which one of the monks will shew to a gentleman: no female will be permitted to enter. I walked in a cloister, the portico of which is upheld by one hundred columns. Here are four corridors running around a garden, in the centre of which Michael Angelo planted a cypress when he built the cloisters. The traveller must repeat his visits to this church, and the more frequently and thoroughly he examines its shape, interior, and proportions, the more heartily will he admire it and the more profound will be his admiration for the genius of its architect. We have prolonged our walk, and need repose.

While resting from the morning's pleasant labours, I feel curious to discover when cardinals and their fanciful costume came into existence and fashion; for I am so sceptical as to doubt that there is anything in Holy Writ to countenance either, and I have no doubt they bear but little resemblance to Peter or Paul, whom they profess to follow. When, or how, did the title of cardinal originate? A famous Roman Catholic divine, Father Paul, author of the "History of the Council of Trent," has briefly explained this.

"Where churchmen of merit happened, by the calamities of war, to be driven from their ministry, they fled to Rome

and Ravenna, being the richest churches, where they were well received, and maintained out of the common purse, in the same manner with the clergy of the place. When any vacancy happened, it was filled by some one of the strange clergy, who, being thus provided for, was called '*incardinatus*;' * and he who stepped into a ministry, having had none before, was called '*ordinatus*.' This usage began in Italy before 600, when many bishops and other clergymen were plundered and driven from their cures by the ravages of the Lombards, and were thus replaced in other churches as ministeries became vacant. The bishops were called '*episcopi cardinales*,' and the priests '*presbyteri cardinales*.'"

"Now, the greatest part of these who were so driven from their own churches, betaking themselves to those of Rome and Ravenna which had most employments to give, and these strangers finding a welcome reception there, it rarely happened any of their own people were ordained, and this was the reason why in these two churches all who had any ministry were called '*cardinales*,'—a name which still remains in the Church of Rome but not in Ravenna. Thus, the name of 'cardinal,' which at first derived itself from a very low and abject condition, is, by a change of signification, become a title so elevated that cardinals are now said to be *quasi cardines omnium terrarum*. Until the time of Pope Innocent IV. the cardinals wore no habit, nor any mark of distinction. He gave them the red hat on Christmas Eve in the year 1244. Paul II. added the red cap; and Urban VIII. gave them the title of 'eminence,' by a solemn bull. 'We have thought a short deduction of this splendid Order, from the original, necessary, as it concerns so eminent a dignity, which at this day holds the second place in the church, *and for which the world seems not to afford titles pompous enough.*"

* That is strictly speaking, admitted into a Society transferred or transplanted.

Father Paul was an excellent scholar, and seems to me to have been a very honest man, and to have had a little inclination towards sarcasm. Whence came the title "pontifex?" He tells us,—

"As for the name of '*pontifex*,' it was and is a name common to all bishops; and there are some canons still extant, wherein all bishops are styled '*summi pontifices*.' And even the name of '*papa*,' which seems to be a title most peculiar to the *Pontifex Romanus*, was given indifferently TO ALL BISHOPS. St. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, is called '*papa*;' St. Jerome gives this title to St. Augustine; and in later times Sidonius Apollinaris, and many of the bishops, style one another by the name of 'popes.' Gregory VII. was the first who, in the year 1076, decreed that the name of 'pope' should be peculiar to him and his successors, and be ascribed to none but the *Roman Papa*."

This is fatal to any pre-eminence in the title of Pope, appropriated exclusively by Gregory VII. by what may be considered an act of usurpation. And how was the Pope himself chosen, and when did his Holiness appoint absolutely to bishops, or how? The same Roman Catholic writer says,

"The Pope was always chosen by the people, and confirmed by the Emperor before consecration; and the other bishops of Italy were never consecrated *until the Emperor had first approved them*. And this was yet more strictly observed in France and Germany. When the Pope would favour any man's pretensions to a bishoprick neighbouring to Rome, *he applied to the Emperor to desire his nomination. And, if it happened that the Pope were applied to for his consecration of a person who had not the imperial letters of licence, he refused consecration till he obtained it.* But, the posterity of Charlemagne having been driven out of Italy in

the year 884, Pope Hadrian III. ordained, 'That the Popes should, for the future, be consecrated without applying to the Emperor at all.'"

Thus did subsequent Popes improve upon the practice of their predecessors, and usurp an authority they did not originally possess. According to Gibbon, the right of electing a Pope by the nobles, people, and inferior clergy was abolished by Alexander III., who defines the right of election in the sole College of Cardinals.

"They were robed in purple, the symbol of martyrdom or royalty; they claimed a proud equality with kings, and their dignity was enhanced by the smallness of their numbers, which, till the reign of Leo X., seldom exceeded twenty or twenty-five persons."

We find in the history of Sixtus V., by Ranke, this sentence:—

"He fixed the number of cardinals at seventy. 'As Moses,' says he, 'chose seventy elders out of all the people to take counsel with.'"

And now I must conclude these inquiries, which some may deem not a little presumptuous; but my curiosity will be pardoned, considering it is highly interesting to know, in these days of Tractarian philosophy and ecclesiastical pretension, why the Bishop of Rome is named "the Pope," and why a cardinal wears red stockings, and is called "Your Eminence."

CHAPTER XI.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Piazza Barberini. — The Fountain. — Capuchin Convent and Church.—Its famous Picture of the Archangel Michael.—The varied Occupants of a Palace in Rome.—Palazzo Barberini.—Guido's famous Portrait of Beatrice Cenci.—Shelley's Tragedy.—The true Story of Beatrice Cenci.

"Horrible things have been in this wide world,
Prodigious mixtures and confusions strange
Of good and ill; and worse have been conceived
Than ever there was found a heart to do."

THERE are four convents and four churches within a few minutes' walk of my residence. This bright morning I saunter forth, and bend my steps through the Via Felice, into the wide Piazza Barberini. In the centre, a grotesque fountain spouts up the water, and Italian peasants, men and women, in their peculiar costume, are sitting, lounging, laughing, or eating, or removing the little insects which teaze them. A great part of the business of life in Italy is transacted out of doors: privacy is a thing not relished nor practised.

The whole of this district is the favoured resort of sculptors, and artists, whose studios are numerous around the piazza, and in the neighbouring streets and lanes. The old Capuchin convent stands on a healthy elevation, stretching up from the Piazza, and the ave-

nue is protected by two rows of trees, which afford a pleasant shade. I like this quarter of Rome: it is familiar to me; and I like it even better since I read the Improvisatore. In the Via Felice the Improvisatore was born. Fra Martino, his mother's confessor, the Capuchin, was his friend; and it was here the innocent woman inquired of the monk whether the foreigner, the young artist she lodged, would certainly be condemned to hell.

"He and many other foreigners also," she said, "are indeed very honest people, who never do anything wicked. They are good to the poor, pay exactly, and at the fixed time; nay, it actually often seems to me that they are not such great sinners as many of us."

"Yes," replied Fra Martino, "that is very true. They are often good people; but do you know how that happens? You see, the devil, who goes about the world, knows that the heretics will some time belong to him; so he never tempts them. Therefore, they can easily be honest,—easily give up to sin. On the contrary, a good Catholic Christian is a child of God, and therefore the devil sets his temptations in array against him, and we weak creatures are subjected. But a heretic, as one may say, is tempted neither of the flesh nor the devil!".

It is pleasing to connect what we read with a place vividly described. The convent church of Santa Maria della Concezione is open, and the Capuchins are chanting. I can tempt Fra Martino with a paul to allow me to feast my heretical eyes on Guido's glorious picture of the "Archangel Michael victorious over Satan." The good-natured monk draws aside the curtain, and I behold the angel, beautiful as Apollo, a countenance animated with divine indignation, a flaming

sword in his right hand; while the Evil Spirit is fearfully, but not absurdly depicted, crushed beneath his foot. I am satisfied. This great painting is one of those copied in mosaic, and deemed worthy a place in St. Peter's; and here, in this convent church, the original rests, having been presented by one of the Barberini family to the Capuchins, and by them concealed when the emissaries of Napoleon plundered Rome of her rarest paintings. I wonder what monks can want with the bright productions of art: their thoughts should be directed to worthier contemplations than pictures; not that I grudge the Capuchins their few intellectual enjoyments. Critics dispute about the excellence of this painting; it is one of those I desired never to forget, and therefore often visited. There are several other pictures in this church; but I make it a rule not to disturb my recollections of a great work of art, like Guido's, by distracting attention with those of lesser worth. So I direct my steps towards the immense palace of the Barberini, right opposite the convent. This prodigious building resembles a vast barrack in size, and, as it was erected out of the plunder of the Colosseum, I will not applaud its architecture. The wealth of a family which could uphold such a palace in suitable splendour, must have been immense. Cardinals and prelates have certainly improved on Scripture, when they think it necessary to teach the simple doctrines of Christianity from a palace fit for kings. This is the practical operation of the doctrine of development. Paul taught in an humble hired house, which Romish cardinals have developed into a magnificent palace. Unquestionably, if the doctrine taught be pure and sound, it matters not where it may be expounded; only I would suggest, if humility, modera-

tion, and temperance be enjoined, the practice should conform to the preaching.

However, a curious fact it is, that such is the general vacancy of Rome, that, according to the calculations of some, the palaces with all their appurtenances, cover more ground than the private habitations of the city. This I think doubtful. However, in one way these big palaces are useful, enabling all the members, direct and collateral, of one Italian family, to dwell together in a patriarchal fashion. Thus, in this Barberini palace resides an old prince; in a second division the young prince with his family; in another division the Cardinal and his retinue; and, I believe, a considerable compartment was lately let furnished to some member of the English aristocracy. The whole of an Italian family for three generations will reside in this manner in the same building, assembling together at meals; and however repugnant such a custom may seem to our sulky humours, it shews in the Italians either great poverty, or great affection. Having once heard that the view of the dome of the Pantheon was peculiarly striking when seen from the summit of the Giustiniani Palace, I visited the palace in the hope of being so gratified, and discovered an odd medley of inhabitants. There was as usual a large court-yard with old statues lying about, the grand staircase was decorated with busts of emperors and heroes. On the *primo piano* resided the Russian ambassador, and for so far the staircase was clean enough. Ascending, we came successively to the abodes of retired gentlemen; next nondescript characters; then, by a narrow flight leading to the roof, washerwomen, and at the top of the grand staircase, knocking at the door, heartily fagged, a young artist, brush in hand, appeared. Mentioning my wish, he

with courtesy requested me to walk in; I was astonished at the vast size of the apartments in this garret; the artist was engaged in a picture of large dimensions, and in his elevated abode had ample space for exercise. The view did not repay the labour of the ascent. Of the famous Colonna Palace, the prince lives in one wing, the French ambassador in another, a retired advocate of fortune in a third. Thus frequently in Rome a moderate portion of the palace is reserved by the noble proprietor, the remainder let out in compartments, the rent of which enables the prince to live, and drive a gilded coach. Perhaps ten Roman families of distinction are enabled wholly to occupy their spacious dwellings. To revert to the Barberini Palace. I have crossed the piece of waste ground called an avenue, the gateway being a gap between broken walls, and finding the old custode, who is very willing to attend an Inglese, a little side-door in the staircase is unlocked, and I am in a small gallery seated before Guido's portrait of "Beatrice Cenci."

I never before felt how completely a picture may tell a history. The painter has but a moment to exhibit a character, or to narrate the story of a life; how wonderful the touch of that pencil which can seize the opportunity, and give it truly. That artist must indeed have transcendent talents, who can faithfully describe not merely the face and figure, but the emotions which disturb and agitate the human soul. Here is the portrait of a young girl, presenting the strongest combination of beauty, grief, remorse, suffering, resignation, innocence, with extreme sensibility and tenderness, yet, at the same time, pervaded by an intellectual expression, the representation of a firm and resolved character.

The dress of this young female is unusual; her head

is bound with folds of white drapery, from which a few ringlets of hair escape, and fall about her neck. Why has this portrait, amongst the Roman population and the foreign visitors, ever awakened an interest, deep and universal? It arises not merely from the peculiar excellence of the picture, but from the terrible history of the subject, "Beatrice Cenci." That fearful narrative afforded scope for the fine genius of Shelley, and he has accordingly moulded it into a tragedy of remarkable ability and vigour.

In the number of Bentley's Miscellany for August 1847, there is a paper entitled "Beatrice Cenci," by Mr. Whittle. This gentleman professes to give the true history of the parricide, and says:—

"Excited by a repeated study of the picture, I sought in all the libraries of Rome for some *authentic account of her life,* BUT IN VAIN; *the publication of her history is prohibited, and, although the outline of it is universally known, no satisfactory and authentic particulars have, I believe, ever been published.*"

This gentleman then informs his readers, that visiting one of the magnificent private libraries of the city, he discovered a manuscript supposed to have been written by her confessor, of which his paper in the magazine is a free translation.

Like Mr. Whittle, I was desirous to obtain, if possible, some authentic history of "Beatrice Cenci." None such, it is quite true, could be procured in Rome. My search ended in disappointment. But persons acquainted with Italy know that frequently a book prohibited in one State, may be procured in another. Thus it happens, many publications interdicted in Rome, may be found in Tuscany or Naples, and likewise a

work put down in Venice will appear in Rome. In reading the learned book by Agostino Ademollo, on the criminal laws of Tuscany, I met with a passing allusion to the horrid system of torture which prevailed in Italy in the sixteenth century, as described in a tract published entitled "Beatrice Cenci." I then commissioned a resident in Florence to make search for the book, and was gratified by receiving it in Rome some six weeks after. It was published in Florence, there is no printer's name given, nor is the imprimatur of the censor subjoined. It is entitled thus, "*Beatrice Cenci Romana, Storia del Secolo XVI., Raccontata dal D.A.A. Firenze.*" I understand A. A. to mean Agostino Ademollo, the able writer on the laws of Tuscany. A frontispiece represents Beatrice ascending the scaffold. The narrative corresponds in some particulars with that of Mr. Whittle, but differs wholly in substance. In fact, according to the published account, Shelley and the writer in Bentley have quite misapprehended her true character. Their mistake is natural, and for the poet fortunate, as his delineation of Beatrice, makes her a far more suitable heroine for a noble tragedy. I therefore feel it will be not unattractive to present to the reader, in connection with the Barberini Palace and Guido's wonderful picture, the true story of Beatrice Cenci, now appearing for the first time in an *English dress.*

BEATRICE CENCI.

Francesco Cenci, the father of the beautiful but ill-fated Beatrice Cenci, was the representative of this ancient and wealthy family, in the year 1585. He was endowed by nature with great sagacity and personal advantages,

but with passions so ungovernable, and a heart so depraved, that he hesitated not at the commission of any species of crime. His father, Monsignor Cenci, held under Pope Pius V. the lucrative office of chief of the treasury. That Pontiff, wholly engrossed in the extirpation of heresy and the re-establishment of the Inquisition, took no share in the temporal administration of the State, so that Monsignor Cenci amassed immense wealth, leaving to his son an enormous patrimony, which enabled the possessor in those days to commit with impunity any crime.

Francesco Cenci began his career of vice by amours carried on, through means the most original. Frequently assisted in his evil practices by some of the numerous parties of assassins and banditti which then overspread the country, he, in return, betrayed them to the government, secretly receiving from it a large remuneration. One of those adventures (which, in the sequel, brought him to an untimely end) occurred near his Castle of Petrella, situated on the Sabine hills. Meeting one morning, at an early hour, a young girl of surpassing beauty, who was drawing water from a well, he suddenly accosted her, making overtures which she indignantly rejected. Not many days, however, had elapsed, when, returning at sunset to her accustomed occupation, she was suddenly seized by two ruffians, who, quickly tying a bandage across her mouth and eyes, carried her off to the Castle of Petrella, where she found herself, to her horror, in the presence of Francesco, who believed he had only now to accomplish his wicked purpose. But the courageous girl resisted, and threatened him with the vengeance of her lover, one of the banditti in this very district. A few days after, at daybreak, the body of the unfortunate girl was found lying under an oak tree

by some of the band who were in the habit of assembling at this spot, to worship an image of the Virgin suspended from its branches. The body of the girl bore on it the marks of violence, and a knife was found thrust through her heart. The banditti, on first viewing the corpse, were struck with horror—recognising it at once to be that of Annetta, the betrothed of one of their body named Marzio. This Marzio had once possessed a good patrimony—had dissipated it, and then, to escape his creditors, turned brigand; he loved passionately the faithful girl, whom all his companions respected, and they, with one voice, vowed vengeance on the head of him who had so cruelly deprived her of life and honour. Their suspicions falling on Count Cenci, they immediately attacked his castle. Finding he had fled (his servant Olimpio having warned him to do so) they sacked it; but Marzio secretly resolved on further vengeance, which, at a later period, as we shall see, he fearfully fulfilled.

This deed gives a faint idea of the character of a man who had also made himself notorious by the cruelties he exercised over his own family, then residing in the palace of the Cenci, near to the Ghetto in Rome. Early in life he had married a lovely woman, one of the Santa Croce family; and by her had six children, four sons and two daughters; the youngest, the subject of our sad story, resembled her mother as well in the extreme beauty of her person as in the rare qualities of mind and heart, with which nature had endowed her. In his conduct to his own family Cenci was most tyrannical, treating them from infancy with cruelty unparalleled. He sent three of his sons, Giacomo, Cristofero, and Rocco, to Salamanca, on pretence of their studying in greater retirement than at Rome; but when there he positively refused to allow them any supplies of money, or means

of procuring food or clothing. They returned in despair to Rome, but soon found that misery and starvation at Salamanca were more endurable than the daily persecutions of their own home.

Unable to endure their wretched existence, they sent a petition to Clement VIII., the reigning Pope, stating the unnatural conduct of their father, and their despair of any change without the intervention of his Holiness. Their entreaties were disregarded; the Pope was a rigid advocate for upholding the authority of a parent; he refused to listen to their petition, and dismissed them abruptly from his presence as rebels against that power to which all children should unhesitatingly submit.

It was about this period that Count Cenci conceived a violent passion for a very beautiful woman called Lucrezia Petroni, the gardens of whose house adjoined his own. She repelled his advances either from fear or duty; piqued by her indifference, he resolved to win her by any means. Perhaps, Lucrezia might have yielded to the entreaties of Francesco had his wife not been alive. This obstacle was quickly removed. Not long after, the excellent but unhappy woman, whose very virtues made her distasteful to her husband, suddenly died. No one had heard of any illness, and, although affliction had insensibly consumed her, there seemed no immediate cause for her sudden dissolution. Various surmises arose; and her eldest daughter remembered that her father, one day at dinner, having presented her mother a glass of wine, she exclaimed on drinking it, "How bitter it is!" that he then assured her this was mere fancy; that she said not another word, and that, if at the time conscious it contained poison, she had carried her conviction with her to the

grave. The recollection so alarmed Marguerite, that she secretly determined to fly from the power of so iniquitous a father; and, although Cenci, after the death of his wife, prevented all communication between his children and their relatives and friends, she contrived to send a petition to Pope Clement, to which he listened more favourably than on a former occasion when appealed to by her injured brothers. She had long suffered from the most barbarous treatment, and, in her petition, declared her father was in the continual habit of beating her, shutting her up in cold damp cells with scarcely food or clothing, and, what was still more repulsive to her delicacy, that he compelled her, with his other children, to associate with his vile companions. She besought his Holiness either to place her in some convent, or give her in marriage to any one he might select. The poor girl's prayer was heard; a husband, in the person of Signor Gabrielli was chosen for her, and a sum of one thousand crowns allotted for her dower. Francesco knew he had no course left but to submit without a murmur to the decree of the Pope; he determined, however, as this daughter had escaped his tyranny, he would treat the remaining one with greater severity. Beatrice, therefore, was immediately separated from the rest of the family, and confined in a solitary apartment in a remote part of the palace. Francesco brought her all her meals with his own hands, frequently leaving her food unchanged for days, and whenever he heard the slightest murmur of complaint, severely punished her with stripes. Not long after, Francesco Cenci overcame the scruples of Lucrezia Petroni, made her his wife, and for a short time peace seemed to reign in the palace of the Cenci. But the wickedness of so depraved a heart speedily prevailed; Francesco, tired of

Lucrezia, returned with even greater zest to his former vicious practices.

An event occurred about this time which might have subdued even the callous heart of Francesco Cenci. Cristofero and Rocco, two of his sons, whom he had before sent to Salamanca, were assassinated in the neighbourhood of Rome, from what cause, or by whom, was never discovered. When the news of this sad event reached the palace, Count Cenci expressed the utmost joy for the removal of such a burthen, declared that their funeral should be conducted in the meanest possible way, — no money of his should purchase masses for the repose of their souls; he declared also, that he himself could never enjoy true peace until his wife and every child he had were rotting in their graves; that his joy would then surpass all bounds, and that in its excess he would make a bonfire of his palace and all he possessed in commemoration of the happy event.

Beatrice Cenci, the heroine of our story, had now reached the age of fourteen. In person she was lovely: her finely chiselled features, soft expressive eyes, and exquisitely formed mouth, bore the impress of a character of no ordinary stamp. Nature, lavish of her gifts, had also endowed her mind with an intelligence, penetration, and depth of thought that far surpassed her years. She had a surprising firmness of character, combined with the gentleness and sweetness of her mother; and though familiarised from childhood to scenes and tales of bloodshed and crime, (then of too frequent occurrence and but little regarded,) they produced no other effect on her mind than to imbue it with a courage and decision superior to her years, whilst they coloured her imagination with a slight tinge of superstition. Some-

times the natural tendencies of her heart shed over her countenance a serenity that was almost angelic; but when those fearful images with which her mind was filled reappeared, her animated features assumed a threatening aspect, and her dark eyes flashed with almost supernatural lustre.

Francesco Cenci insensibly fixed his attention on the extraordinary beauty of his child, and (why it could not be explained) gradually relaxed the severity with which she had been treated. At first this was attributed to the effect which the disposition of one so guileless might naturally produce on a father, even the most wicked; but in the heart of Cenci was concealed a far different cause for this apparent gentleness.

The only crime from which Francesco was free,—one that for the sake of human nature we almost shrink to breathe,—was engendered by the absence of that feeling which even the most depraved hearts cherish,—pure paternal love.

Beatrice at this time inhabited an apartment at the top of the palace: separated from all the rest of the family, with one sole attendant, and debarred from all communication with strangers, she nevertheless remained cheerful and happy. The visits of her father, at first irksome, by degrees became most painful. With satanic art he tried to warp her pure mind, relating scandalous stories, throwing out, at the same time, allusions which, to her, were at first enigmatical, but soon—too soon, alas!—evident to a mind of such penetration and purity. Oh! how shall I describe the anguish of this unhappy girl when the horrible suspicion first revealed itself to her innocent and guileless heart! When, at last, she penetrated the horrible secret, a thousand agonizing thoughts racked her brain. She could form

no distinct idea of the reality of the misfortunes that threatened her; nor did she dare to hope for refuge. She looked to the past, and her mind was bewildered in a maze of troubled fancies. Alone, her untainted conscience would again whisper comfort, and the strength of mind she possessed under the divine protection sustained her. Bursting into tears, she would cast her streaming eyes towards the church of S. Maria del Pianta (close to the palace), thanking the Virgin with fervent prayers that it bore a name so suited to her destinies. These outpourings soothed her agitated spirit, and inspired her with a faith that at times raised her superior to the misfortunes with which she was encompassed.

Lucrezia Petroni had suspected, and now began to be persuaded of the iniquitous project of her husband. She knew the firm character of the girl; but how might she escape the arts and violence to which she would be subjected! Not so much from compassion (being jealous of the extreme beauty of Beatrice) as from the hatred she felt to Cenci, who had treated her with contempt, she revolved every means of rescuing Beatrice, and thus revenging herself on Cenci. She recollected the eldest daughter had applied to the Pope, and how a husband had been provided for her, and she determined to try if in a similar manner she could not aid Beatrice, and rid herself of a rival of whom she was jealous. She thought of a Signor Guerra, an intimate friend of the Cenci family, handsome in person, and accomplished in manners; he had early attached himself to Beatrice, and in the absence of Francesco had contrived to exhibit his affection. He had long watched Cenci's conduct, and cordially hated and despised him. Assured of the sentiments of Guerra, Lucrezia took advantage of an hour

when Cenci was absent to steal up to the solitary chamber of Beatrice, and open to her the project she had conceived, and to which the girl readily assented. She now believed her fervent prayers were heard, and a way opened to escape the abyss yawning to receive her. Alas! how deceitful were the hopes of the ill-fated Beatrice. Francesco was warned of the plot. He had at this time in his palace two faithful domestics (as he believed), Olimpio and Marzio, whom the reader will remember in connexion with the murder of Annetta, at the Castle of Petrella. Olimpio, though serving Cenci, always hated him, having been transferred with the estate of Petrella on the purchase of it by Cenci from the Colonna family. He had assisted his master in many of his reckless deeds, gaining his confidence while he served his own interests. In his heart he detested Cenci, who, requiring a second domestic at the head of his household, found a willing assistant in Marzio, who only awaited the moment in which to revenge himself for the murder of Annetta. These two had the sole guardianship of the palace when Cenci was absent, and Olimpio received special orders that no one should approach the apartment of the forlorn Beatrice. Lucrezia, Beatrice, and Guerra had together drawn up a petition to the Pope, praying his Holiness to liberate the girl from the snares of her remorseless parent, and marry her to Guerra. This memorial, as was afterwards discovered, never reached the Pope. It was supposed to have been intercepted by Cenci himself, who, discovering that Guerra had been admitted in his absence, secretly resolved on a plan of ridding himself of Guerra and of Olimpio, whom he suspected to have been accessory to the plot.

On the pretext of quitting Rome, from the infected

air prevailing during the great heat of summer, Cenci suddenly announced his intention of going to the country. On the same evening a carriage was seen passing through the Porta San Giovanni, containing Lucrezia, Beatrice Cenci, her youngest brother, and one attendant, escorted on horseback by Francesco Cenci, Marzio, and two servants. To Marzio only had been entrusted the secret of their destination, which was to Petrella, one of the most wild and desolate spots on the Neapolitan frontiers. Olimpio, who discovered it a few hours before their departure, at once guessed from his being left in Rome, that Cenci would not scruple to have him and Guerra both assassinated, as he invariably did those who in any way marred his wicked plots. Accordingly he at once warned the latter, and Guerra, furious at the loss of Beatrice, went in search of the eldest brother, Giacomo, long since married and concealed from his cruel father, to concoct with him a plan to which Olimpio would be a party that might relieve all from the tyranny of a remorseless fiend.

They agreed to hire a party of the banditti in the Sabine Hills, who were to attack the party on their journey, carry off Francesco, but liberate the women, on condition of their paying a ransom for Cenci within a certain time. This ransom Guerra would delay sending; Cenci would be thus at the mercy of the outlaws, and all suspicion removed from them. The plot, however, failed. Olimpio not being in time to get all arranged before the arrival of Cenci at the Castle of Petrella; and, in the meantime, Guerra was hastily summoned to accompany the Pope, with all the rest of his court, to Ferrara, where he remained some time.

It was towards sunset when Beatrice Cenci with her brother and step-mother, arrived at the fortress of Pe-

trella. This castle once in the possession of the Colonna family, had for two centuries been the scene of many a fearful crime. It was situated on the confines of the Roman and Neapolitan States, surrounded by gloomy forests, filled with banditti, who then overspread the country to an alarming extent, and committed every species of outrage.

Its construction was irregular, shewing it had been enlarged at different epochs according to the wants or wishes of its inhabitants. A large square tower, the most ancient portion of the building, built of huge blocks of stone, broken by time, and overgrown with moss and ivy, supported a later structure not less gloomy in appearance, all bearing evidence of the neglect to which it had been subjected. The interior did not present a more inviting appearance; there were numerous apartments, but the furniture with which they were filled shewed even more plainly the destructive work of time and neglect. The first *piano* contained a long suite of rooms, terminating with a gallery leading to the tower, looking out on a dreary garden full of dank weeds, wild flowers, and sad cypress trees: from the vestibule you descended to a lower *piano*, or ground floor, the small windows of which were defended by bars of iron; and, still lower down, was a subterranean floor lighted by small holes in the wall, barred with strong iron; so that the entire building had the appearance of a dreadful prison, ready to close for ever on its miserable victims.

The first day of his arrival at the castle, Cenci maintained a sullen silence. Each member of the family he placed so that they could hold no conversation except in his presence. On Beatrice remonstrating, he took advantage of it to remove her to one of the subterranean

apartments, giving to Marzio only the key of the chamber where she was to be incarcerated. And how shall I describe the horror of the treatment to which Beatrice was now subjected, or the anguish she endured in that abode of darkness and terror? To aggravate it still more, Cenci made her believe Guerra had fallen by the sword of an assassin, and that no one now could release her from her fate; believing so himself, as he had hired assassins to rid him of both Guerra and Olimpio, but in this he failed, as we shall afterwards see.

It would be impossible, as it would be painful, minutely to relate the revolting means resorted to by Cenci to overcome the purity of his child. How this recital filled all listeners with terror when revealed on the trial!

The diabolical cruelty to which Marzio was a witness moved him so that, roused by a generous impulse which the former depravity of his life had not deadened, he determined to revenge the death of his Annetta, (murdered perhaps in this very spot,) and at the same time liberate the present victim of a monster.

Beatrice, in the solitude of her dark prison, drooped and languished. Distrustful and alarmed, she trembled continually. Her misery was augmented in the night, by a thousand dim fancies which made her fear everything. Sometimes the shade of Guerra appeared to pass before her: terror took such possession of her mind that the idea remained fixed: the phantom, wrapped in a white sheet, awful to behold, seemed to extend towards her its arms, and beckon her to follow. To this succeeded another and more horrible conception. The phantom disappeared, a real corpse seemed to meet her gaze, and the belief that she was actually in a charnel-house seized her mind. The obscure light of a lamp shed a dull ray upon that

funereal abode: she believed it a moonbeam, which, penetrating into her sepulchre, lighted up the skulls and bones around her. She thought she saw dead bodies passing before and above her, and she heard the voice of her father, but could not imagine from whence it came. When she believed her mind wandering, she would kneel on her little couch, and invoke the Eternal Justice; then, more serene, she would turn to the Virgin, by whom she now believed herself abandoned. Thus passed the nights of the forlorn girl: the days that succeeded brought no peace, each finding her more and more terrified, through dread of these supernatural appearances and nightly terrors. On one of these nights in which this miserable victim screamed, either through delirium or fear, Marzio was roused from sleep; he listened, and hearing her lamentations leaped out of bed, and, descending into the subterranean passage, opened the door into Beatrice's apartment. Terrified and trembling she started from her couch, and placed herself in an attitude of defence; but Marzio reassured her, and relating the sad story of Annetta, perhaps murdered in this very subterranean chamber by the brutality of her parent, told her that the spirit of Annetta had appeared to him in a dream, upbraided him for his cruel indifference to his master's child, and implored him to protect her: that whether a dream or reality he knew not, but he was shaken by the hand and awoke at the moment he heard her cries: thinking she required his aid he had hastened to save her. The forlorn girl, believing him to be a messenger sent from heaven, burst into a flood of tears that relieved her oppressed heart. She implored Marzio to procure her some writing materials. This he did, keeping watch in the upper porch, and promising to warn

her by a pistol-shot if her father approached. The morning dawned, and still Marzio stood, feigning to clean his pistols as a pretext to discharge one if necessary. In haste he returned to Beatrice, received two letters, and carried away the inkstand, so that Cenci could not know what had occurred.

The following day Francesco Cenci descended into the apartment of his daughter. His countenance had a diabolical aspect, and denoted the fiendishness of some iniquitous resolve. Marzio was on the watch, concealed his pistols, and taking a dagger, went towards the prison. He stopped—listened—heard a collision—a threat—a prayer—a groan, that roused within him all his fury. Bursting open the door, he rushed upon his master, and, dealing a terrible thrust with the dagger on his neck, exclaimed, "I murder thee, assassin of thy own blood."

Beatrice uttered a scream and fainted. Cenci placed himself in an attitude of defence and turned on his assailant, but Marzio had fled, believing that a demon only could avert such a blow. No one knew that Cenci, to save himself from similar assaults, carried under his vestments a coat of mail covering his entire body, which had, from habit, become so necessary that he even wore it in bed. On many occasions it had saved his life, so that a report was current that Cenci had sold himself, soul and body, to the devil—had forsworn the Catholic faith, and bound himself to the Evil One in letters inscribed with his own blood. He was thus rendered invulnerable in so many dangers. Pursuing Marzio, but finding it impossible to overtake him, he returned back to the castle just at the moment when Beatrice, returning to consciousness, was attempting to fly from her prison. In his fury he cursed her, called her a parricide, an accomplice with Marzio, and, taking

advantage of this attempt, treated with even more cruelty his wretched victim. Finding herself alone, every hope now fled; desperation seized her, a violent convulsion shook her whole frame, and her countenance assumed a fatal aspect. She cried out in agony, "Is there no one to save me? Am I utterly deserted—am I lost for ever?" Thus exclaiming, she threw herself violently against the wall, her head bent forward, hoping thus to end her life. She fell senseless on the ground. In about an hour she came to herself. Oh, how did she mourn to find she still lived! But soon a fearful headache and a burning fever deprived her of consciousness; and, on Cenci's return with her food, he found her in a high state of delirium. The miserable girl fixed her wandering looks upon him, and, as he approached, she fled behind her bed as if in defence, uttering lamentations as of one in death. Cenci, alarmed by her desperation, tried to tranquillize her, and, a transient sentiment of humanity rising in his heart, resolved to remove her to better air. Taken to a room at the top of the great tower, still far removed from the household, Cenci himself attended her, making use of such restoratives as were within his power. Eight days passed before the fever subsided. Beatrice's strength returned; but, alas! not with it her reason. The faculties of her mind became suspended; she seemed deprived of all power of thought or motion. Marzio in the meantime hastened to Rome, and finding Guerra had just returned from Ferrara, he took him the letter Beatrice had written to her brother. They then sought Giacomo, who, on opening the letter, found it contained a petition to the Pope. She also implored her brother, in the belief of Guerra's death, to send it without a moment's delay.

The contents of these pages, written in the agony of despair, and covered with her tears, lacerated the very soul of Guerra. Knowing the uncertainty, delay, perhaps hopelessness, of any appeal to the Pope, Guerra grew furious at the state to which Beatrice was reduced. Giacomo being also weary of the life of privation his father had forced him to lead, and Marzio eager for revenge, they eagerly seized on any means to rid Beatrice and all the family of the tyranny of Cenci. They agreed they should call into their counsels Olimpio; he and Marzio proposed to despatch Cenci at Petrella on condition of receiving a large sum of money, one half of which was to be paid on the commission of the crime, and the other half subsequently, as expressed in a letter from Guerra to Lucrezia, whom, with Bernardo, they hoped would aid in the plot, wearied as they must be by the life of slavish fear led at Petrella. Thus instructed the assassins departed for the castle of Petrella. Lucrezia at this time had permission to walk through the castle, on condition of holding no conversation with any of the household. No one dared disobey Cenci's orders, as, at the most unexpected moments, he appeared on different points of the Rocca. Walking towards sunset one evening to the terrace of the old tower, and meditating upon some project of revenging herself upon a man who had treated her so basely, she saw waving among the trees a small white handkerchief, and near it two men making signals, whom she at once recognized as Marzio and Olimpio. The latter crept towards the castle, and Lucrezia, venturing down, heard the plot, to which she assented, as the only means of security to all. He gave her a key sent by Marzio, to liberate Beatrice. The precaution was, however, useless, by her removal to the tower. They then con-

certed a scheme that Lucrezia should administer to Cenci an opiate, which they brought, in his wine, and during the night admit them into the castle. At two o'clock in the morning, Cenci, at all times so difficult to deceive, was in a deep sleep. Lucrezia then took from his room the keys of Bernardo and Beatrice's apartments. The former she brought into the hall. Next she went to Beatrice, whom she found in a kind of stupefaction that appeared to have succeeded to a violent burst of tears, with which her cheeks were bathed. She endeavoured to rouse her, signifying that the moment had arrived to escape, and conducted her into the hall. But Beatrice shewed no symptoms of surprise on hearing this announcement, nor at the visit of her step-mother at that strange hour. She asked no questions as to the mode in which they had opened her door, nor how her liberty had been acquired. When all had assembled in the hall, Lucrezia told them what had been projected, and asked their aid. Bernardo at first hesitated, but Lucrezia roused him by every argument she could urge, and obtained his consent.

Beatrice made no reply whatever to the cruel entreaties of her step-mother, and she, seeing it was impossible to rouse Beatrice from her stupor, introduced into the castle the two assassins, and brought them into the hall. Then assured that Cenci was in a deep sleep, she took them to his chamber, and there left them, returning to the hall herself. The facts related, with the appearance of the two assassins about to commit the dreadful deed, produced no effect on Beatrice; she stood like one who strove to recall her wandering thoughts, transfixed to the spot where her mother had left her. Suddenly the assassins entered the hall, with faces pale as death. "Holy Virgin!" they

exclaimed, "it seems a shame to murder this man in his sleep; humanity forbids the crime."

"To violate the sacred doors of sleep;
To cheat kind nature of the placid death
Which she prepares for overwearied age;
To drag from heaven an unrepentant soul,
Which might have quenched in reconciling prayers
A life of burning crimes——" SHELLEY.

Lucrezia,* enraged at their cowardice, asked how could they despatch him if awake. Already they had received a portion of their bribe, and if the deed were not consummated by them she vowed she would herself effect it. Excited by these reproaches, and fearing the loss of the promised reward, they threw aside all scruples and returned to the room of Cenci. Marzio at the door turned round and observed Beatrice run in a threatening manner towards them. Believing that she was encouraging them, and recalling the memory of Annetta, he disappeared with Olimpio. Lucrezia held

* The poet makes Beatrice the spokeswoman instead of Lucrezia, and puts these words into her mouth:—

"Miserable slaves!
Where, if ye dare not kill a sleeping man,
Found ye the boldness to return to me
With such a deed undone? Base palterers,
Cowards, and traitors, why the very conscience
Which ye would sell for gold and for revenge
Is an equivocation: it sleeps over
A thousand daily acts disgracing men,
And when a deed where mercy insults heaven—
Why do I talk?
(Snatching a dagger from one of them and raising it.)
"Hadst thou a tongue to say
She murdered her own father, I must do it;
But never dream ye shall outlive him long."

back Beatrice, looking fixedly in her face, to ascertain whether her movements were actuated by compassion for, or revenge against her father. Beatrice's eyes were fixed; she stood unmoved for some minutes, leaning against a table, placing her hand with force against her forehead, she remained transfixed during the commission of the crime. Lucrezia, taking her by the arm, conducted her back to the hall, conscious the girl was not possessed of her senses. Meanwhile the assassins hesitated for a moment, but feeling the deed must be done, re-entered the chamber, where Cenci lay. Martino then placed a large nail or iron bolt upon the right eye of their victim, which Olimpio, with one blow of a hammer, drove straight into the brain. Thus was the soul of this wicked man freed from his body, and despatched to another world, there to receive the punishment due for the actions committed in this. The deed being now accomplished, Marzio and Olimpio wrapped the dead body carefully in a sheet, and carried it to a small pavilion, built at the end of a terrace-walk, overlooking an orchard. From this height they cast it down on an old gnarled elder tree, in order that, when the body should be found the next morning, it might appear that, whilst walking on the terrace, the foot of the count had slipped, and that he had fallen head foremost on one of the short stunted branches of the tree, which, piercing through his eye to the brain, had caused his death. Returning to the hall, they received from Lucrezia the purse of gold;* Marzio, carrying with him a

* Shelley makes Beatrice give the bag of coin and the rich cloak to the assassin, saying,

"It was the mantle which my grandfather
Wore in his high prosperity, and men
Envied his state: so may they envy thine."

valuable cloak trimmed with gold lace, turned towards Beatrice (who stood still leaning against the table,) and said, "I shall keep this as a memorial of you," he then departed with Olimpio. The report of Francesco's death was not spread through the castle until next morning. Lucrezia rushed through the house tearing her hair, uttering cries and lamentations, and bewailing with tears Cenci's untimely end. In a day or two the funeral took place, and immediately after the family returned to Rome. Giacomo took possession of the Cenci palace, and Beatrice daily improved in health of body and of mind.

As soon as the death of Count Cenci was announced at Naples, the sudden manner it had taken place gave rise to strong suspicions that he had been murdered. The Neapolitan government immediately despatched certain officers to Petrella, with orders to have the body exhumed and carefully examined; and strict inquiries were instituted in the neighbourhood and castle as to the cause of the count's unexpected death. The result of this investigation was, that all the inhabitants of Petrella were placed under arrest, bound, and sent to Naples, where they underwent a most strict examination. The only suspicious circumstances which could be elicited, were from the confession of the washer-woman, who had received the bloody sheets, the morning after the murder, from Count Cenci's daughter, as she thought, but described her as a woman of about

Mr. Whittle represents Beatrice assisting her step-mother in wrapping the dead body in a sheet, and then in dragging it to the terrace and thence casting it down. Thus (according to the printed narrative) the principal facts are reversed, and Beatrice is made to act the part either of the assassins or of Lucrezia.

thirty-five, and that she had not given a satisfactory reason for the stains of blood upon them.

The people of Petrella were now released, and a courier despatched to the Court at Rome, with full information of the state of Count Cenci's body when exhumed, the testimony of the washerwoman, and the very strong suspicion which had been aroused that the Count's own family were implicated in the apparent murder. Through the information of a friend, Mons. Guerra became acquainted with what had happened, in consequence of which he began to adopt measures to secure his own safety. He had great fears that Olimpio and Marzio might fall into the hands of the police, be put to the torture, and betray those concerned in the murder. Communicating his fears to Giacomo, they immediately hired assassins who succeeded in despatching Olimpio at Terni. Marzio was, a few days afterwards, taken prisoner by the Neapolitan soldiers, to whom he confessed what he knew of Cenci's death. A statement of these facts was at once forwarded to Rome, in a process which particularly implicated Beatrice, on the receipt of which Giacomo and Bernardo were imprisoned in the Corte Savella, and Lucrezia and Beatrice were detained in the Cenci Palace, awaiting the arrival of Marzio, dispatched from Naples for examination against them in person. On his arrival he was at once conducted before the sagacious judge Ulisse Moscati, to be confronted with the accused. When he saw the firmness with which all, but especially Beatrice, denied any knowledge of, or participation in, the murder, and heard her declare that she had never before seen the embroidered mantle which Marzio possessed, he was so astonished by her courage, and affected by the eloquence of her denial, that he now retracted all he had before

confessed, and, acting under the impulse of a generous enthusiasm, exclaimed that Beatrice was incapable of crime.*

The judge, finding that the case against them was incomplete, applied the torture to Marzio, who died on the rack without confessing; whereupon the prisoners were remanded to the castle of St. Angelo, where they were imprisoned in separate chambers for some months. During this time, one of the brigands employed by Guerra was arrested; previous to his execution he confessed the murder of Olimpio, and the name of the person by whom he had been hired to commit the crime. This confession implicated Signor Guerra, who had been before suspected. When Guerra heard of the arrest of the assassin, he determined to attempt his escape, rather than stand a trial and the torture. This was difficult, as his personal beauty, great stature, and flowing flaxen hair, had made his face familiar to every one in Rome. By earnest solicitation and a bribe, he induced a charcoal-seller to give him his dress, and his mules laden with charcoal. Guerra having now put on this disguise, shaved off his beard, blackened his face and hands, and traversed the streets of Rome, affecting lameness, and crying his wares, with his mouth half stuffed with bread and onions. Having disposed of his charcoal, he passed through the city gate, driving the mules before him; and though he met the police, who were in search of him, yet they never penetrated his disguise.

* "Ma l'innocenza e l'ammirabili bellezza di quella fanciulla, il di lei virile carattere bencognito a Marzio, e la eloquenza persuasiva con la quale nelle risposte date al ministro processante annichilava il deposto di Marzio, accesero in lui un generoso entusiasmo, e richiamato á ratificare i suoi detti, esclamò: che quella fanciulla era incapace di un delitto."

Meanwhile, Beatrice in her prison, continued calm. Although gifted by nature and possessed of riches, she had nevertheless, at the age of seventeen, experienced the bitterest trials of life, first at the hands of her unnatural parent, and now at those of justice. Innocent of the crime of which she was accused with the other members of the family, the circumstances already related passed before her mind like a painful dream. Nor could she recollect with clearness the horrors to which she had been subjected in the subterranean prison of Petrella. These, as well as the circumstances which took place after her reason wandered, with the occurrences on her return to Rome, were so confused in her memory, that she could not distinguish reality from illusion. Pondering on her fate, the door of her prison was opened by two constables, she had hoped to release her, but they came only to convey the ill-fated girl to the obscure and damp prison of Savella, where the criminal court of justice then was held. The flight of Signor Guerra, coupled with the confessions of Olimpio's murderer, strengthened so much the suspicions of the ministers of justice, that they believed themselves authorized to apply the torture against the accused. This barbarous system was upheld, from the ignorance of the times, in order to elicit truth; but wise men considered it the certain means of destroying the innocent, and those weak in mind or body, and saving the guilty who might possess courage and physical strength.

The preparatory torture, *monentibus indiciis*, was applied to those refusing to confess the crime alleged; as they could not be condemned without full proof, the torture was increased at the will of the prosecutor, according to the maxim, *ad omnia citra mortem*. At each gradation the accused was interrogated; if he con-

fessed, the torture ceased; if he denied, it was increased. Giacomo and Bernardo, placed under the torture of the *cord*, soon felt their courage fail. This cord, attached to a pulley in the ceiling, by means of a running knot bound the hands behind the back, and drawing them up, the whole weight of the body suspended from the arms, nearly drew them from their sockets.

On their first elevation, Giacomo and Bernardo called out they would confess; but, on their release, were ashamed of their weakness, and persisted in the negative. At the second elevation with the *squasso*, (that is to say, suffering the suspended body to fall with a jerk, but without touching the ground), they again exclaimed they would confess; hesitating, and being threatened with the additional torture of lead weights attached to the feet, they not only admitted the crime, but implicated their sister, declaring her to be the instigator of it. The agony of the torture made them assent to every thing the prosecutor wished. Lucrezia, from her age and great corpulency, could not endure the cord, and confessed her guilt.

Such, however, was not the case with the young and beautiful Beatrice. Full of spirit and of courage, neither the persuasions nor the threats of Moscati, the judge, could obtain from her the smallest confession. She endured the torment of the cord with all the firmness which the purity of her heart inspired. The judge failed to extract from her lips a single word that could throw a shade over her innocence; on the contrary, she replied in a way that wholly disconcerted and confused the celebrated Moscati. He perceived in Beatrice not obstinacy but innocence, and, believing it useless to pursue the torture further, he suspended the proceedings and made a report of them to the Pope.

The extraordinary fact of a girl so young having the courage to withstand such bodily suffering being whispered through Rome, excited so deep an interest that the Pope diligently read through the minutes of the evidence, and studied the trial from its commencement. Suspecting, however, that the unwillingness of Moscati to believe Beatrice guilty might have been increased by her extreme beauty, Clement VIII. ordered that the management of the prosecution should be consigned to another. Beatrice was accordingly taken before the judge Luciani, a man whose heart was a stranger to every feeling of humanity; receiving from her the same confession of innocence, she was ordered to the chamber of torture called L'Erculeo. This room, appropriated to those who had the misfortune not to depose in the way desired by the prosecutor, was heaped up with horrible instruments of torture of every description, stained with human blood. At a table sat the judge and two other persons not less repulsive in look and manner. Before them was placed a crucifix of bronze, on which the victim swore to tell nothing but the truth. Again was recapitulated all the circumstances of the crime, and the confession of her brothers that she was implicated. Beatrice replied, "Be silent, I implore you, and repeat not such iniquity; I know nothing of these circumstances, except the letter sent to my brother from the Rock of Petrella," and this, she insisted, was a proof of her innocence. He replied there was sufficient evidence to condemn her, adding, "Are you, or are you not, determined to confess the crime of which you are convicted by the attestation of your accomplices?" She raised her eyes to heaven, and then, steadily regarding the judge, said, "I know not the crime. I have repeated this to the other judges, who,

notwithstanding, subjected me to dreadful tortures. Oh! be persuaded of my innocence! *I am innocent!*" But the cruel judge was not to be moved. Heedless of her protestations he turned to Ribaldella, saying, "I decree and order the torture of La Vigilia, with all its severity, to be continued five hours; if she confesses, call me." Turning to Beatrice, he added, "I have prepared for you a bed where you will have pleasant dreams," and so passed from this chamber devoted to every species of cruelty.

The torture of the Vigilia was the following:— Upon a high joint stool, the seat about a span large, and, instead of being flat, cut in the form of pointed diamonds, the victim was seated; the legs fastened together and without support; the hands bound behind the back and with a running knot attached to a cord descending from the ceiling; the body loosely attached to the back of the chair, cut also in angular points. A wretch stood near, pushing the victim from side to side, and now and then pulling the rope from the ceiling, gave the arms most painful jerks. In this horrible position the sufferer remained forty hours, the assistants being changed every fifth hour. At the expiration of the time, Beatrice was carried into the prison more dead than alive. An interval of forty hours was permitted to those who had suffered the Vigilia, before any fresh torture could be applied. The judge was amazed at the account he received of the fortitude of Beatrice; bursting into a rage, he exclaimed, "Never shall it be said that a weak girl can escape from my hands, when not one of those condemned have been able to resist my power!"

On the third day, the examination was resumed. Beatrice's strength was nearly exhausted, but, renewing

her protestations of innocence, she was threatened with the torture called *tortura capillorum*. Conducted into the usual room, the same question and answer was repeated. At a given signal, the satellites of the tribunal carried Beatrice under a rope suspended from the ceiling, and twisting into a cord her long and beautiful hair, they attached it, with diabolical art, to that suspended above her, so that the whole body could, by this means, be raised from the ground. The frightful preparations over, and her protestations of innocence again disregarded, she was elevated from the ground, in the manner I have described, by the hair of her head; at the same time, was added another torture, consisting of a mesh of small cords twined about the fingers, twisting them nearly out of joint, and dragging the hand almost from the bone of the arm. The wretched girl screamed with agony, while the judge stood by, commanding the suspended rope to be tightened, and raising the body by the hair from the ground gave it a sudden jerk, exhorting her to confess. She cried out in a convulsion for water, rolling her eyes in torture and exclaiming, "I am innocent." The torture being repeated with still greater cruelty, and the fortitude of the courageous girl continuing unshaken, the judge, believing it impossible that a young female could resist such torments, concluded, with the superstition of the times, that she carried about her some witchcraft; he ordered her to be examined, and, finding no cause of suspicion, was about to have her hair cut off, when it was suggested that the torment of the *tortura capillorum* could not then be renewed; so, clothed anew, her hair again fastened to the rope, she was, for a whole hour, subjected to a succession of cruelties the heart shrinks from narrating; during that fearful interval,

not a word escaped from her lips that could compromise her innocence.

In the meantime, Lucrezia, Giacomo, and Bernardo were taken nto the hall, Erculeo, and Beatrice suddenly brought into their presence. On seeing them, overcome by varied feelings, she could not utter a word of reproach, whilst they feared almost to behold her. A repetition of the torture was here ordered, to so fearful an extent that she fainted and lay senseless. A new cruelty was then devised, the *taxillo;* her feet were bared, and to the soles applied a block of heated wood, prepared in such a way as to retain the scorching heat; then did the unhappy girl utter piercing shrieks, and remained some minutes apparently dead. These accumulated tortures were repeated with returning consciousness, until Giacomo, Bernardo, and Lucrezia began to cry aloud, infuriated against the judge; he calculating well on the effect his cruelties might produce, had used the precaution of having the prisoners not only handcuffed, but placed in a position whence they could not move, as, in some instances, friends of the victims had been known to rush upon the prosecutors and seize them with their teeth. Finding all their prayers and entreaties to have Beatrice released from her horrible situation were vain, they turned, and implored her to desist from her constancy, which would only bring all to ruin, and could not save her, urging her with tears and entreaties, that were heartrending to hear in that hour of overwhelming misery. To the prayers of the brothers, the judge mingled the threats and application of further torments, and enforced them with such rigour, that the victim shrieked in agony, and, after a brief silence, exclaimed, "Oh! cease this martyrdom, and I will confess anything."

The tortures were at once suspended; their victim, now all but dead, was placed upon a seat and some restoratives administered, whilst her relations, throwing themselves on their knees, implored her to adhere to what she had promised, urging on her that the unnatural cruelties inflicted on her by her father would be a just defence for the crime imputed to her; that obstinacy would neither save herself nor her relations, whilst by agreeing with their deposition (as the judge had hinted) there was a hope of their common liberation. The unhappy girl, believing she might save them, said, "Be it as you wish; I am content to die if I can preserve you;" and to each interrogation of the judge she merely replied, "*E vero*," until asked, "Did she not urge the assassins to murder her father, and on their refusal propose to commit the crime herself?" when she involuntarily exclaimed, "Impossible, impossible!—a tiger could not do it, how much less a daughter!" Threatened anew with the torture if denied, she answered not, but raising her eyes to heaven and moving her lips in prayer, she said, "Oh, my God, Thou knowest if this be true!" And so in this way the judge forced from Beatrice an assent to a deed at which her very nature revolted. The generous girl believed she might by these means save the lives of those dear to her. Oh! if in those fearful times, when the confession of the accused was procured not by persuasion but by torments physical and mental, we reflect on the impossibility of Beatrice aiding from the depth of her domestic prison in such a crime; if we consider, could this girl, whose praises were the theme of all Rome, who had never in one instance stepped aside from the path of duty and virtue, at once rush into a career of crime, committing at first the most revolting,

the innocence of Beatrice, notwithstanding her confession, would have been held sacred in that monstrous prosecution. But in those times every other consideration was overlooked in comparison with extorting a *confession.* Thus many innocent victims heroically mounted the scaffold, carrying with them to the grave the semblance of crime, time alone unveiling their innocence, but changing not the system which had so cruelly destroyed them.

Beatrice having now ratified her confession, Luciani, the judge, hastened to the Pope with the intelligence. Clement VIII., believing the crime of parricide confirmed by the confession, was seized with one of those fits of anger to which his nature, otherwise humane, was subject, and exclaimed—"*Let them be all immediately bound to the tails of wild horses, and dragged through the streets until life is extinct* The Roman people shuddered when this frightful decree was published, and a body of princes and cardinals went at once to the Pope, threw themselves on their knees, and implored him to grant a reprieve to the criminals, in order that their defence might be heard. The Pope, who was kind and compassionate, had conceived a bad opinion of the family of Cenci from the time that the sons had demanded punishment of their father. Nevertheless, he suspended the sentence for twenty-five days, and immediately the principal advocates in Rome occupied themselves in collecting proofs of the unnatural treatment by Cenci of his wretched family, as a palliation of their guilt. The appointed day having arrived, the Pope, clad in white silk and crimson velvet, trimmed with ermine, surrounded by cardinals and bishops, sat under a canopy of crimson silk, in the great hall of the Vatican, painted by Raffaelle, to hear the trial. Signor

Niccolo de Angelis* opened the pleadings, and had said but a few words, when the Pope, interrupting him, exclaimed—"Are there then to be found in Rome not only children who assassinate their parent, but advocates capable of defending the parricides." At these words all the lawyers sat down trembling, except Farinacci, who said—"No, holy father, you will find we are here to prove that some are innocent of the crime, and that all are excusable, and worthy of your commiseration."

Permission being given to proceed, Farinacci, a famous advocate and author, resumed his speech, which was delivered in the Latin tongue; his line of defence was to throw the guilt chiefly on Beatrice in order to liberate the others; and, to save her, he proved the necessity of the commission of the crime as the only means whereby she could escape the horrible attempts of her unnatural and wicked parent. Several cases were quoted in justification of Beatrice; nor was the example of Virginius forgotten, who, plunging a dagger in the heart of his daughter, Virginia, rather than she should suffer pollution by Appius Claudius, was, nevertheless, declared innocent. "Quindi motto piu è da scusarsi Beatrice, se ha cooperato alla morte dell padre che a forza tentava violarla." He argued on the law of nature, that Beatrice was justified in what she did, to save her virtue, as much as if done to save her life; and replied to the argument of the *procuratore fiscale*, that she should have accused her father not killed him, by proving accusation was impossible from one buried in the dungeon of Petrella, and concluded, "Quindi qualunque cosa facesse Beatrice per il presente o per il

* There is a learned advocate of the same name in Rome at the present day, with whom I was acquainted.—[W].

futuro pericolo, e timore dè stupro, è sempre scusabile, se procuro una accesione a defesa del suo onore.*"

Other advocates spoke for Bernardo Cenci.

During this time the Pope listened attentively, made notes of the evidence, and carried away with him all the papers connected with the trial, and sat up during the entire of that night with a cardinal, studying the case, and, it is said, shedding tears over this tale of misery and crime. The morning succeeding the night in which Clement had occupied himself in the duties of a judge, he ordered the accused to be conducted anew to the secret prisons. This led many to hope their lives might be spared.

Five days had been passed by Beatrice in the secret prisons of the Torre Savella, when, at an early hour in the morning, Farinacci entered her sad abode. With him appeared a young man of about twenty-five years of age, dressed in the fashion of a writer in the courts of justice of that day. Unheeded by Beatrice, he sat regarding her at a little distance with fixed attention. She had risen from her miserable pallet, but, unlike the wretched inmate of a dungeon, resembled a being from a brighter sphere. Her eyes were of liquid softness, her forehead large and clear, her countenance of angelic purity, her face mysteriously beautiful. Around her head a fold of white muslin had been carelessly wrapped, from whence in rich luxuriance fell her fair and waving hair. Profound sorrow imparted an air of touching sen-

* If Farinacci was acquainted with the facts as they had occurred really at Petrella, he would not have adopted this line of defence; or if he did, Beatrice would have little cause to be obliged to him. The advocate, it may be supposed, was obliged to speak on the results of the examinations and confessions as set forth in the process.—[W].

sibility to her lovely features. With all the eagerness of hope she begged Farinacci to tell her frankly did his visit forbode good; and, with expressions the most moving, she assured him of her gratitude for the anxiety he evinced to save her life and that of her family.

Farinacci conversed, for some time, while at a distance sat his companion, sketching the features of Beatrice. Turning round she observed this with displeased surprise, when Farinacci explained that this seeming writer was the celebrated painter, Guido Reni, who, earnestly desiring her picture, had entreated to be introduced into the prison for the purpose of possessing so rich an acquisition. At first unwilling, but afterwards consenting, she turned and said, "Signor Guido, your renown and ability might make me desirous of knowing you, but how will you undervalue me in my present situation. From the fatality that surrounds me you will judge me guilty. Perhaps my face will tell you I am not wicked; it will shew you, too, that I am tranquil in this prison which I may quit only to ascend the scaffold. My defender will have revealed to you the secret of my apparent transgression, and gloomy are his forebodings as to its consequences. Your great name, and my sad story, may make my portrait interesting, and she added, with touching simplicity, the picture will awaken compassion if you write on one of its angles the word *innocente*.*

The great artist set himself to the work, which produced the picture now in the Palazzo Barberini, a picture that rivets the attention of every beholder, that once seen seems ever after to hover over the memory with an interest the most harrowing and mysterious.

* Copies of this far-famed picture are to be found throughout Italy; but none have equalled the original.—[W.]

All were now anxiously awaiting the decision of the Pope, when most unfortunately, for the Cencis, tidings reached Clement that the Marchioness Castanza Santa Croce, a lady sixty years of age, and related to the Cenci family, had been stabbed to death by her son, because she would not name him in her will as heir to all her property. Enraged at this fresh outrage, Clement at once determined to inflict summary punishment on the Cencis as an example to all parricides. After a long consultation with the Auditore Criminale, he rang the bell, exclaiming, "Send for Monsignor Ferrante Taverna (then Governor of Rome), I must conform my heart to the model of Sixtus V." Scarcely had the governor arrived when the Pope declared he had given up all idea of mitigating the punishment of the Cenci family, uttering these tremendous words: "I deliver them into your hands, and hold you accountable for their immediate execution." The governor, without a moment's delay, returned to his palace, and calling a meeting of the judges, passed sentence of death on all the members of the Cenci family, directing their execution to take place in public on the next day, Saturday, September 11th, 1599. The fatal sentence was no sooner made known than several of the nobles of Rome, friends of the Cenci family, among whom were the Cardinal Sforza and Monsignor Barberini, went and passed much of that night at the Palazzo of Monte Cavallo, entreating the Pope that he might at least spare Beatrice and Lucrezia the shame of a public execution, and suffer it to take place within the prison, and not on the scaffold erected that night on the Piazza of St. Angelo; and also that he would grant a pardon to Bernardo, on account of his youth, and the impossibility of his being a party to the crime.

No entreaties could shake the fixed resolution of the pontiff.

Farinacci, the lawyer, knew well the effect which the parricide so recently perpetrated would have on the hasty temper of the Pope; but, in the energy of despair, he entered the palace at daybreak on the fatal morning of the 11th, and throwing himself at the feet of the Pontiff, who had never slept from the moment he had signed that tremendous sentence, tried every argument to move his heart. He revealed the heroic conduct of Beatrice to save her brothers from death, and had well-nigh shaken the resolution of the Pope, who at last consented to spare the life of Bernardo, adding, "the sacrifice you boast his sister made shall not then be without reward." It was scarcely four o'clock in the morning when the Pope uttered these final words.

Meanwhile another scene, far more touching, had taken place in the Torre Savella. The *Confortatori* were sent to the prisons of Tordinona and Torre Savella, to announce to the captives their dreadful doom. On entering the cell of Beatrice, they found her calmly sleeping on her miserable bed; desiring her to dress, they conducted her to a larger prison, where was Lucrezia Petroni. Beatrice had scarcely heard the sentence announced, when she uttered piercing shrieks, exclaiming, "How is it possible thus unprepared I can die?" Lucrezia, on the contrary, said but these words, "Oh, how are we deceived! may God pardon the blood of the innocent!" Then throwing herself on her knees before Beatrice, and bathed in tears, she implored her forgiveness in inarticulate words.

The sight and words of her step-mother, restored calm to the unhappy girl; she stooped down, kissed her, while their tears mingled. They then proceeded

to the chapel, when they fell on their knees and passed some time absorbed in prayer. Beatrice requested, as a favour, that she might make a disposition of her property, and sent a petition to the Pope that the validity of her will might not be disputed. This was at once granted, and a lawyer sent for, who drew up her last testament. She bequeathed 45,000 Roman scudi to the religious community of San Francesco, to portion each year, on the anniversary of her death, fifty poor girls. To Mons. Guerra the image of the Virgin, before which she had prayed each night as it hung suspended over the bed of her prison, and her body she requested might be buried in the church of San Pietro in Montorio. Her example was followed by Lucrezia, who left a large sum to the church of S. Giorgio, to be distributed in alms; the remainder she bequeathed to the children of Giacomo Cenci.

At eight o'clock in the morning they made their last confession to the priest, heard mass, and received the sacrament. Beatrice remained on her knees in earnest prayer until the door was opened by the jailor to announce to them that, among the people then crowded around the prison; a report was spread that the Pope had granted a pardon to Bernardo Cenci. Oh! the joy that lighted up the countenance of Beatrice as, prostrating herself before the altar, she exclaimed, "Oh, holy Virgin, I thank thee, that my death can at at least save the life of one of my brothers. Blessed be God who has given such a proof of His divine mercy! with a tranquil heart I can now meet my doom."

The hour having arrived that had been appointed for the execution, the sub-fiscal of Rome went to the prison of Tordinona to announce to Bernardo that his Holiness the Pope had been graciously pleased to grant

him his pardon; adding, at the same time, that although his life was spared, he must join the procession with the rest of his family, and remain seated on the scaffold until they should all, one after the other, be beheaded. The morning was now far advanced, and all preparations completed. A large scaffold had been erected during the night on the Piazza opposite the Castle of St. Angelo; the block, the axe, and the executioner were in their appointed places, and the cars waited at the doors of the prisons to convey the captives to the appalling scene of death. The first victim led forth from the prison, was Giacomo. Prostrating himself before the crucifix, and kissing the wounds on the body of our Saviour, he mounted the car. After him came Bernardo, his hands bound, and his eyes bandaged. An immense crowd had assembled, the Governor of Rome, fearing some outbreak, had used every necessary precaution. The procession moved on; a number of torch-bearers of the company of the Misericordia led the way; the crucifix, borne by more torch-bearers, followed. Then came the car surrounded by members of the Compagnia dei Confortatori, and followed by the populace of Rome. The executioner proceeded to undress Giacomo, in order to inflict the torture and prolong the agonies of his death.

During the fearful and protracted transit to the scaffold it was the custom for the satellites of the Inquisition, at regular intervals, to tear from the body pieces of flesh with heated pincers, but in this instance the Pope having dispensed with the torture, and ordered that the condemned should be beaten to death and then quartered, the executioner desisted from his cruel duty. The psalm of the *Litanie de' Santi* now commenced, and the melancholy procession moved on.

Leaving Tordinona it turned into the Via dell' Orso; then crossing the Piazza Navona, it entered the Campo dei Fiori; thence to the Piazza of the Palazzo Cenci, when it was stopped by the following affecting incident:—Giacomo, who appeared resigned, on seeing again his palace, became violently agitated, uttering a heartrending cry, called out, "My children! my children!" The people, who had crowded here more than elsewhere, shouted, "Dogs, give him his children." The procession was proceeding, when the multitude assumed such a threatening aspect that two of the Confortatori thought themselves authorised to pause, the unhappy man imploring them, in accents of despair, to suffer him once more to behold his children. The crowd became pacified on seeing Giacomo descend from the cart and conducted to the vestibule of his palace, where they brought to him his children and his wife. The latter fainted on the last step.

The scene that followed was the most affecting and painful imagination can picture. His three children (the eldest of whom scarcely four years old) clung around his legs, uttering cries that rent the hearts of all present. The unhappy man embraced his children, telling them that in Bernardo they would find a father. then fixing his eyes on his unconscious wife, and heaving a deep sigh, he turned to his conductors and said, "Let us go!" Reascending the cart, the procession turned towards S. Bartolommeo de' Vaccinari, entered the beautiful Strada Giulia, and stopped before the prison of Corte Savella.

Beatrice and Lucrezia, conducted by the Confortatori, appeared before their gates of the prison, a few minutes after the procession halted. They knelt down and prayed for some time before the crucifix, and then

walked on foot behind the carriage. The arms of both were pinioned, but their hands left free, so that they were able to carry a crucifix, to which they constantly bent in prayer. Lucrezia, in the dress of a widow, wore a robe of black, a long black veil covered her head and shoulders; and Beatrice in a dark robed veil, a handkerchief of cloth of silver on her neck, and slippers of white velvet, ornamented with crimson sandals and rosettes, followed. Passing the church of S. Biugio, from a window where three youths stood, a vase of flowers unfortunately fell on the head of one of the Confratello, and killed him, a tremendous uproar succeeded. In a moment eight young men rushed forward, seized Beatrice, and making their way through the crowd with drawn swords, carried her to the opposite side. Alas, the courageous youths were frustrated in their humane attempt. The plot had been discovered or anticipated, fifty armed men on horseback appeared from the court-yard of the Corte Savella, and at once quelled the tumult. Lucrezia, overjoyed at the attempt to save Beatrice, burst into tears, while Beatrice displayed surprising courage and tranquillity. Passing before the church of S. Giovanni dei Fiorentini she knelt down for a moment and said with a firm voice: "Adoramus te, Christe!" awakening in the spectators more sympathy by her religious resignation. At last they reached the fatal Piazza, then a place for the sale of eatables, and filled on that day with quantities of small tables to enable the people better to behold the fearful spectacle. The crowd at this spot was so dense, and the number of carriages that blocked up the place so great, that the procession could not pass. Here a fresh commotion took place, cries were heard of "Liberata," "Viva il Papa." Hope

of Beatrice's liberation now beamed on every face; and the excitement was increased by windows being opened and wreaths of flowers showered around the spot where Beatrice stood. The excitement of the populace, the pressure, the shouts to liberate Beatrice, filled the Guards with terrible apprehension, with difficulty they could proceed. On entering the Piazza the sight of the fatal scaffold caused Beatrice for a moment to shudder: she had almost fainted when one of the Confortatori at her side whispered in her ear some words of pious encouragement. "God alone," he said, "knows your sufferings. He who has given you strength to endure them will not desert you in this last hour. He will accept your sacrifice and prepare for you a place among the martyred innocent. Death to you can be no pain since it must be the portal to paradise. Think on Jesus and his sacrifice—think on the crown of glory he has prepared for the just, and, oh, summon up all your faith and strength, and pray to Him to sustain you at this awful but triumphant moment" Thus exhorted, the noble girl, who shed not a tear, her countenance lighted up as the martyrs of old, and praying fervently to her Saviour, entered the chapel, where the condemned were assembled to receive the benediction of the Sacrament previous to their execution.

The first brought out to ascend the scaffold was Bernardo, who, according to the conditions of his reprieve, was to witness the death of his relatives. The poor boy, before he had reached the summit, fell down in a swoon, and was obliged to be supported to his seat of torture. Preceded by the standard and the brethren of the Misericordia, the executioner next entered the chapel to convey Lucrezia. Binding her hands behind her back, and removing the veil that covered her head

and shoulders, he led her to the foot of the scaffold. Here she stopped, prayed, devoutly kissed the crucifix, and taking off her shoes, mounted the ladder barefoot. From confusion and terror she with difficulty ascended, crying out, "Oh, my God! oh, holy brethren, pray for my soul! oh, God, pardon me!" The principal executioner, Alessandro, signed to her to place herself on the block; the unhappy woman, from her unwieldy figure, being unable to do so, some violence was made use of, and the executioner raising his axe, with one stroke severed the head from the body; catching it by the hair, he exposed it still quivering to the gaze of the populace; then wrapping it in Lucrezia's veil, laid it on a bier in the corner of the scaffold, the body falling into a coffin placed underneath. But the violence used towards the sufferer had so roused the indignation of the spectators of that appalling tragedy, that a universal uproar commenced.

The scene that followed was fearful. Cries and screams were heard around. In the movement of the multitude tables and benches were overturned, and numbers maimed and killed, and in the midst of the confusion, at a given signal, forty young men rushed forward to the chapel to rescue Beatrice. Again were they defeated, and after a short struggle, in which many were wounded, they gave up the fruitless attempt. To add to the confusion, Alessandro had scarcely descended from the scaffold to lead forth Beatrice, when the whole side of it fell with a fearful crash, burying in its ruins a number of the attendants, who were employed in wiping away the blood. Four were killed on the spot, and others severely wounded. Some time elapsed before all was prepared for the next victim. Meanwhile, Beatrice, kneeling in the chapel,

absorbed in prayer, heeded not the uproar that surrounded her. She rose, as the standard appeared in the chapel to precede her to the block, and with eagerness demanded, "Is my mother then really dead?" Answered in the affirmative, she threw herself at the foot of the cross, and prayed with fervour for the soul of the dead; then raising her voice, she said, "Lord, thou hast called me, and I obey the summons willingly, as I hope for mercy!" Approaching her brother, she bade him farewell, and with a smile of love, said, "Grieve not for me. We shall be happy in heaven, since I have pardoned thee." Giacomo fainted; his sister, turning round, said, "Let us proceed!" The executioner appeared with a cord, but seemed afraid to fasten it round her body. She saw this, and with a sad smile, said, "Bind this body; but hasten to release the soul, which pants for immortality!" Scarcely had the unhappy victim arrived at the foot of the scaffold, when the square, filled with that vast multitude before so uproarious, suddenly assumed the silence of a desert. Each one bent forward to hear her speak; with every eye riveted upon her, and lips apart, it seemed as if their very existence depended on the words she might utter. Beatrice ascended the stair with a slow but firm step. In a moment she placed herself on the block, which had caused so much fear to Lucrezia. She suffered not the executioner to remove the veil, but laid it herself upon the table. With a loud voice, invoking Jesus and Mary, she awaited the fatal blow. In this horrible situation she remained a few minutes, an universal cry of horror staying the arm of the executioner. But soon the head of his victim was

held up, separated from the trunk, which was violently agitated for a few seconds. The miserable Bernardo Cenci, forced to witness the fate of his sister, again swooned away; nor could he be restored to his senses for more than half an hour. The head of Beatrice was enveloped in a veil, and placed beside Lucrezia's; the body in descending fell on the ground with great force, the rope untying that had bound it; and again were the executioners saluted with execrations.

Meanwhile the scaffold was made ready for the dreadful punishment destined for Giacomo Cenci. Having performed some religious ceremonies, he appeared, dressed in a cloak and cap. The executioner removing these, he stood perfectly naked. Turning towards the people, he said, in a clear impressive voice, "Although in my examination, and in the agonies of torture, I accused my sister and brother of sharing in the crime for which I suffer, I have accused them falsely. This declaration I was refused the privilege of making to the Pope. Now that I am about to render an account of my actions to God, I assert their innocence. Farewell, my friends. Oh, pray to God for me!"

Saying these words, he knelt down; Alessandro bound his legs to the block and bandaged his eyes. To particularize the details of this execution would be too dreadful; suffice it to say, he was beaten, beheaded, and quartered, in the sight of that vast multitude, and by the side of a brother, who was sprinkled with his blood.

All was now over. The unfortunate Bernardo was carried senseless to prison, where he remained many weeks ill of a violent fever.

The whole populace of Rome, which had assembled to witness the termination of this awful tragedy, now dispersed. The number of lives sacrificed on that day was incalculable. Many fainted from the burning heat of the sun. Many were found lying dead in the streets, having been suffocated or trampled to death under the feet of horses; and numbers perished on the night following, from the effects of a *coup de soleil* which they received while standing in the place of execution.

Near the statue of St. Paul, according to custom, were placed three biers, each with four lighted torches. In these were laid the bodies of the victims. A crown of flowers had been placed around the head of Beatrice, who seemed as though in sleep, so calm, so peaceful was that placid face, while a smile such as she wore in life still hovered on her lips. Many a tear was shed over that bier by those who gazed on its young and lovely occupant. Many a flower was scattered around her, whose fate all mourned—whose innocence none questioned.

On that night the bodies were interred. Lucrezia was conveyed to the church of San Gregorio; the mutilated corpse of Giacomo to the church of S. Tommaso, where was the family vault; and the remains of Beatrice, clad in the dress she wore on the scaffold, were borne, covered with garlands of flowers, to the church of San Pietro in Montorio: the bier was followed by the whole society of orphans, by fifty torch-bearers, by all the Capuchin friars, and all the orders of Franciscans in Rome. When the funeral procession reached the church, prayers for the dead were chanted, and at the foot of the high altar, before the celebrated picture of the

Transfiguration by Raffaelle,* were interred the remains of the beautiful, the noble-minded, the ill-fated Beatrice Cenci.

Whosoever having read this affecting narrative gazes on Guido's portrait, will be convinced the general opinion entertained of Beatrice's innocence and purity was true. To confirm that opinion and correct the erroneous accounts heretofore published of her life, have been my motives for translating the *Storia del Secola* XVI.

Moreover, the history of the Cenci family is a history of the manners, morals, and criminal justice of Rome in the sixteenth century, and must have, viewed in that light, a permanent interest. The touching story of the unfortunate Beatrice has aroused the sympathies alike of natives and foreigners, while it has stimulated the imagination of the poet. Beatrice's wish has been gratified: her portrait by the great artist establishes her innocence, and will continue to affect the heart and dwell on the memory of every beholder.

* This picture, the most celebrated that exists, is at present in the gallery of the Vatican.

CHAPTER XI.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Walk to St. Peter's—its difficulties.—Borghese Palace.—Picture of St. Anthony—his Sermon to the Fish.—Addison.—Eustace.—A word on the Saint.—House of Raffaelle—his death—character.—The Pons Ælius.—Hadrian's Monument.—Mausoleum of Augustus.—A reflection.—Piazza of St. Peter's.—The Cathedral as designed by Michael Angelo—and as it is.—Ascent of the Dome.—Views of Rome.—The Vatican.—Manufactory of Mosaics.—Monte Mario.—Ecclesiastical Prison.—Singular Story of the Archbishop of Memphis.

"Drive me across the Tiber"—

"C'est un des plaisirs de Rome."

AGREEABLY occupied with the districts lying around and upon the Pincian, Quirinal, Viminal, and Esquiline hills, we have lingered on their wholesome summits and have made the circuit of a considerable portion of the venerable walls of Rome. It is high time to cross the Tiber, Saint Peter's invites us this sunny morning to ascend its glorious dome, and throws open its stately doors to receive us. The ascent must be made before eleven o'clock, so let us hasten to commence our aerial excursion. Standing on the steps of the Piazza di Spagna, we are exactly opposite the Via Condotti, leading in almost a straight line to the renowned Basilica. The walk seems easy, but it is very much the reverse;

we must penetrate the narrow, damp, filthy streets, unprovided with flagging, which run down to the Tiber. Mrs. Trollope has amusingly described the perils of her journey to Saint Peter's, which, with the courage of a heroine, she made on foot, a task very few ladies at certain seasons would have performed. The streets have been built to guard against the heat, so in winter they increase the cold and preserve the damp, while ugly deposits are seldom cleaned away. But we are on our road to the greatest temple ever consecrated to the purposes of religion—so well shod and watchful of the carriages, let us persevere and not be outdone by Mrs. Trollope. While we are in this quarter, we should note the principal objects of curiosity in our way.

We have arrived at the Borghese Palace, a prodigious structure with a spacious court-yard, and statues, and fountains; the celebrated picture-gallery is on the ground floor: the stranger has but to ring the bell and walk in. Amongst the famous paintings in this collection, there is one which afforded me much entertainment, *Saint Anthony preaching to the fish*, by Paolo Veronese. The Saint is represented dressed as a Capuchin Monk, standing on a rock projecting into the sea: he is in the act of preaching, suiting the action to the word, and stretching his arm towards the wide sea before him; his audience are the fish: dolphins and whales, and every variety of the finny tribe, have raised their heads above the water, moved by the eloquence of the saintly successor to Orpheus. I thought I detected a sly cod cocking his ear to listen to the preacher. Nothing can equal the absurdity of this picture from the hand of a celebrated master. A natural curiosity

excited me to discover how the Saint spoke to the fish, and to find out what might have been his text. I found the Sermon in Addison's travels, and it is not a bad one. Addison very fairly remarks—

"As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I will set down the whole at length."

From the translation I take this passage:

"Although the infinite power and providence of God (my dearly beloved fish) discovers itself in all the works of his creation, as in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars,—in this lower world in man, and in other perfect creatures; nevertheless the goodness of the divine majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings. For notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tost among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold: notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the divine greatness shows itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness. The holy scriptures have always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament."

Mr. Eustace, author of the *Classical Tour in Italy*, a Roman Catholic clergyman of ability, who had been a professor in the College of Maynooth, is highly displeased with Mr. Addison for noticing this absurdity of Italian superstition. The remarks of Mr. Eustace are what might be expected from an educated Roman Catholic visiting Italy, who exclaims, and fairly so, against the injustice of fastening a belief in this grotesque fiction, on the enlightened followers of his Church. I unquestionably do not intend even to hint that a belief is entertained by

any person of education in such superstitious follies: but I fear numbers of the lower classes in Italy uneducated and credulous, believe implicitly this story of St. Anthony—they most undoubtedly regard him as the peculiar patron of fish, and beast, and I presume, fowl. There is, for example, an annual ceremony in Rome of blessing the animals in honour of St. Anthony. It lasts for several days. I witnessed the performance on Sunday the 17th of January at three o'clock, a curious spectacle. A fat old monk, of the convent of St. Anthony (behind the church of Maria Maggiore) stood at the door with a kind of watering-brush in his hand, which he dipped in holy water, and then waved or shook it at each animal or team of animals (some of which were gaily decked with ribbons,) as they passed, muttering a blessing*; the crowd was immense, fashionable carriages contended with the wagon of the peasant. The grandees of Rome up to the Pope, send their equipages to share in this blessing, and the gratuities given support the convent and its intelligent inmates throughout the year. Some paid for the service rendered cash down, others got credit.

* The form of blessing is as follows:—"May these animals, O Lord, receive thy benediction, through which they may be preserved bodily, and be liberated from all evil, through the intercession of the blessed St. Anthony."

"St. Anthony was the founder of the society of Eremites, and was famous throughout the church for his miraculous powers, he is represented by painters with the letter T, which amongst the Egyptians signifies the cross; with a bell, from the ancient usage of seeking alms, or of summoning the Eremites to prayer; with a pig at his feet to imply his dominion over evil spirits, who were believed to appear in that form; with fire in his hand, in reference to the disease St. Anthony's fire, from which he is said to have delivered many."

ROMAN PERIODICAL.

I pushed close to the monk, and observing the peasants of the Campagna ride up, and on receipt of the blessing, pay two pauls, getting from an assistant monk a paper which they thrust into their pockets, (and then joyfully galloped away,) I handed my pauls to the reverend brother, whereupon he gave me a paper containing the picture of St. Anthony, and a little brazen cross. I have carefully preserved the treasure, and value it as a proof of the inestimable value to a people of monastic institutions. Mr. Matthews, in the *Diary of an Invalid*, has made a charitable commentary on this exhibition.

"The best defence of such a ceremony will be found in the benefit likely to result to the objects of it, from its teaching that comprehensive charity, which includes even the inferior creatures in the great circle of Christian benevolence."

I am not satisfied with this vindication; all ceremonies not bottomed in truth are objectionable, and no reasoning man can believe a benediction bought with money, carries with it the blessing or approval of heaven. Such delusions affect the character of the people who submit to their influence, and it is highly reprehensible in the authorities to tolerate or encourage them. Moreover, tenderness to the brute creation is not cherished by this false teaching: the Italian postilions are most heartless in their treatment of their horses, and the population generally partake of the same spirit. When an accident occurs, instead of using suitable exertion, they call out for St. Anthony to extricate them from their difficulty. Time and money are wasted in superstitious ceremonies, which surely might be better employed by the poor peasants of the Campagna. I remember making an excursion with an Italian

lady into the suburbs of Rome; the carriage reeled in a bad road, and she invoked St. Anthony to save her. The mischievous notion attached to this ceremony is well exhibited in the speech of the brigand in the Improvisátore.

"Is it not a good horse which we have? Then it has also had this year St. Antonio's blessing: my fellows decked him out with bunches of silken ribands, opened the Bible before him, and sprinkled him with holy water; and no devil, or evil eye, can have any influence on him this year."

The brigand, in his career of crime, rejoices in the effects of the saint's blessing upon his steed. Corinne, describing the race of the horses in the carnival, fails not to remember St. Anthony.

"Ils arrivent au palais de Venise, où est le but; et il faut entendre les acclamations des palefreniers dont les chevaux sont vainqueurs! Celui qui avait gagné le premier prix se jeta à genoux devant son cheval, et le remercia, et le recommanda à Saint Antoine, patron des animaux, avec un enthousiasme aussi sérieux en lui que comique pour les spectateurs."

The time and the place are worthy the devotion.

The prayer of the Italian postilion over his dying horse, preserved by Madame de Stael, is characteristic of the people:—

"Un postillon Italien, qui voyait mourir son cheval, priait pour lui et s'écriait; O Sant' Antonio, abbiate pietà dell' anima sua!"

Surely the indignation of Mr. Eustace would be much better employed in reprobating the system which tolerates such ludicrous impostures, than in scolding Mr. Addison for laughing at them. I have moralized too long. Let me hasten to the house of Raffaelle. This is in the Via Cononari, near the Ælian bridge. There is an indescribable pleasure in

visiting the abode of departed genius. Some time since, on the front of this house, a portrait of the great artist existed; but I could see little trace of it now. When he rose to fame, Raffaelle hired a palace contiguous to the Piazza of St. Peter's, called Palazza Spinita, where he died.

I have a deep reverence for Raffaelle. It is impossible to gaze on the transcendant works of his pencil, without paying homage to his genius; and most gratifying it is to find his character as a man was worthy his fame as an artist. He died near the spot on which we are now standing, at the early age of thirty-seven. Raffaelle's unrivalled productions in the Vatican have raised to his memory a monument more durable than brass.

His countrymen cherish the recollection of his greatness; nor can we read the account given by the biographer of his death and character without emotion:—

"His body reposed for some days in the chamber where he was accustomed to paint, and over it was placed this noble picture of the Transfiguration, previous to his mortal remains being transferred to the Pantheon for interment. There was not an artist that was not moved to tears at this affecting sight. Raffaello had always possessed the power of engaging the affections of all with whom he was acquainted. Respectful to his master, he obtained from the Pope an assurance, that his work in one of the ceilings of the Vatican should remain unmolested; just towards his rivals, he expressed his gratitude to God that he had been born in the days of Buonarotti; gracious towards his pupils, he loved them, and intrusted them as his own sons; courteous even to strangers, he cheerfully lent his aid to all who asked his advice; and in order to make designs for others, or to direct them in their studies, he often neglected his own work, being alike incapable of refusing or delaying his inestimable aid.

"All these reflections forced themselves on the minds of the spectators, whose eyes were at one moment directed to the view of the youthful remains, and of those divine hands that had, in the imitation of her work, almost excelled Nature herself; and at another moment, to the contemplation of this his last production, which appeared to exhibit the dawn of a new and wonderful style; and the painful reflection presented itself, that with the life of Raffaello, the brightest prospects of art were thus suddenly obscured. The Pope himself was deeply affected at his death, and requested Bembo to compose the epitaph which is now read on his tomb; and his loss was considered as a national calamity throughout all Italy."

Before crossing the Tiber, let me observe the convenient slide constructed on one side of the bridge, to enable the Roman people judiciously to let fall into the river all the sweepings of the city. Two objects are thus clearly gained at once—the channel of the Tiber, already subject to inundations, is choked more effectually, and the stuff which would make valuable manure for the sterile Campagna is wasted and lost. These deposits also help to maintain for the river the propriety of the appellation, "Yellow Tiber."

I may now advance to the Ponte St. Angelo, anciently Pons Ælius, which, leading to St. Peter's, is, as may be supposed, the handsomest in Rome. As becomes this seat of piety, it is adorned with big stone statues of Peter and Paul, and along the parapet are ten angels; so that if befitting thoughts do not arise in our hearts, as we cross this bridge, it is manifestly not the fault of the good Popes, who laboured to instil them. The name of Saint Angelo has been given to both bridge and castle, from the fact that a famous Pope, named Gregory, had, in crossing the bridge, a vision of the Archangel

himself, on the battlements of the castle, sheathing his terrible sword; whereupon, in commemoration of his heavenly vision, his Holiness baptized the castle, St. Angelo, placed a big angel in bronze on the summit to guard it, and a little regiment of angels on the parapets of the bridge, under the command of the presiding spirit of the castle.

The Emperor Hadrian was determined he should not be forgotten in death, and so raised in his lifetime a monument to himself, which has certainly preserved his name. The incomparable Lucian might have levelled his sarcasms against the weighty folly of this mausoleum, but on visiting this tomb, and the pyramid of Caius Cestus, and the monument to Cecilia Metella, I preferred to the wit of Lucian, the moral reflections of Imlac before the pyramids of Egypt:—

"I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king whose power is unlimited, is compelled to solace by the erection of a pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures. Whoever thou art, that not content, with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with perpetual gratifications, survey the pyramids and confess thy folly."

But all the architectural designs of the Emperor Hadrian appear to have been stupendous; his passion for the fine arts was unbounded, as he visited every province in the Roman empire; he had seen the pyramids of Egypt, and wished perhaps to surpass them by his mausoleum in Rome*.

* In Region 14, of Canina, is the description of Hadrian's Mausoleum.

Sir John Hobhouse, in reference to

"The mole which Hadrian raised on high."

observes,

"It should be borne in mind by the spectator, that excepting the circular mass, he sees nothing which dates earlier than the beginning of the fifteenth century."

The possession of this castle, which commanded the city, and was nearly impregnable till the modern improvements in artillery, enabled the Popes to establish their tyranny.

The Capitol, the Milvian Bridge, and the "Moles Adriani," were the three points the possession of which was aimed at by the people when they struggled with the Pontiff for their freedom; losing the possession of these places, they lost all. With the exception of the Governor's apartment in the castle, which is paved with mosaic and adorned with frescoes, there is little in the upper part of the interior to attract attention. All this part of the building is new. Ascending to the platform on the summit there is a good view of the city, Vatican, St. Peter's, and the windings of the Tiber. The covered way of escape from the Vatican to the Castle can be distinguished in its whole line. Suffering under the heat of the sun, (on the 29th of December,) we descended to the sepulchral chamber where once stood the sarcophagus of Hadrian. This lofty chamber had been lined with marble, and crowded with suitable ornaments. The sarcophagus has been long since removed to the church of St. Maria Maggiore, and the subterranean vault is now dismantled. By torch-light we traversed the ancient passages leading to the gate formerly existing opposite the bridge. This had been the path-way for Imperial funerals.

It is the most ancient part of the building, being 30 feet in height and 11 in breadth. The walls are built of brick, hard as adamant, retaining traces of their marble facings, and fragments of the white mosaic pavement are still seen. The entrance is now closed up, but it was lofty and massive, and arched; the interior adorned with statues, which stood in niches that yet remain. What must have been the pomp and splendour of an Imperial funeral procession, winding up this subterranean avenue to deposit in a magnificent sepulchre the little remains of mortality! This tomb of Emperors became in the vicissitude of things, a fortress, and is now a prison, and it contained, as I was informed on the day of my visit, in the reign of Pope Gregory no less a number of prisoners than four hundred.

Passing through the Borgo St. Angelo, we must pause before the Palace called Spinola, being that in which Raffaelle died, and now known by his name; it is a fine building, and must ever possess a melancholy interest, especially in approaching the scene of his immortal labours.

Had the project of the French been carried out, and the narrow streets before St. Peter's widened or cleared down to the Bridge, the approach would have suited the grandeur of the fabric; and the Colonnade, fountains, Egyptian obelisk, and St. Peter's itself would have opened at once to view on turning from the bridge of St. Angelo. Unfortunately this grand design was not accomplished. We are now standing in the Piazza of St. Peter's, no less astonished than delighted. It is an immense area, in which I have seen collected nearly the whole population of Rome, witnessing the Pope's bene-

diction; and yet neither then, nor on the evening of the Easter illumination, was there any crowd. This piazza, seven hundred and twenty-nine feet in length by six hundred and six in breadth, its greatest diameter seven hundred and seventy feet, requires some suitable ornaments to relieve the eye of the spectator, and accordingly there are two beautiful fountains, one on the right hand, the other on the left, which shoot up water to a considerable height, forming rainbows by the bright rays of the sun.

But awful reflections arise, while we stand on this spot, for it is the site of Nero's Circus*, where a terrible persecution made havoc of the early Christians. The monster to shift from himself the charge of having set fire to Rome, wickedly tried by false accusers, to fasten it on the followers of Him who preached Mercy and Peace to all men. Tacitus admits the falsehood of the accusation; disbelieving revealed truth, he condemns the horrid cruelties inflicted on innocent men. "They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross, numbers were burnt alive, and many covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night." This circus witnessed the dreadful exhibition described by the historian, yet here the Cross has triumphed over the ruined Empire of the Cæsars, and a temple to the God of the Christians has arisen surpassing even in its magnificence and grandeur the boasted architecture of Pagan Rome. We can conceive the exultation of

* See Canina, description of this circus, in 14th Region.

Pope Sixtus, as he beheld the elevation of the cross, on the obelisk of Caligula, attesting the peaceful victory of Christianity over its relentless persecutors. We much, however, regret and wonder that Christians should have ever adopted to each other the persecuting spirit under which their martyred forefathers suffered.

In the centre is the famous obelisk, elevated by Pope Sixtus, of which we have spoken; and in front of the marble steps are two majestic statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, who very appropriately keep watch over the sacred edifice. These are the only objects appearing on the piazza. From the front of the church on either side a grand semicircular colonnade, composed of four rows of columns, sweeps round, and seems to inclose almost the entire of the vast area. I believe there are nearly two hundred colossal statues of saints surmounting the colonnade, which is roofed. Carriages may drive (two abreast) through it to the streets hidden at either side, one grand object of this splendid colonnade being to screen them from view. The Basilica may be reached without walking to the centre of the piazza, and ascending the broad marble steps in front, which are four hundred feet in length, for you can drive up the colonnade at the right, descend from the carriage under its roof, and ascend the portico paved with marble to the Scala Regia, said to be copied from that in the Spada Palace, and leading to the Vatican library, and Sistine Chapel. But as we are on our way to the church, having traversed the splendid portico, turning to the left we enter a covered porch or vestibule, which extends along the whole front of the building, is vaulted with gilt stuccoes,

and paved with various marbles. This vestibule would in itself make a very large church; it lengthens on the eye by a grand succession of doors, niches, statues, and fountains, till the perspective terminates with the equestrian statue of Charlemagne.

The bronze gates of the centre are opened on great festivals only. There are altogether five doors into St. Peter's, corresponding with similar passages to the broad steps in front of the Piazza.

Everything we see is stately and imposing, except the façade of the church—*it* is tasteless, and conceals the dome. Instead of reading professional criticisms on the architecture of the façade, the traveller may decide the matter by the evidence of his senses; for if the library of the Vatican be open, he can examine over one of the doors in a gallery issuing from it the representation of St. Peter's as Michael Angelo designed it. He sees at a glance the distinction. According to the plan of the great arthitect the dome would have been as visible to the eye at once as the dome of St. Paul's now is, when we stand in front of that noble cathedral, but according to the existing plan the cupola is more than half hidden by the façade: the question is thus at once decided, and very simply.

We have one other matter to consider in reference to the form of St. Peter's, namely, the propriety of the Latin Cross. The same great architect had designed the interior to be in the form of the Greek cross, so as to exhibit at one view all the perfection of his glorious work, which is preferable.

Again the traveller can decide the disputed point without the help of books. He has seen the church of San Maria degli Angeli, constructed by the same

Buonarotti in the form of the Greek cross, and he may and ought to visit more than once the very graceful and elegant church called St. Agnese, in the Piazza Navona, which affords it is confessed the best example of the Greek cross in Rome.

Having then the form of these churches present to his mind, and comparing it with the shape of St. Peter's, that of the Latin cross, he can decide for himself, and quickly, which is preferable in architecture, and I anticipate his judgment will be in favour of the Greek.

I may here suggest, the proper way to study the church architecture of Rome is not by running about from church to church with a guide-book in hand, and (as I once heard a young Englishman say) "*doing* twenty-five churches a day." This is confounding beauty with deformity, and misspending time. Let our traveller study and clearly understand the form and purposes of an ancient basilica, and he has gained some useful knowledge, and on a question such as the propriety or peculiar fitness of the Greek or Latin cross in a church like St. Peter's, let him select and classify and examine a few buildings of admitted architectural beauty in each figure, then compare them, and he will be able to form a satisfactory judgment, and remember and be capable of explaining *why*.

Criticism is now ended. Having crossed the threshold of the stupendous pile, let us pause for some minutes, contemplating reverentially the interior of St. Peter's. People talk and critics write of temporary disappointment on the first view of this glorious fabric. I never had any other feeling

than that of mingled surprise, delight, and wonder*.

"Cet édifice, le plus grande que les hommes aient jamais élevé; car les Pyramides d'Egypte elles-mêmes lui sont inférieures en hauteur."

It is not exaggeration to exclaim—

"C'est le seul travail de l'art, sur notre terre actuelle, qui ait le genre de grandeur qui caractérise les œuvres immediates de la creation."

Slowly walking along the immense nave, our ideas gradually assume more distinctness, and we are more able to comprehend the whole by an examination of each separate part; yet do I heartily subscribe to the just and elegant criticism of Corinne:—

"Je n'examine jamais Saint-Pierre en détail parceque je n'aime pas à y trouver ces beautés multipliées qui dérangent un peu l'impression de l'ensemble. Mais qu'est ce donc qu'un monument où les chefs-d'œuvre de l'esprit humain eux-mêmes paraissent des ornements superflus! Ce temple est comme un monde à part. On y trouve un asile contre le froide et la chaleur. Il a ses saisons à lui, son printemps perpétuel, que l'atmosphère au dehors n'altère jamais."

What must be the sublime grandeur of an edifice in which the masterpieces of Guido, Domenichino, Raffaelle, Thorwaldsen, and Canova are superfluous.

Standing under the majestic dome we behold the

* There are men in the world who wish to acquire fame from the singularity of their opinions, and I think amongst that number must be classed Mr. Lang, author of the Notes on Foreign Travel. This is perfectly unaccountable, except from the desire of pronouncing a criticism strange and original. I collect from this gentleman's book, which contains many sensible and useful remarks, that he is a Scotchman, and therefore naturally so enraptured with the superior beauties of the Scotch Kirk, that he is incapable of relishing the humbler attractions of Saint Peter's.

realization of Michael Angelo's boast that he would fling the Pantheon into the air.

The high altar, called the Baldacchino, is placed under the dome, and the splendid twisted columns which support it are formed out of the bronze wickedly stripped from the Pantheon by Urban VIII. These pillars are 50 feet in length. The whole height of altar, pillars, and canopy reaches 130 feet. A double marble staircase leads down to the Confessional or tomb of St. Peter, illuminated by more than a hundred never-dying lamps. There is placed the statue of Pius VI., in a kneeling position, before the tomb of the saint which we look down upon. It is one of the finest of Canova's works.

The form of the whole building is that of the old Basilica. The priest performing the service, and the place of communicating are in the centre of the church, neither secluded from the people, in conformity with the architecture used by the early Christians, when priests and people, I am firmly persuaded, communicated exactly in the same way at the same table, and in contradiction to the mode adopted by the Church of Rome at the present day.

Before we quit this unrivalled building, I must admit there are statues in the interior which disgrace it; for example, that ascribed to St. Peter, in bronze, seated in a chair, at the right in the grand nave, under a canopy, with two big keys in his hand, wherewith he locks and unlocks the gates of heaven. No man looking at this bronze head could for a moment suppose it to have been designed for the

Christian saint; in fact it is a statue of the pagan god Jupiter.

"Voici la statue de Jupiter dont on a fait un Saint Pierre en lui mettant une auréole sur la tête."

This is not denied. I remember my astonishment on first entering St. Peter's, to see the people of all classes kissing the big toe of this singular figure of a fabled god. A superstitious peasant reverentially kissed and pressed his brow against the big toe: a fine lady came next, and, drawing forth a white handkerchief, wiped affectedly the brazen foot, to remove the effects of her predecessor's piety, and then satisfied her conscience, by herself kissing the same part of Jupiter's statue.

A friend of mine had an honest Irish servant who was so offended at this exhibition that, although a devout Catholic, he never would say his prayers in St. Peter's. It is a curious fact, but I know it to be true, that religious ceremonies in Rome, which made a great impression on persons of a high rank, produced the very opposite in those of the humblest. Their plain sense revolted against what never should form any part of the worship, or even veneration, of a reasonable Christian.

Another statue I would single out as offensive is that of St. Veronica. In a very prominent position, beside the Baldacchino, I copied this inscription upon it:—

"Salvatoris imaginem. Veronicæ, Sudatio, exceptam
ut loci majestras decenter custo diret.
Urbanus 8th, Pont. Max. Conditorium extruxit et ornavit
Anno Jululei 1725."

Over this statue, in a small gallery, one of four

which are placed at opposite sides round the Baldacchino, the sacred relics are exhibited by a canon of St. Peter's, on certain great festivals, and amongst the rest I saw held up by a priest to the people, who certainly took little notice of it, the holy handkerchief. I cannot conceive the utility of persevering in the practice of exhibiting relics, in the truth of which few enlightened Roman Catholics abroad believe. It has a dangerous effect on religion, and the abolition of the practice may be hoped for by the authority of the Church, set in motion through the opinion of an enlightened laity.

There are other statues round this church which might judiciously be removed. Indeed Mr. Eustace, himself a Roman Catholic clergyman, has written with his accustomed candour on this subject, and has justly censured what deserved censure in the false ornaments of St. Peter's.

The two great modern sculptors have deposited in St. Peter's lasting memorials of their genius. Canova's splendid monument to Clement XIII. is curious in its style. There are two lions carved in marble, one sleeping, the other awake. These, one at either side, guard the tomb; the former is considered one of the finest specimens of modern sculpture. The pope is represented above in the attitude of prayer. On one side is a grand female figure of Religion, armed with a ponderous cross, and her head encircled with golden rays; on the other, and in a reclining posture, is the beautifully modelled figure, the genius of death, with his torch reversed. No doubt the general impression produced by this work is good, but the style is ambitious, and it may be questioned whether Canova's lions, however gene-

rally admired, are suited to the gravity of St. Peter's. Thorwaldsen, at the opposite side of the church, has erected a monument to Pius VII. It consists of a full-sized figure of the pope, seated between two statues representing Wisdom and Power; and in my judgment the design and execution are in purer and severer taste than the fanciful monument of Canova. The critic may compare their relative merits, and decide according to his own taste, rather than the rules of art.

Once only I descended into the subterranean church of St. Peter's. It is peculiarly dry; the passages are extensive and winding, and by the help of torches you may read the inscriptions recording the virtues and sufferings of undoubted saints and martyrs.

More agreeable to my taste is the ascent of the dome. I admire its design, altitude, and structure. The ascent is the next thing to going up in a balloon. There is a broad paved road leading up to the top of the church; the walls are honoured by the names of the illustrious visitors, such as kings and emperors, who have made the ascent: from thence the dome may be reached by a succession of ingeniously contrived staircases. The first resting-place is the roof of the nave; there we walk about, look at the workshops, and arrangements for keeping the immense edifice in repair. The number of workmen actually employed is by no means so great as supposed, not more than forty. Then we ascend to the first gallery, where we have the grandest prospect which can be seen in the interior of an earthly building.

The ascent of the second gallery is more steep; here the view of the church is dim; pigmy men are

creeping on the pavement. The fourth stage is into the ball: one person can only draw himself up the ladder at a time. This is not the place for a satisfactory view. The dome we see in the church is not the same seen outside, which, in fact, is the case to the dome we see within, and it is between the two the stairs are placed by which we get up into the ball. The great enjoyment of the ascent is in the glorious prospect from the exterior gallery of the cupola; it is not possible to describe what this view embraces; it must be seen to be understood. Minute yet vast, the ancient and modern city—the winding Tiber—the waters of the Mediterranean, sparkling in the sun—the lofty Apennines—and close under our vision the countless domes and churches of Christian Rome, strongly contrasting with the classic ruins of pagan antiquity. A few orange-trees may here and there be seen, and more plainly the melancholy cypress and pine.

Whether we view St. Peter's from the centre of the piazza, or the dome, or from the opposite heights of the Pincian hill, the Vatican appears a manifest deformity, like a collection of ugly barracks heaped against the side of the church, whose beauty it disfigures. The resident in Rome may prudently visit St. Peter's four times a week, in order thoroughly to estimate its vastness and examine its unrivalled contents. The descent from the dome is easy.

Close to St. Peter's is the interesting manufactory of mosaics in the Vatican, carried on in a series of chambers, immense in length, in which, owing, it is apprehended, to financial embarrassments, but few artists are now engaged; however, we saw one picture copying, and thus had the opportunity of beholding

the wonderful process whereby the greatest effort of Raffaelle's pencil has been copied in its most delicate shades in mosaic. We obtained some specimens of the chemical composition of which the mosaic is made, and of which there are in the manufactory twenty thousand tints.

And now it will be refreshing to drive out through the city gate (Porta Angelica), behind St. Peter's, and breathe the air on Monte Mario. The ascent is very steep, but invigorating; and from the summit is gained one of the celebrated views of Rome*.

We may stop at the Villa Madama, situated on the southern side of the hill; a villa said to have been built from the designs of Raffaelle by a Medicis. There are here frescoes by the pupils of the great painter; but I prefer to gazing on questionable sketches, lounging through the grounds which overlook the city and a great part of the Campagna, and yield a prospect of endless variety. The Pincian hill opposite has a very attractive appearance, and the view of the dome of St. Peter's from this place is less obstructed by the Vatican than from any other point. The admired views of Rome are from the tower of the Capitol, cupola of St. Peter's, the Basilica of Constantine, the Villa Mattei, on the Cælian, Monte Mario, the Column of Trajan, the Colosseum, the Villa Ludovisi, the Palatine, the Aventine, the Janiculan Mount.

The view from the Janiculan and St. Peter's will be found most gratifying, but there is something novel and interesting in the prospect from each of the elevations mentioned.

* Monte Mario is asserted by Sir W. Hamilton to be of volcanic origin, as indeed is the soil of the Campagna. In the puzzolane excavated from the catacombs, the bodies of whales and other foreign bodies have been found, which have been deposited there by the sea.

We return from our delightful walk by the prison of the Inquisition, close to the Vatican. Within these gloomy walls has been confined for many years a very extraordinary person, the Archbishop of Memphis. Passing on foot in this quarter of Rome, we were conversing with a student for the priesthood, who said mysteriously, "There has been a bishop in prison there," pointing to the Inquisition, "for many years." Curiosity impelled me afterwards to inquire into the history of the ecclesiastic so long confined, when the following singular narrative was given me by a clergyman, who appeared to be well informed on the subject:—In the reign of Leo XII., some twenty-five years ago, that Pope received a letter from the Pacha of Egypt, informing his Holiness, that he and a large portion of his subjects desired to embrace Christianity, and to be received into the bosom of the Church of Rome; and announcing that he and they were willing to conform, provided the Pope sent out an archbishop, with a suitable train of ecclesiastics, and requesting his Holiness would do him the favour of appointing a certain young student, whom he named, the first Archbishop of Memphis, and despatch him to Egypt. No doubt whatever was entertained of the truth of this communication, but an objection presented itself in the youth of the ecclesiastical student whom the Pacha wished to have consecrated archbishop. The Pope consulted the cardinals, who advised him not to make so dangerous a precedent as that of raising a novice to so high a rank in the Church, but his Holiness, tempted by the desire of extending the empire of the Church, and converting a kingdom to Christianity, resolved to conform to the wishes of the Pacha,

and did consecrate the youth Archbishop of Memphis.

The new Archbishop was sent out attended by a train of priests to Egypt. When the ship arrived, a communication was made to the authorities in Egypt, who repudiated the Archbishop and declared the affair was an imposition. His Grace then confessed the fraud, was instantly arrested, and reconducted to Rome. He had been the author of the letter which imposed on the Pope—his original intention having been that of confessing to the Pope as a priest after his consecration, the imposition he had practised; and as the Pope could not betray a secret imparted to him in the confessional, the offender might have obtained absolution in time, and so escaped punishment. Whether this would have been practicable I know not; but as it was not accomplished, and as the youth had the rank of archbishop indelibly imprinted on him, nothing remained but to confine his Grace for the remainder of his life; and accordingly he was at once consigned to this prison near the Vatican, where he has now spent twenty-five summers; and occasionally the Archbishop of Memphis may be seen putting his head out of the window to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and gaze upon the Vatican from a prison whence he never can escape.

CHAPTER XII.

MORNING WALKS.

The Pantheon—Exterior and Interior described.—Was it Agrippa's Bath?—His Conversation with Augustus and Mæcenas.—Dedication of a Heathen Temple.—Comparison of the Rotunda with the Gothic Cathedral and ancient Basilica.—Italian Market.—Bill of Fare.—Crows—Hedgehogs—and other luxuries.—Expenses of living in Rome.—Piazza di Sopra Minerva and its fearful reminiscences.—Piazza Madama.—Piazza Navona—Picturesque Scene.—Statue of Pasquin.—A pleasant Cobbler.—Church of St. Andrea della Valle.—An Italian Sermon.—Padre Ventura, the popular Orator, sketched.—Madame de Stael's account of Preaching in Rome in her day.—A Doctrine of the infallible Church doubted.—Padre Ventura misquotes his text.—Reception of the Scriptures in Italy.—A Reflection.

"Glorious dome!
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rods
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home
Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome!"

We must penetrate this sunny morning into the heart of the modern city. The Campus Martius, which Strabo has so vividly described, stripped of its glorious monuments, is crowded with the tasteless habitations of degenerate Rome. Descending from the Via Gregoriana, by the Corso, towards the Tiber, and threading our way through narrow crowded streets, we emerge into the little Piazza della Rotonda, at the bottom of which stands the Pantheon. Familiar with the name, history, and form, of this

venerable fabric from our youth, we approach it with feelings which no other memorial of antiquity in Rome can awaken. The certainty that it is a genuine monument of the proudest period of the empire, when the science of architecture had reached perfection, exhibiting in this single edifice the combination of the purest taste with solid grandeur, increases our admiration. The Pantheon is one of those few creations of genius which has stood the test of criticism in all ages; and although scholars, poets, and artists have lavished upon it unbounded panegyrics, still it has not been overpraised, and the sight of the venerable pile awakens a higher enthusiasm than their loftiest encomiums can inspire.

Nineteen centuries have rolled away since this famous building, from its unrivalled beauty and symmetry of proportion, was the admiration of ancient Rome, and the almost marvellous preservation of what still remains justifies the general opinion of its excellence. Although the situation, removed from the walls, was calculated to save the Rotundo from hostile assault, yet, like Hadrian's Mole, it has been desecrated into a fortress before it was consecrated a church. The effect produced by the portico is wonderful when we consider its small size. Still, according to my conception, the Pantheon realizes more the idea of finished beauty than of sublimity. Something vaster in a building would be requisite to produce an idea of the sublime.

The portico and the dome are exclusively the objects of our external admiration.

As to the first, there are in front eight Corinthian pillars of Oriental granite; at each side are four similar columns, sixteen altogether. The portico is

but 110 feet long and 40 broad. The portal, pediment, and composition of the entablature, combined with the position and arrangement of the columns give to the whole building an aspect of unrivalled beauty.

When we raise our eyes to the dome we see it is disfigured by two belfries, paragons of deformity, yet from the portico to the dome does the eye wander with increasing delight. I presume this to be the triumph of architecture in the world; Michael Angelo's rapturous praises would alone suffice to prove it to be so.

How singular if this success has been gained by a piece of patchwork! and yet the result of all we read upon the subject, and what is more important, what we see, upon a careful examination, oblige us to arrive at this conclusion: the Pantheon formed part of a more extended edifice, perhaps a saloon in the Bath of Agrippa.

"The Pantheon a bath! (exclaims Forsythe) could that glorious combination of beauty and magnificence have been raised for so sordid an office!"

Not the portico, certainly, but the unsightly mass behind might, and in all probability was. This rotund heap of brickwork bulges out beyond the portico at each side, is loftier, and exhibits marks of cornices, none of which appear to correspond with the beautiful portico or its entablature.

Sir John Hobhouse (usually ingenious) gives us no assistance on this subject in his illustrations; other writers are equally unsatisfactory. Referring to Canina, it will be seen, the front of this edifice is towards the north; this fact is of the last consequence in considering the original composition of

the Pantheon, although it does not seem to have been taken into account by most critics. Now, as the portico fronts the north, the sun never shines full on it, so that in fact it is always in shadow; but that was never permitted by the ancients in their original combinations, because, the striking beauty of a portico consisting in the alternations and contrast of light and shade it affords, 'is thus sacrificed. But assuming the huge brick rotund mass to have existed previously, the unrivalled portico may have been from necessity as to the position, or some cause which would never have induced its erection facing the north in an original structure. The size of the interior of the Pantheon, the diameter of which is 150 feet, is no sound argument against the notion that it may have belonged to a bath, for we have seen these structures were of prodigious size, and filled to profusion with costly ornaments. The baths of Agrippa were erected behind the Pantheon, as appears from what Canina has stated in his description of the ninth region.

We also know from Tacitus*, that the same Agrippa had made what is called a lake, near the Pantheon, on which that feast described by the historian was given to Nero, exhibiting his infamous pleasures. It is not, therefore, unreasonable to conclude the polygonal mass of brickwork was first constructed in reference to the baths referred to: the rectangular portico we gaze on with delight, was subsequently added, and the new composition converted into a temple. Let us try to move the brazen gates, of extraordinary work and bigness; if we had leisure to examine, we should find in them a genuine

* 15th Book, Ch. 37.

relic of imperial times. But a richer treat is before us, we are beneath the roof, yet the bright sky of Italy shines down on us through the round aperture at the top, and illuminates the interior with a pleasant yet peculiar light. We see the whole building at a glance, are captivated with what we behold, and can scarce tell why. Its monuments in bas-relief, silver and bronze, are gone. Fifty million pounds weight of metal have been torn from it by the Christian spoilers, which had been spared by the Goth. Cathedrals and palaces have been decked out with the plunder; yet, in naked beauty the interior ravishes the spectator with delight. There are four grand recesses, each supported by two ancient magnificent columns of *giallo antico* in the Corinthian style. I have no doubt a great deal of the effect produced on our mind is from the application and arrangement of these columns. They are in front of the recesses spoken of, richly carved, and are crowned with an entablature of singular elegance which runs round the interior under the attic on which the cupola rests. The pavement on which we stand, is of the time of Septimius Severus; it is composed of porphyry and yellow marble and of pavonazzetto laid down in large slabs, alternately round and square. The pavement, pillars, doors, portico, and splendid dome, are still uninjured. Beneath the pavement is a shore to convey the water, which either from the open above or the Tiber below may cover the interior. During the winter of 1847, I witnessed an extraordinary spectacle; such an inundation of the Tiber as flooded the old Campus Martius; and I saw boats plying before the divine portal of the Pantheon. The

design of the ancients was grand, to place in such a temple the statues of heroes; this has been feebly copied by the moderns; however, Raffaelle's bones fitly rest in this glorious pile, which a kindred genius raised to perfection. To Agrippa we are indebted for this immortal monument; he adorned imperial Rome, but wished her to be free. We have recorded a conversation between Augustus and Agrippa, in which Mæcenas is made to take part; the subtle tyrant affects to consult his minister and friend as to the course of his political conduct. Agrippa advises him to lay down the imperial power and restore to Rome its ancient constitution. The courtly Mæcenas insists that Rome was incapable of enjoying real liberty, and exhorts the Emperor to retain power to preserve the state from anarchy. Mæcenas may have been the wiser politician, Agrippa the honester man. What part Augustus, perfect in dissimulation, adopted, need not be mentioned.

I have often, standing in the Pantheon, now wisely consecrated to Christian worship, endeavoured to realize the impressive scene presented by the dedication of such a temple in heathen times. The vestal virgins in raiment of white, the young soldiers bearing garlands, senators in solemn array, augurs, and the sacrificing priest, the hymns and joyful acclamations. Their polytheism was gross. Still, the idea of a supreme superintending Providence they had, which was studiously cultivated and introduced into every public act. Possibly under a pure dispensation, we do not sufficiently (as a state) acknowledge the blessing we have received, and appeal in our public acts and necessities to its Divine Author.

It will be found interesting and profitable to visit St. Peter's after the Pantheon, and then the only Gothic church in Rome, Santa Maria sopra Minerva, so as to decide which style is to be preferred in sacred architecture. The rotundo exposes to view with an equal light, and at a glance, all the beauties and perfections of the edifice. The Gothic cathedral, with its pointed windows, lengthened vistas, and dim shadows, impresses the mind with solemnity and awe. The Basilica of St. Peter's gives us the dome of the Pantheon with grand prospects, whether we look upwards, or down the magnificent nave, or around. Here is the utmost variety, but it appears to have been the opinion of Burke that the rotund in a building had the nobler effect, because you can nowhere fix a boundary; turn which way you will, the same object seems to continue, and the imagination has no rest. The ancients ascended to the Pantheon, we descend; the ground has been raised many feet.

Issuing from the Pantheon I find myself in an Italian market, lying amidst habitations which block up the Rotundo on every side but the front. It has been wisely said, if in any country the ground be well cultivated, and the markets well supplied, we may conclude the people to be happy and well governed. Let us pause, therefore, and examine the bill of fare in an Italian market, and behold! a native has stopped beside me to purchase. The butcher cuts a slice of coarse meat, which he says is beef; the purchaser pays two pauls, pulls out his pocket handkerchief, wraps up and pockets the cut of buffalo, and walks away. This flesh is hard and coarse. What have I next? As I live, a carrion crow, laid out for sale, feathers and all!—a savoury

morsel when embellished with macaroni. What next? Wild fowl, I suppose. No,—strings of small birds, bought up greedily. What may they be? Thrushes. Our friend Horace of old supped on a lean thrush, — shame upon his humanity! And curious enough in this respect there is no difference between the food of Horace and of his witless successors. But what more? Sparrows, larks, and—oh! sacrilege! — robin redbreasts! When they eat a crow, what can escape? A bird I never heard sing in the Campagna, and seldom in Italy. There are no game laws in the Papal States, so every man who pleases is a sportsman, and there are miscreants who call themselves hunters, who wear thick shoes and leather gaiters, and hunt small birds and sparrows all over the Campagna. They string this game, and sell it by the string, which the epicurean Italians relish exceedingly. Latterly I never asked what bird was on the table. Better not to inquire, but eat and be thankful.

What have we next? A wild boar;—something satisfactory. This animal is worth killing, and eating too,—especially when cooked in the Roman fashion. The sport of shooting the wild boar is not much indulged in by the Roman nobles, and is left to more adventurous spirits.

I am now requested to buy a living tortoise. This is declined. Nor am I tempted with a dainty dish of hedgehogs, which I peremptorily refuse. I see an abundant supply of kid,—a favourite food with the ancient Romans, and so to this day with their posterity. On Sunday morning a number of these animals are killed and eaten fresh,—a description of food I never could relish. What a miserable sub-

stitute for English mutton! Oxen are not generally consumed in Italy, the flesh being disrelished by the people, and the animal useful for farm work. In republican Rome the white steers were reserved for the sacrifice. Eatable beef in the Papal city, or tolerable mutton, must be got from Perugia; the nobles and monks, proprietors of the Campagna, will not improve the land, nor fatten what sheep they have*.

We must not, however, grumble so near Agrippa's glorious temple. The veal is good, only there is so much of it; domestic fowl capital; and frequently through the winter wild ducks supplant sparrows as game: and moreover we can enjoy the exquisite luxury of feasting on porcupines and frogs, which are exposed for sale, and considered delicacies by the people. The arrangements of the market are untidy, and the street generally filthy. Whether the ancient Romans could have conquered the world had they dined on sparrows, I cannot guess, but this is very certain, the modern Romans

* The average price of beef, which has not paid duty, is 5 bajocchi per pound (avoirdupois).

The average price of mutton	ditto	5½	ditto.
Ditto of veal	ditto	8	ditto.
Ditto of lamb	ditto	4	ditto.

Kid is cheap.

Vegetables are very cheap. A bottle of wine drank by the common people may be bought for two-pence. Oil is generally consumed, and is not so moderate in price. The bread eaten by the Italians is dark in colour and disagreeable in taste—the average price is from 18 to 25 bajocchi the ten pounds; it varies with the prices of wheat. The cost of keeping two horses, including rent for stable, is about 320 scudi per annum. A foreigner will find Florence to be the most economical residence, Naples the dearest; Rome a medium, and I think the most agreeable.

could never conquer men fed on the beef and mutton of Old England.

We have spoken of a Gothic church. We are near it, in a part of the Papal city never to be forgotten. Let us turn to the Piazza di Sopra Minerva, larger and cleaner than that of the Pantheon, and, like it, adorned with a small Egyptian obelisk; but the obelisk, by a strange vagary of Bernini, is ludicrously placed on the back of a marble elephant. Who ever before saw an elephant carrying an Egyptian obelisk upon his back? But crossing this piazza I cannot smile. In this spot arose to that heaven whence came Christianity with healing on its wings, the flames of many an *auto da fé;* here were the decrees of the Inquisition executed.

What monk is that I see crossing the piazza, arrayed in robes of white, emblematic of purity and innocence? A Dominican from the neighbouring convent. I shudder involuntarily as he approaches; the Dominicans were the myrmidons of the Inquisition. Ranke*, who informs us this spot was the scene of the *autos da fé* of the Inquisition, also mentions that the Roman people, when infuriated by the cruelty of the Dominicans, rose up, and flung them and their archives into the Tiber. In a former part of this book it appears these ministers of the

* "In Venice they were sent from the Lagunes out to sea in two boats, between which a plank was laid and the condemned placed upon it at the same moment; the rowers pulled different ways—the plank fell into the water—once more did the miserable sufferers call upon the name of Christ, and then sank to rise no more. In Rome *autos da fé* were solemnly held in front of the church of Santa Maria ulla Minerva." [This was in 1542—1550, when the index of prohibited books first sprung up.]—RANKE, vol. i., p. 218.

Gospel persevered in their cruelties in Tuscany, till crushed by Leopold, the true Catholic.

What a happy change have we lived to see; in the same city Protestants are allowed to worship freely; their minister respected, their church almost established, the government and the people equally courteous in their behaviour; and from what I have observed, I am confident the humblest of the populace would interfere to protect the English in their religious worship;—interdict it, the government, even if disposed, dare not. Toleration it may be hoped will now stride onward over the world.

The prisons of the Inquisition are, I believe empty or reserved for suspected priests only. Napoleon's Prefect records, when the French marched into Rome, they found the prisons of the Inquisition vacant, nor were there any sypmtoms of cruelties having been lately practised there.

Since the restoration of the papacy, it has not been the practice to punish the crime of heresy with death. The last decided case of which I can get any account was that of a Jew, who having been converted, relapsed to his original creed. He was tried in Ravenna, and sentenced to death by the inquisitors of that place. This was in the reign of that good old man Pius VII., whose minister was the enlightened Cardinal Consalvi. The Pope disappointed the fanatics, annulled the decree, (he was manifestly a Christian,) and I believe specifically abolished the punishment of death in matters of heresy throughout his dominions. This was a step in advance of Tuscany, since the death of Leopold. It was that same Pius who after the battle of Wa-

terloo, first allowed the English, whom he liked, to have a place of worship in Rome.

We have stood somewhat too long in the Piazza della Minerva, but it awakens painful recollections. Let us enter the Gothic church. It contains a precious deposit, a statue of Christ, the finished work of Michael Angelo, and the execution is worthy the great sculptor. We must not omit in passing through this district, to remind our fair readers that here, in the heart of the city, they will find, in the Piazza Madama, the Roman scarfs so much admired for the brilliancy and variety of their colours and soft texture. A more becoming dress never adorned the female figure.

The people who can make this article could finish others as beautiful, were their energies directed to useful or productive industry. It is to be regretted that the manufacture of silk, which might be a source of wealth, should be so lamentably neglected.

Another Piazza is near, that called Navona, anciently the Circus Agonalis, of which it preserves the shape—a parallelogram—as described by Canina. It is the largest in Rome. Here we have three fountains; that in the middle of the Piazza sustains an obelisk, and is of vast size; to the rock in the centre are chained four grotesque river gods, in stone, representing as many mighty rivers.

The scene exhibited on market days is entertaining, because characteristic of the people. The whole piazza is covered with peasants from the Campagna; buyers and venders from all quarters of the city flock here to traffic in vegetables, fruit, fowl, &c., insomuch that it is difficult to gain a passage

into the beautiful church before described, which faces the allegorical fountain. This market is largely supplied from the extensive gardens on the Palatine, from that in which the temple of Minerva Medica stands, and from other districts within the walls, now covered with vegetables, once shining with the Golden House, or the splendid fabrics of imperial grandeur.

I have chatted with the gardeners now occupying these famous sites, and walked over their grounds, which yield five or six crops of vegetables within the year. The tenant of that occupied by Minerva's Temple informed me the number and quality of his crops depended on the supply of water from the adjoining aqueducts; his rent was 110 dollars per annum, by the rubbio, which contains about four acres of our measure, so that the rent was equal to 6*l.* for our acre.

There can be little doubt the destruction of the aqueducts tended materially to desolate the Campagna, before refreshed by an abundant supply of wholesome water.

If the visitor pleases, he may prolong his walk in a right line from the Piazza Navona to the spacious church called the Chiesa Nuova. Paintings and statues will reward his energy; but as I shall have a word hereafter to say of S. Filippo Neri, its founder, and as that famous orator, Padre Ventura, preaches this day at noon, in the church of St. Andrea della Valle, I shall retrace my steps, looking at Pasquin's ugly statue on my route. It takes its name from a cobbler, called Pasquin, famous for his sneers and gibes, and who diverted himself by cracking jokes upon all who passed through that street. After the

death of the cobbler, as some persons were digging up the pavement before his door, they found in the earth the statue of an ancient gladiator, well cut, but maimed and half spoiled; and having set up this in the place where it was found, they by common consent named it Pasquin. Since that time all satires are attributed to the figure in question, and are either put into its mouth or pasted upon it, as if they were written by Pasquin himself. Pointed and witty sayings are to this day fixed upon Pasquin's statue.

I have now joined the admiring throng seated in eager expectation to catch the tones of eloquence and lessons of truth from the great pulpit orator of Rome.

This church of St. Andrea della Valle is selected, why I know not, for the delivery of sermons on important occasions and festivals, and for a regular series of discourses during the Epiphany and Lent.

The edifice is spacious and beautiful; the cupola would surprise the spectator who had not seen St. Peter's. When the church is empty we may spend some hours studying its paintings by Lanfranco. The frescoes of the Evangelists by Domenichino, critics pronounce never to have been excelled by that gifted artist. To-day we must secure our chairs and seat ourselves in a favorable position to hear the renowned Padre Ventura. The sermon in Rome seems to be considered a separate and distinct thing from religious ceremony, the church prayers being omitted. This is not a bad arrangement; we might in our churches have, with a good effect, prayers without any sermon, and again a sermon on particular occasions at an appointed hour without the liturgy.

This, I believe, may be done according to our system, although seldom practised. There are no pews in the Roman Catholic church, the large aisle is filled with rush chairs which each person places according to his convenience; although this method keeps the nave free from permanent obstruction, and admits the public freely, yet for comfort and quietness I prefer our own pews, provided sufficient accommodation be secured for the poor. In the Roman Catholic churches there is no difference whatever between the rich and poor, all are seated alike. Padre Ventura appears, with an attendant priest, who seats himself on the steps after the preacher has ascended the pulpit. I have observed this practice in Rome, but do not understand the reason of it. Padre Ventura announces his text from the prophet Malachi. A Church of England clergyman next me, who was familiar with the language, whispered, "This is very odd; I am convinced that text is not in Malachi." I observed the preacher; his manner was prepossessing, his enunciation singularly distinct, voice powerful and harmonious, action bold and natural, movements easy and suitable. The Italian pulpit allows the preacher to move more freely than ours, and the sermon is almost invariably extempore; a written discourse is resorted to on state occasions, in presence of the Pope and Cardinals, and it may be in the Latin tongue. Padre Ventura disdains such poor aids, he has a flow of copious language and delivers his ideas with nerve and eloquence; in fact this preacher is a political agitator spoiled. A popular orator he is, and of a high order; his age seems to be fifty, size a little above the middle stature, inclining to the muscular. Right eloquently did he

harangue for three-quarters of an hour, being the most easily understood by a foreigner, of all Italian speakers or preachers I ever heard. It must not be supposed the vigorous divine spoke without cessation; on the contrary, he wisely divided his discourse into compartments, and after an impetuous torrent of twenty minutes, received by the audience in silent attention, down he sat, and this was the signal for an universal burst of coughing, nose-blowing, and spitting, a practice most convenient—for in England, in the influenza months, a constant barking is maintained during the sermon, against which the preacher can hardly bear up, whereas in Italy by a violent effort of nature, all the disagreeable customs of the people are repressed while the preacher speaks, and explode when he stops. Padre Ventura arises with renewed vigour, and declaims with unhesitating fluency a quarter of an hour, closing this part of his discourse with an incentive to alms-giving; when he sits down there is another fit of coughing, during which boys hand round bags suspended to long poles, collecting bajocchi; every person gives a little. In the same interval an indulgence was proclaimed, on certain conditions to be performed the ensuing Sabbath. Il Padre Ventura arises for the third time like a giant refreshed with sleep, and sweeps onward in his course in a whirlwind of declamation; the subject lastly touched on, inflames his eloquence—the Church—the ancient Church—the only Church—the infallible Church—the true Church—the charitable Church—the apostolic Church—the falseness of all other Churches—the dismal fate of heretics and unbelievers—the joyful triumph of the faithful, and those who like the audience, believe in

her. Suppressed sighs were just audible; the preacher had done, the people were dismissed with a benediction, they to an immortality of bliss through the Church, all heretics to eternal flames; the congregation seemed highly pleased with this positive announcement of the judgment to be awarded in a future state by Almighty God*. Il Padre Ventura did all this admirably well, but if there be any thing in Italy more revolting to a Christian man than another, it is when he hears a coarse monk, with flippant bigotry, sentence all mankind, not within the pale of his church, to eternal damnation. This is a cardinal point to dwell on, and I have little doubt these fanatics have persuaded the credulous multitude to believe there is no possibility of any human being outside the Church of Rome being saved hereafter. The topic of exclusive salvation is never omitted. Sin is boldly condemned, the atonement preached frequently and fully, but the monks seem fearful of the people falling into the charitable

* Corinne has given the following graphic description of an Italian preacher of her day:—"Sa chaire est une assez longue tribune, qu'il parcourt d'un bout à l'autre avec autant d'agitation que de régularité. Un crucifix est suspendu à l'extrémité de la chaire; le prédicateur le détache, le baisse, le presse sur son cœur, et puis le remet à sa place avec un très-grand sang-froid quand la période pathétique est achevée. Il y a aussi un moyen de faire effet dont les prédicateurs ordinaires se servent assez souvent, c'est le bonnet carré qu'ils portent sur la tête; ils l'ôtent et le remettent avec une rapideté inconcevable. L'un d'eux s'emprenait à Voltaire, et surtout à Rousseau, de l'irreligion du siècle. Il jetait son bonnet au milieu de la chaire, le chargeait de représenter Jean-Jacques; et en cette qualité il le haranguait, et lui disait: Eh bien! philosophe Genevois, qu'avez vous a objecter à mes arguments? Il se taisait alors quelques moments, comme pour attendre la réponse; et le bonnet ne repondant rien, il le remettait sur sa tête, et terminait l'entretien par ces mots: A présent que vous êtes convaincu, n'en parlons plus."

error that there are, or could be, in the world any Christians not followers of the Church of Rome. In fact, the term Christian is only applied by the people commonly to a Roman Catholic. Against this intolerant doctrine I ever internally protested; the praise of their own Church, is, if sincere, to be commended; it is the unscrupulous condemnation of all other systems of Christian belief, which is so revolting. I am reminded of another occasion, on which, in this church during the Epiphany, I heard a sermon in the English language, of which I have preserved a note. The preacher asserted that all the authority Christ had while on earth, was now lodged in the Church of Rome—that Christ foresaw the truth might be destroyed if not lodged safely in the Church, and therefore he established the one Church, which was now exactly as it came from the Saviour eighteen hundred years ago. He added, good men are to be found out of the Church, but a Saint, never, —except in the holy Catholic Church. He then censured all who prevented unbelievers from coming to the Church—with passionate earnestness declaring there was no salvation out of it—no man, no not one, could be saved unless within the pale of the Romish Church.

The following Sabbath, our Chaplain* in Rome expounded, in a truly Christian spirit, the doctrine of the Epiphany, "Christ came to save the whole Gentile world, and was manifested to all alike." The preacher condemned all religious persecutions in all ages, declared they and all tenets of exclusive salvation were opposed to the Gospel, when fundamental truth was held. The tolerant spirit of this

* My esteemed friend, Rev. Mr. Hutchinson.

discourse formed a pleasing contrast to the bigotry of the opposite doctrine. I chanced to have with me in Rome the Commentary on the Scriptures written by the Rev. Charles Girdlestone. I opened and read a text, and this charitable exposition of it.

"Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." Acts x. 35.

The commentary on the text is—

"Distinctions which at first we think important afterwards seem as nothing in comparison with things in which the most different of mankind agree. To be of divers nations, to profess divers creeds, these things are lost sight of, when we consider as we ought, how God has made of one blood all nations on the earth, has redeemed through one Saviour the whole race of mankind, and through Christ will assuredly save in the end *all* in any nation, and *of any creed*, who *fear him*, and work righteousness."

Jeremy Taylor, in the Liberty of Prophesying, maintains the same charitable doctrine. Nor is there to be found in the range of English literature a more touching, and at the same time convincing argument in favour of toleration of honest error, than that contained in the beautiful apologue of Abraham and the idolatrous traveller, with which the great Protestant divine concludes his eloquent treatise.

To revert to Padre Ventura's text from the Prophet Malachi. My clerical friend called on me next day; "Well," said he, "there is no such text in Malachi as Ventura quoted." On naming the matter to an Italian priest of my acquaintance, he said it was evidently a mistake. No doubt it was; but,

had the Italian preacher quoted from the Koran, instead of the Bible, not one member of the congregation, in all likelihood, had a copy of the Scriptures, so as to correct the error or contradict the preacher. There is not a copy of the New Testament to be purchased in the Italian language in Rome, or, indeed, in any part of Italy. Over and over I have sought for, but never could find it for sale. The copies of the Scriptures in Italian to be met with rarely in private houses have been printed in England.

A young lady of my party, the first winter of my sojourn in Rome, asked an Italian matron, (owner of our house,) to lend her a copy of the Italian Testament. The lively old lady answered with much animation, "I cannot lend that book. Two years since a sweet Englishwoman resided in this house; the dear good lady presented me with the Scriptures, and I was grateful for her kindness. When my husband saw it he said that was the prohibited book, and desired me to conceal it. I locked it up accordingly, have not opened it for two years, and could scarcely tell in what language it is printed." Now this was a very respectable person, and, judging from the colour of their stockings, had high ecclesiastics amongst her friends; and the above is her account of the reception the Scriptures meet with in Italy.

The practical lesson to be derived to ourselves from such facts is valuable. There is a large party of men in Oxford who assert the system of Rome, as enforced in Rome, is certainly right, as the freedom of reading the Scriptures which prevails in England is radically wrong. When the proposition

of the Oxford apostates is once understood, namely, that the Scriptures should be made a sealed book; the indignant sense of the British people will decide the question of the Reformation as their forefathers did, rejecting alike the sophisms of casuistry and the intolerance of priestcraft. To hear it boldly asserted we may buy and read the Koran, but not the history of the life and teaching of Christ, as recorded in the New Testament, strikes the most unthinking as a proposition repugnant to reason, and enough appears even in this chapter to demonstrate the necessity of asserting the right of private judgment, and resolutely vindicating the independence of the human mind.

CHAPTER XIII.

MORNING WALKS IN ROME.

Fountain of Trevi.—Corinne and her Lover.—Column of Trajan.—Forum of Trajan—a cemetery for Cats!—Church of S. Apostoli.—Canova's earliest works—comparison with Raffaelle.—Forum of Nerva.—Magnificent Remains of the Temple of Mars in the Forum of Augustus.—Porta Latina.—The Roman Columbaria described. Baths of Caracalla and their ancient splendours. — The Villa Mills.—Palace of the Cæsars.—House of Augustus.—The Palatine. Via di Gregorio—and Gregorian Convent.—Frescoes of Domenichino and Guido.—Arch of Constantine, its style and decorations. Beauty and solidity of Triumphal Arches in Rome.—The Colosseum, exterior and interior described.—The Arch of Titus—his triumph over the Jews.—Line of the Via Sacra. Horace—his satires, the vicissitudes of his life.—A day with the Poet in Ancient Rome.—Basilica of Constantine.—Villa Farnese on the Palatine—a walk over its grounds and descent to the Baths of Livia.—Church of Cosimus and Damius. The Bronze Gates and Plan of the City.—Pope Gregory and the Image hold a conversation.—Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina.—Head of the Roman Forum—its antiquities described.—Cicero on the Rostra.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Church of San Martino and the silver head.—The Mamertine Prisons—historic recollections.—Ruins at the base of the Capitol. The Clivus Capitolinus. — Glories of a Roman triumph. — The House of Cicero—and site of Vesta's Shrine.—Church of San Teodoro.—Church of St. George in Velabrum.—Cloaca Maxima.—Church of St. Maria in Cosmedin.—Bocca di Verita.—Temple (so-called) of Vesta.—The Cobbler and the Monk.—Temple of Fortune. The Ponte Rotto.—Rienzi's House—reflections on his character.—Theatre of Marcellus.—Portico of Octavia.—Modern front of the Capitol.—Equestrian Statue of Marcus Aurelius.—Tarpeian Rock. Church of the Ara Cæli and the Bambino. — A Story and a Ceremony.—Gibbon in the ruins of the Capitol.—Reflections.

"The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero!"

To enable us the better to accomplish our walk through the most interesting part of ancient Rome, we will drive to the Porta Latina, and thence begin our morning's ramble. Let us on our way stop before the fountain of Trevi, were it only in homage to the charming authoress of Corinne.

Of the innumerable fountains in Rome, that of Trevi, so vehemently criticised, pleases me most. The dashing of a body of water over huge masses of artificial rock, the colossal figure of the god of the sea, drawn by horses and tritons, may be a jumble, but it is very far superior to anything yet attempted in the metropolis of England. We have here a cascade in the midst of a great city—the water falls into a vast basin, and is not less agreeable to behold than refreshing and wholesome to drink.

Corinne, in a romantic mood, visits by moonlight the fountain of Trevi.

"Elle se reposa quelques instants devant cette source abondante qui tombe en cascade au milieu de Rome, et semble comme la vie de ce tranquille séjour. Lorsque pendant quelques jours cette cascade s'arrête, on dirait que Rome est frappé de stupeur. C'est le bruit des voitures que l'on a besoin d'entendre dans les autres villes; à Rome, c'est le murmure de cette fontaine immense, qui semble comme l'accompagnement nécessaire à l'existence rêveuse qu'on y mène: l'image de Corinne se peignit dans cette onde, si pure qu'il porte depuis plusieurs siècles le nom de l'eau virginale. Oswald, qui s'était arrêté dans le même lieu peu de moments après, aperçut le charmant visage de son amie qui se répétait dans l'eau. . . Il se pencha vers la fontaine, et ses propres traits vinrent alors se réfléchir à côté de ceux de Corinne."

The adventure is not less pleasing because the

fact could not have occurred; for in the troubled waters as they rush from the rocks, the image of Corinne could scarce have been beheld by her lover. But some license must be extended to the poetic imagination of so charming a writer*.

Passing by the Forum and Column of Trajan, we may refer to Canina's description, and strive to realize the ancient glories of the Ulpian Basilica by what we behold. The stately column of the Emperor stands erect and beautiful as when its historic carvings were finished by the sculptor Apollodorus. One hundred and twenty-five steps of Parian marble lead to its summit. When we remember the spiral bas reliefs on this column, which contain two thousand five hundred human figures, in addition to animals and buildings, our admiration for the genius of its architect may well be unbounded—it is higher for the sovereign whose virtues and glories it records.

The column is about 128 feet in height, and constructed of the finest marble. The excavations before it have been described. We drive along a street like a parapet above the Forum. The soil of the city has in many parts been raised fifteen feet or more. Addison supposes the entire modern city stands fourteen feet higher than the ancient, taking one place with another. Broken pillars, columns, marbles, are lying about the excavated ground.

In looking down into the Forum I have been surprised to see a number of cats prowling about this

* It detracts somewhat from our admiration of this to recollect that many of the blocks of travertine which compose it, were cut away by Urban VIII. from the massive Roman monument of Cecilia Metella, which adorns the Appian Way, and is an undoubted relic of the Republic.

inclosure. I learned an abominable practice prevails here. When an Italian wishes to get rid of his cat, and to escape the annoyance of killing it, he cruelly drops the wretched animal into Trajan's Forum, where it cannot escape, and is starved to death. Some English ladies, I heard, humanely brought food, and flung it regularly to the famished cats, prisoners in the imperial basilica. In every way we discover the contemptible insufficiency of Pope Gregory's police.

We glance once more at the column,—

"Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,"

and drive towards the Piazza S. Apostoli, where stands a church, which contains the earliest works of Canova. There is a large portico in front, and under it is a monument to Giovanni Volpato, who is said to have been an attached friend of the great artist. It represents Friendship weeping before a bust of the deceased. In the interior of the church, which otherwise is not remarkable, is another work of Canova, being a monument to the memory of Clement XIV. (Ganganelli, the same who suppressed the Jesuits). It consists of a sitting statue of the Pope, and two figures, representing Temperance and Clemency. This was executed when Canova was twenty-five years of age. There is a third monument erected by Canova to the memory of a Venetian senator, Falieri. Now I cannot say these works struck me as exhibiting proofs of commanding talent; that of the Pope's is the finest. It is, however, very interesting to see the first efforts of a man of genius. In Perugia we behold a Madonna, the earliest production of Raffaelle's pencil; and here are the first efforts of Canova. How different both

artists in their maturer fame, when industry had perfected their natural gifts! Undoubtedly Raffaelle exhibited in youth a brighter promise, and will retain a more lasting renown. It would be heresy to doubt his greatness—not so with Canova. This church is said to contain also the heart of Maria Clementina, wife of the Pretender.

Having seen enough of modern sculpture for this day, we shall proceed to the Forum of Nerva, not far from Trajan's Column, and at the corner of the Via Alessandrina. This forum is described in Region 4 by Canina, under the name of the Forum of Transitorium, and what we actually see is a part of the Temple of Pallas which had stood in the middle of the Forum. We can well conceive the beauty of the temple from the fragment which remains. There are two Corinthian pillars half buried in the soil, sustaining an unusually rich entablature on a frieze. These stand out in the street before an ancient wall, broken into, to form a miserable shop. The capital of a pilaster is still visible above the wall. The frieze is curiously sculptured, and represents the Arts favoured by Minerva, and above is a figure of the goddess herself. This fragment is a favourite subject for models, and deserves the praise it has universally received. To the disgrace of the government, so valuable a gem of ancient architecture is utterly neglected. The pillars, which might be thirty-six feet in height, are half concealed in the earth, and what we do see is surrounded at the base with filth from which nothing preserves it. The stranger, unacquainted with the localities of ancient Rome, is startled on suddenly beholding at the corner of an obscure street a specimen of ancient architec-

ture, such as no city of Europe can boast. Paul V., as our antiquary informs us, barbarously demolished the portico of this beautiful temple, and transported the spoils to the Janiculum fountain. We may be thankful the fragment has escaped destruction. A short distance from this classical ruin stand the more celebrated, because larger, remains of the Temple of the Avenging Mars, belonging to the Forum of Augustus. In the guide-books there is not a little confusion as to the true design of this edifice; some authors describing it as the Temple of Nerva standing in the Forum of the same Emperor. Canina in Regions* has, we may believe correctly, according to the best authorities, named it the Temple of Mars, and placed here the Forum of Augustus. What we now behold consists of three large Corinthian columns beside an ancient archway, and flanked by a lofty wall formed of great blocks of stone joined without cement. This may have been the boundary wall of the Forum, and the Arco de Pantani an entrance. The ancient wall and partly the Corinthian pillars are occupied by the convent of Nunziatina, the only tower of which surmounts the wall and rests on the columns. Fortunately these three pillars have been excavated fully, and we look down upon their base; they are fifty-four feet in height, perfect, in the Corinthian style, fluted, presenting a grand appearance. The pilaster remaining is of Parian, and the columns of Carrara marble. The drawings completing what we see, represent this temple as of extraordinary magnificence.

Writers on architecture say, *the ordinance* of the Temple of Mars, though the most masculine, is,

* The 4th and 8th Regions adjoined.]

from its admirable proportions and the bold character of its foliage, one of the most excellent of the Roman Corinthian examples. The entablature may not be of the time of Augustus, but it is eminently beautiful. The huge wall I have described extends nearly 600 feet. The examination of such a ruin as this gives us a better idea of the architectural magnificence of old Rome, and of the finished taste of the Augustan age, than the perusal of laboured essays. The architects of public edifices in modern cities seem to study deformity, as if incapable of appreciating the chaste or splendid monuments of antiquity, preserved, one might suppose, for their instruction.

We now reach the Porta Latina, and there dismiss our carriage.

The object of our visit is to examine what has been represented, and truly, as a very remarkable columbaria, although not described in the guide-books. Passing through a garden close to the walls of ancient Rome, we stopped before (what appeared) a low roofed flat building, the walls of which were studded with old Roman epitaphs, imbedded in the plaster; a door was opened, and we found ourselves on the first step of a flagged stone stair. It was the striking accidentally on this flagging which led to the discovery of the old Columbaria. What a wonderful spectacle was this! The ancient steps were quite perfect—about eighteen, I think, in number—leading down to a dry flagged floor. The chamber was square, or nearly so, and all around were rows of niches, each to contain the ollæ or urns in which the ashes of the dead were deposited. Sometimes the ashes of a whole family were inclosed in one urn.

Inscriptions were placed over the niches, and many of them were not only legible, but fresh. In the centre of the chamber stood a large square column, supporting the roof; the sides of it containing also niches and urns. Several persons of distinction were buried here. I read the inscription of one Valerius, surnamed Creticus, it is said, from the conquest of Crete. It was a habit of the Romans so to name distinguished citizens. On a ledge in front of some of these niches were little vessels with a a small aperture in the cover, into which libations were poured of wine, oil, milk, &c., by the friends of the deceased. The roof over this columbaria is new; the whole had been filled with light earth, but not damaged. It was capable of containing the ashes of 1,100 persons, and is believed to have been constructed to receive the remains of the officers and freed men of the Cæsars attached to their prodigious palace on the Palatine, not very far distant. The word columbaria is used from the rows of little niches, resembling the holes of a pigeon house. There are several of them in the neighbourhood of Rome, but none more perfect or extensive than this. I had seen nothing so remarkable even in Pompeii. We have here a complete exhibition of the ancient mode of burial of the Romans revealed after a lapse of nigh two thousand years. We saw in the same vineyard another columbaria, said to have belonged to the family of Pompey, in process of excavation, and carried off a little trophy in the shape of a small earthern urn. Beholding the contents of these urns we may exclaim, in the language of Ezekiel, "Can these dry bones live!"

For the interesting spectacle we have here wit-

nessed we are indebted to the labours of that indefatigable antiquarian and accomplished gentleman, the Cavaliere Campana, under whose skilful superintendence the excavations were originally made and will be continued, and by whose advice this Columbaria has been restored so as to exhibit to our view what the exact appearance of such a receptacle for the dead was in Ancient Rome.

Let us quit this grave of heroes to visit the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, next in size and almost equal in primitive grandeur to the Colosseum.

We are on the level ground between the Aventine and Cœlian*, having walked by a narrow road to the gate in the walls of this vast ruin. We wander from one grand apartment to another, to all of which the guide has given names. Here was the swimming bath—there the warm or cold bath—in this direction libraries and lecture-rooms—in that halls for gymnastic exercises. We see mosaic floors, buttresses, masses of brick; and in an enclosed space remains of columns, marbles, Corinthian pillars. Nor must I forget the old men sent here good-humouredly by the Government to play the part of labourers, and scrape the mosaics. When we have walked over this enormous pile, we can understand the use of the stupendous aqueducts to supply such baths with water.

"These 'Therme' of Caracalla, which were one mile in circumference and open at stated hours, for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above sixteen hundred seats of marble. The walls of the lofty apartments were covered with curious mosaics that imitated the art of the pencil in elegance of design and the variety of their colours.

* See Region 12, Baths of Antoninus.

The Egyptian granite was beautifully encrusted with the precious green marble of Numidia; the perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury, which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or Forum, to hear news, and to hold disputes; who dissipated, in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children; and spent the hours of the night in obscure taverns, and brothels, in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality*."

Our wonder turns into abhorrence when we remember these imperial baths, erected with so much magnificence, were raised by a horrible tyrant, who had unlimited command of marble, and slave labour, and used both to enable him to degrade, if possible, still further a corrupted people.

Many precious fragments of sculpture were found in these baths. Among these the Farnese Hercules, the Colossal Flora, and the Toro Farnese, now in the Museum at Naples; the Torso Belvidere, the Atreus and Thyestes, the Two Gladiators, the Venus Callipyge, the basaltic baths of the Vatican, the granite basins in the Piazza Farnese, and numberless other treasures of bas reliefs, cameos, bronzes, medals, &c.

Leaving Caracalla's Thermæ we find ourselves in a quarter of an hour at the extremity of the Circus Maximus†, the site of which was at the base of one side the Palatine, and in view of the haughty Cæsars as they exulted in their Golden House. Should we turn to our left, and proceed between the Circus and

*Gibbon. † Region 11.

the Palatine, we have above our heads the platform belonging to the villa known by the unclassic name of Mills. Mr. Mills, inspired by a laudable ambition to dwell where his respectable predecessors the Cæsars had dwelt before him, purchased a corner of the mighty ruin, and built a villa, and then like a true Englishman, called it after his classic name, "the Villa Mills*." His grounds are neatly laid out, and the lofty terrace over our heads faces the Circus. Entering from the Roman Forum you can walk across the pleasure grounds of Mr. Mills, the arrangements of which would reflect honour upon Hackney, and asking yourself what Nero would have thought of this imitation of his genius, descend to the subterranean chambers, which fortunately cannot be improved. From the elevated platform you may view the Circus beneath, and the Campagna beyond; puzzle yourself by endeavouring to make out the dimensions of the Imperial Palace, and congratulating Mr. Mills on his excellent taste, depart.

That the house of Augustus was somewhere hereabouts, from the description of Canina†, we may believe. From the position assigned to it on the topographical map, a view of the Circus was secured to the plausible tyrant, and therefore our English squire may imagine himself seated with the crafty emperor and his agreeable guests, Mæcenas, Agrippa, and the poets—fancy their conversation, recall their classic humour, and may still season his repast with the inimitable wit of Horace.

The cabbage now flourishes on the spot where the Cæsars dwelt in grandeur.

* Mr. Mills has resigned his villa on the Palatine to Colonel Smith.

† Region 10.

At the opposite, that is, the north-western side of the Palatine, facing the Forum, is the Villa Farnese, which sounds more agreeably on the ear. Of this villa we shall say a word when we are properly before its entrance on our walk.

We now retrace our steps from the Circus Maximus to the Via di Gregoria, and advance by the southern side of the Palatine, along a road well made, admirably preserved, and attractive, as well from its natural position, as from the solemn grandeur of the objects to which it conducts. A huge unshapely mass of ruins, resembling that of a broken aqueduct, is upon the Palatine on our left. In the vista is the perfect Arch of Constantine. The Colosseum discloses its prodigious dimensions beyond. The peaceful Gregorian Convent is on the rising ground at our right. There are no dwelling-houses along the road, which adds greatly to its interest. Half way to the arch, and we are opposite a narrow entrance, which leads to vegetable gardens planted on the ruins of Cæsar's Palace. Let us enter and roam in uninterrupted silence over a spot which exhibited scenes of splendour, power, glory—inconceivable profligacy and wickedness, such as the world has never since beheld.

Here we have a large expanse of ground, covered with vegetables, a gardener and his labourers are preparing for the market; the whole of this side the Palatine is bare of habitations—soil has been spread over masses of brickwork, and a garden cultivated on the surface.

"Your walks in the Palatine ruins, if it be not one of the many days when the labourers do not work, will be undisturbed, unless you startle a fox in breaking through the

brambles in the corridors, or burst unaware through the hole of some shivered fragments into one of the half buried chambers which the peasants have blocked up to serve as stalls for their jackasses, or as huts for those who watch the gardens."

This description is as true now as when written by Sir J. Hobhouse some thirty years ago. Descending to the place where we entered, from the strangeness of the contrast, let us visit the Gregorian convent, of which our good-natured Pope was abbot, and where he was one unlucky morning roused from his slumbers to assume the tiara, which sat for sixteen years uneasily on the brow of the virtuous monk. What have we here, in the little chapel dedicated to St. Andrew? the two celebrated frescoes, rival performances of Domenichino and Guido.

Domenichino represents the flagellation of the Saint. The resigned suffering of the Saint is well contrasted with the brutal ferocity of his tormentor, scourging him with stripes. This piece is full of life and action, although our emotions in beholding it are disagreeable and painful. Whilst that of Guido, representing the Saint at the moment when before execution he falls down to adore the Cross, though not so likely to arrest attention at the first glance, pleases perhaps more after a little study, from its chaste finish and sublime conception.

We are passing quietly over the Via Triumphalis, by which the proud conqueror entered Rome on his car of triumph. The Arch of Constantine, with its rich yet unequal decorations and carvings, is now before us. Canina* has taught us that many of the marble figures we now behold were stripped from Trajan's glorious arch, to adorn this gorgeous monu-

* Region 10.

ment of the great Convert. Wherever they came from, these *bas-reliefs* throw over this triumphal arch an air of splendour, harmonizing with the massive size and nobleness of the architecture. It is the largest and grandest monument of the kind in Rome, excavated to the base, and capable of being fully examined in all its parts. You drive through the centre archway; there are two smaller passages, one at either side, for pedestrians. Fourteen centuries this monument has stood, and time has made not the least impression on its solidity or beauty; whether from the shape or the material, these stately edifices are in better preservation than any other monuments of antiquity in Rome. They could contain no treasure, and may therefore have escaped the fury of the barbarians and the avarice of the popes.

Some critics assert these triumphal arches are unmeaning; in my poor judgment they are no less significant than beautiful, worthy a race of heroes, and better adapted to the preservation of their fame than the poor columns we have raised to commemorate the immortal actions of Wellington or Nelson.

Issuing from the Arch of Constantine, the remains of the *Meta Sudante*, described by Canina*, are before us; its original form cannot be discerned in the uncovered brickwork still existing.

The Colosseum now bursts on our view in its stupendous magnificence. Advance we cannot; fixed in wonder, we hesitate to cross the road which intervenes. Every erection, arch, or temple, is insignificant in comparison. Its vastness puts criticism to silence. We must admire it; such a building impresses the understanding, like the great productions

* Region 4.

of nature, more than as a work of art, and partakes of the sublime. Let us walk round the amphitheatre ere we enter, and contemplate its exterior architecture and proportions. Three stories of arcades, adorned with columns of the three orders, rise one above the other. First we have the Doric column; secondly, the Ionic; thirdly, the Corinthian; fourthly, there is a *pilastrade*, as it is termed, or, as it seems to us, a wall faced with pilasters. The first story rose about four feet from the ground. The columns, pilasters, and arcades, were continued uninterruptedly around the whole exterior of the edifice. The height of the first story is said to be precisely 33 feet 6 inches; the second, about 39 feet; and the third, 38; the pilastrade, 46; and the whole, including steps, &c., was 164 feet in height. The external circumference covers a space of nearly six acres; the amphitheatre is of the elliptical form, whose longest diameter runs 615 feet, and shortest 510.

Eighty open arches formed the exterior surface of the ground plan; the arches led into a large double corridor, that encircled the whole; which magnificent corridor formed a grand feature in the prodigious structure. There was a corridor to every arcade; the vast multitude of spectators were ranged in the seats appropriated to each class; and perfect order was maintained by officers, who prevented any individual occupying a place to which he was not entitled. I have already stated* the number it was supposed to have contained; and no doubt, when crowded with spectators, and in all its glory, it must have been a wonderful sight. We learn, as we stand in

* Region 3.

the arena, a fearful lesson of ancient manners—here the haughty masters of the world indulged their passion for horrible and bloody spectacles. It is worthy remembrance, these structures arose not until the last ages of the Republic, and a fabric such as the Colosseum was designed only after the elephants introduced by Pompey had nearly escaped from the enclosure in which they were exhibited, and got in amongst the people. Undoubtedly the thirst for sanguinary spectacles increased with the corruption of the people; and Cæsar indulged the Romans with barbarous amusements when he aimed at supreme power.

Day after day have I wandered over this stupendous ruin, ascended to the summit, and thence beheld in my view of the remains of temples, palaces, arches, columns, the most striking proofs of what Rome was, and how fallen she is: no description can exaggerate the grandeur of the Colosseum. We cannot regret its destruction; the cruel sports of the arena could not co-exist with Christianity, and under its mild influence were extinguished. Thenceforward the Flavian amphitheatre was plundered for ages; and palaces, basilicas, and churches, have been erected or adorned from its ruins. It has been a fortress and a market; now preserved from future degradation by its dedication to the services of religion*. Reduced to naked majesty, the Colosseum

* On my first visit to the Colosseum I saw a woman whom I concluded to be insane, rush towards a wooden crucifix standing in the centre of the arena, and clasping her arms around, kiss it fervently. This inscription explains the act of devotion:—"Every person who kisses this Cross will obtain an indulgence for 200 days." Notwithstanding, it is astonishing how many passengers leave the invitation unheeded.

must still be contemplated with enthusiasm or with awe by every traveller who visits the Eternal City.

We must ascend from the Colosseum towards the Arch of Titus—the distance is short—we have broken masses of brickwork and fragments of pillars, with the Temple of Venus and Rome, at our right; the ruins of the Palatine, not hidden by the vegetable gardens, on our left. As we approach the beautiful Arch of Titus slowly, we have an opportunity of examining its proportions, ornaments, and bas-reliefs. The extreme whiteness of the marble, which is as if cut yesterday from the quarry, proves the purity of the air, which seems peculiarly favourable to the preservation of architectural edifices. The Arch of Titus is much smaller, but more elegant than that of Constantine, and has but a carriage-way through the centre. The carvings relate to Jewish ceremonies, and the monument has a profound interest in reference to the history and prophecies of Christianity. The interior is decorated with two bas-reliefs; one represents Titus in his triumphal car, crowned with victory, and surrounded by the Roman soldiers carrying the fasces: the other represents a procession, with the spoils of the Temple, the seven-branched candlestick, the trumpets, the table with the shew-bread, and the captive Jews, &c. We can read the historian's narrative of the triumph of the conqueror of the Jews with a deep interest.

"The Senate had decreed a triumph for the Emperor, and another for Titus. Vespasian chose to wait till he had a partner to enjoy the glory of the day. They both entered Rome in the same triumphal car, the pomp and magnificence displayed on the occasion exceeded all former splendour. The

spoils of war, the wealth of conquered nations, the wonders of art, and the riches of Egypt, as well as Jerusalem, presented a spectacle that dazzled the eye, and filled the spectators with delight and wonder. The colours and ensigns exhibited a lively representation of the Jewish war; the battles that were fought; the cities that were stormed; the towers and temples that were wrapped in flames; all were drawn with art, and decorated with the richest colouring. The prisoners of war formed a long procession. Simon was distinguished from the rest. The well known ferocity of his character attracted the attention of the multitude, and fixed all eyes on him. He walked with abated pride; but the traces of guilt and cruelty were still visible in every feature. The triumph stopped at the Capitol. Simon was seized and dragged to execution on the Tarpeian rock; there to pay the forfeit of his crimes, and fall a victim to his countrymen, whom his atrocious deeds had ruined*."

To the left of the Arch of Titus is the road which conducts to the Villa Mills and to the Monastery of St. Bonaventura on the Palatine. But our business at present is to examine the celebrated Via Sacra. Emerging from the arch, we perceive before us two rows of trees, one at either side a road conducting to the Capitol. This broad path is protected from carriages and horsemen, and is the only space preserved with care throughout the Forum. The soil under this path has manifestly accumulated some 12 or 15 feet.

Canina has informed us† of the different views entertained as to the exact line of the Via Sacra. In the maps it is generally laid down as in a straight line from the Colosseum to the Arch of Titus, and thence, bending to the right, to its terminus at the Arch of Fabius, which stood before the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, that we still behold. Close

* Region 4.

† Appendix to Fifth Book of *History of Tacitus*.

to the Arch which we are loth to quit, is the Church of St. Francesca Romana, and before it, has been excavated an imperishable Roman pavement, upon which we now look, and with pleasure identifying it with that on which Horace may have often walked. That the Roman streets were paved at a very early period may be collected from several passages in Livy. With respect to the length of the Via Sacra, properly so called, and apart from the continuation of it named the Via Triumphalis, it would require scarce fifteen minutes to walk the entire length, provided it were possible for an old Roman to have hastened on regardless of the splendid objects which met his eye at every point.

Let us backwards and forwards trace the path stamped on our youthful minds by the satirical humour of Horace. At the expiration of nigh two thousand years, we may imagine we see the witty Epicurean as he enjoys his accustomed and delightful stroll, with merry eye and observing mind, possibly composing some excellent verse, more likely criticising passing events and persons, or perhaps musing on the extraordinary events in his varied life. Surely if we desire to repeople Ancient Rome as we have rebuilt it, and catch an accurate idea of the domestic habits, education, and manners of the citizens, and at a most important epoch, when they passed from a republican to an imperial government, Horace ought to be our guide; his writings are racy of the soil. Whether he always wrote with strict accuracy may be questioned: no doubt he sometimes dashed off whatever pleased his humour. Before the day he was pounced upon in this spot by his remorseless persecutor, how strange the vicissi-

tudes of his fortunes! The son of a freedman, by the pious care of his watchful parent, he was rescued from rustic ignorance, and sent to the capital for good company and education, under the "plagosus Orbilius."

> "To Rome by this bold father was I brought
> To learn those arts, which well-born youth are taught,
> So drest and so attended, you would swear
> I was some wealthy lord's expensive heir."

In his youth Horace may have heard Cato and Tully speak, and caught from their lips the inspiring accents of freedom. He embraced at Athens, with the noble Roman youth, the cause of Brutus, which was identified with the existence of the republic, and commanded a Roman legion at the fatal battle of Pharsalus. In the ode to Pompeius Varus, he alludes to—

> "Our daring host when Brutus led
> And in the cause of freedom bled.
> * * *
> With thee I saw Philippi's plain,
> Its fatal rout, a fearful scene!
> And dropp'd, alas! th' inglorious shield,
> Where valour's self was forced to yield."

It may be doubted if Horace was guilty of the cowardice he seems to confess. Defeated and stripped of fortune he got back to Rome, and in his second epistle tells us how he turned poet:—

> "Dread Philippi's field
> First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield,
> My fortune ruined, blasted all my views;
> Bold hunger edg'd and want inspired my muse."

We can easily understand so clever a writer was not long obscure. Virgil and Varus sung his praises, and introduced him to the courtly Mæcenas

who cultivated letters and relished wit. The conversation of such choice spirits seasoned the repasts of Mœcenas in his palace on the Esquiline, and our poet from being the companion of the Minister became the favourite of the Emperor. Horace had now his villa at Tivoli; his Sabine farm on the hills, the gift of his princely patron; and the best society in the capital at his command: so we may believe he led a happy life. Horace liked a feast in good company, and yet lived temperately at home. Country life he relished, and has described its delights in his happiest strains. When bright summer returns we shall breathe the fresh air of his Sabine farm. Now let us learn from his sixth satire how he spent his day in Rome. The account so naturally given sheds light on the manners and habits of the time. After his morning repast the poet walks out—

> "Quacunque libido est,
> Incedo solus, &c."
>
> "Alone I wander, as by fancy led,
> I cheapen herbs, or ask the price of bread;
> I listen while diviners tell their tale,
> Then homeward hasten to my frugal meal,
> Herbs, pulse, and pancakes; each a separate plate;
> While three domestics at my supper wait."

Having diverted himself in the streets and markets, and in listening to fortune-tellers, and so refreshed, Horace, unlike all other poets, went early to rest, and having no law-suit to bring him to the Forum in the morning, lay in bed till ten, possibly composing verses:—

> "I sleep till ten—then take a walk or chuse
> A book perhaps, or trifle with the Muse:
> Anoint my body with the pliant oil
> For cheerful exercise and manly toil."

In the order of time the bath and the light dinner succeed:—

"But when the sun pours down his fiercer fire,
And bids me from the toilsome sport retire,
I haste to bathe, and decently regale
My craving stomach with a frugal meal;
Enough to nourish nature for a day,
Then trifle my domestic hours away."

So was the day passed by Horace in Ancient Rome. The poet moralizes: this is the life of one free from oppressive miserable ambition.

"Hæc est
Vita solutorum miserâ ambitione gravique."

It was during one of his pleasant rambles on the Via Sacra, where we had been indulging these reminiscences, that Horace was pounced upon by the loquacious persecutor, whose vulgar familiarity he so inimitably satirised, who will have an introduction to Mæcenas, and who will hesitate at nothing to gain his ends.

"Haud mihi deero:
Muneribus servos corrumpam,"

—a very usual course in Italy at the present day. The fortune fortold by his old Sabine nurse occurs to the mind of Horace; viz., that he was to be destroyed by a loquacious babbler.

"But if he would avert his fate,
When he arrives at man's estate,
Let him avoid, as he would hanging,
Your folks long-winded in haranguing."

While Rome stands no scholar will ever trace the limits of the Via Sacra unaccompanied by Horace*,

* The satirical genius of the Roman poet is happily described in these lines:—

"Then sportive Horace caught the gen'rous fire;
For Satire's bow resigned the sounding lyre:

nor can we have a truer guide to a knowledge of the manners, history, and characteristics of the Augustan age. The highest praise of Horace is that, although a courtly poet, he cherished in his heart the memory of—

"The last great man dejected Rome adored."

He must have remained a Republican in principle. The stern virtues of Cato he applauds, and commemorates his glorious death which Cæsar envied. A curious picture this affords of society in Ancient Rome, when poets could have ventured thus to proclaim in presence of Augustus the virtues of the heroes of the republic.

But the artful despot well knew the spirit of freedom was dead.

Leaving our witty instructor for the present, we find ourselves before that enormous pile miscalled the Temple of Peace, properly the Basilica of Constantine*. The ruins of this Basilica are immense. Three lofty arches of brickwork, with the vaulted roof, remain. Its original length was 300 feet. No doubt it was a building of extraordinary splendour; but the columns have been all removed and the marbles are gone.

Canina asserts when perfect it faced the Temple of Venus and Rome; and perhaps the hard pavement of

"Each arrow polished in his hand was seen,
And as it grew more polished grew more keen.
His art concealed in studied negligence,
Politely sly, cajoled the foes of sense:
He seemed to sport and trifle with the dart,
But while he sported, drove it to the heart."

* See Canina Region, 4.

a road still visible is that mentioned by our antiquary to have branched from the Via Sacra. Presuming there was a mound of earth at the back of the Basilica, I walked round to the street behind the huge work of Constantine, and gaining an entrance through a school, was conducted up a series of steps to a garden, which rises to a great height, at the back of the Basilica; thence I got upon the covering of the arches still remaining, and traversed the roof of the imperial ruin. It may be supposed this surprising accumulation of earth, which permits a garden to be cultivated nearly on a level with the roof of such an edifice is to a considerable degree artificial—yet not wholly so. A hundred and twenty feet of soil could scarce have been heaped up even in the lapse of ages, therefore Constantine not unwisely built his Basilica against a hill, which has since been increased to the singular height at which we now behold it.

From the lofty summit of the Basilica a view may be had of the chief monuments we have visited in this glorious locality of the city, and exactly opposite of the ruined Palatine, which we perceive is at this place before us occupied by the Villa Farnese. Traversing the vegetable gardens at the back of the Basilica, and nearly on a level with it, we cross the Via Sacra, and enter the gardens of the Villa Farnese. This villa consists of terraces, gardens adorned with pretty cascades, and walks, and fountains; but the place has been neglected of late, and a modern ruin seems likely to spring up over the ancient. There is something repulsive in the appearance of a pleasure-garden in such a spot; you feel as if an attempt had been made to decorate a grave-yard.

It was not decked out for a private residence—house there is none; but it seems to have been intended for a casino or place of agreeable recreation. Broken fragments, pieces of sculpture, marble, and statues collected from the surrounding ruins are placed in recesses, and under ancient vaulted arches near the entrance. This ambitious, but now faded, family (Farnese) boast of having obtained designs from Michael Angelo and sketches from Raffaelle for their rising villa—the neglected pile. The scraps of antiquity are said to have been gathered out of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo*, and perhaps the library of Augustus which stood near, and these surpass in interest the "cockle-shell encrusted walls." Getting clear of the modern improvements, we can ascend the Palatine and traverse the extensive gardens which at this side also cover the mighty ruin; a solitary, melancholy walk, at every step reminding us of the vicissitude of human things. Towards the summit of the hill we reach the site of what are called the Baths of Livia, of which no mention is made by Canina. The name is fanciful; the reality consists of vaults adorned with arabesques. The labourers get torches and descend with the visitor; and it is most astonishing to behold the gilding on the walls fresh, the paintings clear and even bright after the lapse of ages: the place is dry and not exposed to the air. It is difficult to suppose such chambers were built underground, we must therefore conclude that the Palatine Hill, (as well as the adjoining valleys,) has been heaped with soil to a height far

* See Canina, Region 10. On referring to the map, it will be found the temple of the Palatine Apollo, and the Latin library of Augustus were but a little distance from this spot.

above its original elevation. We may now retrace our steps towards the Forum.

On our way to the Forum, but before we reach the spot where the Arch of Fabius stood, on our right, we perceive what Canina says was the Temple of Remus, and before it are two old cipolline columns half buried in the earth, very curious, long neglected, and unnamed. Dropping down the Via Sacra, from the Basilica, we stand before the heathen temple of one who was brother to Romulus, founder of the glorious city of Rome. The church is very curious, dedicated to, I have no doubt, the illustrious saints Cosimus and Damian. We are stopped by the bronze doors, older perhaps than the commonwealth, as they are of Etruscan workmanship, and said to have been found at Perugia, the Etruscan town already described, and which has been a mine of antiquities for ages. Pushing slowly back the doors we pay our homage to the memory of Remus, who, if he really sucked the wolf, must have been a very fierce fellow. Let us remember this is the church in which Canina informs us, in his preliminary essay, the fragments of the Capitoline Plan were found, which he and other wise topographers have put together for our edification, in the reconstruction of the ancient city. Let us examine the sacred edifice, and if the day be warm we may descend to the temple under the level of the church. But what admonitory writing is this I see upon the wall before me? What a miracle! Let me write down the wonderful narrative:—

"L'imagine di Maria Santissima, che existe all' altar maggiore parló a S. Gregorio Papa. Dicendogli, perche piu non mi salute mentre passando, eri solito Salutarmi. Il santo domando

perdono e concesse a quelli che celebrano in quell' Altare la liberazione dell' anima dal Purgatorio, cioe per quell' anima per la quale si celebra la Messa."

When I read this startling account of a conversation between the image near the altar and the Pope, I looked at the thing made with mortal hands,—it moved not, nor spoke to me. I considered, on the spot, the probabilities of the narrative posted on the wall; unassisted reason came to the conclusion that his Holiness, Pope Gregory, was under a hallucination when he imagined he heard a voice, which may have been but the echo of his own.

We are now before the ancient temple of Antoninus and Faustina, converted into the church of San Lorenzo in Miranda. We cannot speedily leave this interesting place; we have before us one of the best preserved of the Roman temples*. We reckon six Corinthian pillars in the beautiful portico, which we behold with so much delight. There are also two columns on each side, ten in the whole, in excellent preservation and in their original perfection, each column composed of a single block of marble, in height 44 feet; the frieze and cornice are sculptured with various animals, the entablature, which remains, is rich beyond rivalry in Rome, and these ornaments are of Parian marble. The pillars stand in an area excavated, so that we look down to see their bases, the ground outside, as before remarked, having raised itself, from successive accumulations, many feet. Antoninus and Faustina flourished in the second century, therefore this temple has stood for ages, and when built the science of architecture must have been cultivated with the highest success and the

* See Canina, Region 4.

most finished taste. Just before this temple stood the Arch of Fabius, therefore we are at the head of the for-ever-celebrated Roman Forum. The localities of this forum have been already described. I rest my belief on Canina, Niebuhr, and Bunsen; consequently the length of the forum began from this spot, and extended to the Arch of Septimius, at foot of the Capitol. The space fit to walk in is the centre between the trees. The street on our right, between the trees and the houses, is narrow and inconvenient; and on the left we have the cattle-market, which is covered by deep mud.

The object which now attracts our notice is the ruin about which so much dispute has existed, consisting of three Corinthian pillars and an entablature. Canina unhesitatingly ascribes them to the Julian Basilica, and not to the Grecostasis*; but to whatever edifice they may have originally belonged, the world has long agreed as to their unequalled beauty. Models have been spread of this ruin over Europe, and students of architecture have endeavoured, by copying the symmetry, elegance, yet richness of these columns, to establish their fame. The three Corinthian pillars, sustaining their entablature, stand apart from every existing building, enclosed in an area excavated to discover their basis, and which now preserves them. We have descended from the shade of the trees, and keeping to our right pass by the single column known as the Pillar of Phocas, and of which Canina has given a full description †.

This pillar stands in a flagged space, and its base appears eight feet below the level of the surrounding soil. What a task it would have been to excavate

* See Canina, Region 8. † Region 8.

the whole Forum and Via Sacra, as proposed by the French; but how deeply interesting it would have been to the antiquary and scholar!

Turning towards the Arch of Septimius Severus, which is but a few paces distant from the elegant fluted column we have described, we have now arrived at the extremity of the Roman Forum, and look down to the base of this arch, which had been buried many feet in the soil, but the ancient pavement is now plainly visible under the arch. Again we must regret the French project was not accomplished. No doubt the pavement of the Via Sacra and the foundation of the Forum would have been laid bare throughout.

This arch of one of Rome's celebrated emperors shews, it is said, the decline of art. It is larger than that of Titus; is, of course, constructed of marble; has two smaller arches for passengers on foot; fifty steps to ascend to the summit, where stood a triumphal car and the figure of him in whose honour the arch was built by a subservient senate: it is covered with bas-reliefs, recording the "battles, sieges, fortunes that he had passed." Having satisfied our curiosity for the present with the arch, we turn again and face the Roman Forum. Its length we have traced the boundaries of; its breadth, according to the later investigations, are equally clear. For distinctness sake we may now walk straight across from the church of St. Adrian, where once stood the Basilica of Paulus Emilius on our left, to the steps lately excavated, which ascended to the Julian Basilica, on our right *.

The shape of the Forum was oblong, and here at

* Refer to Canina, Region 8.

the extremity wider much than at the commencement before Fabius's Arch.

We have completed our survey of the Roman Forum. The famous tribune where the voice of eloquence was heard is gone, but its divine accents still sound in our ears, affect our feelings, and delight our hearts, as when they swayed the understandings of the Romans in this spot, and, through them, the world. I can imagine the venerable form of Cicero ascending the *rostra* to address the free and proud citizens of Rome in language becoming his dignity and their greatness; Hortensius, Brutus, Cato, Pompey, or Cæsar, amongst the audience; the fate of nations hanging on his words. Philosophy, wisdom, patriotism, filling his thoughts and dictating his sentiments; a glorious tide of eloquence pouring forth to cheer the hearts of the virtuous, and withering sarcasm to scourge the profligate enemies of the republic and freedom. Near us stood the Temple of Concord, where the execrable Catiline was discomfitted by the fiery denunciations of Cicero. That terrible scene seems fresh before our eyes, and we exult with the virtuous Consul in the triumph of the commonwealth. All this greatness and glory and splendour of intellect are gone, because they were the natural products of freedom, and that plant has long been rooted from the soil.

Miracles and wonders the papacy may work, but it can scarcely effect the resurrection of the divine faculties of the understanding from the grave in which they have been buried. The worst accusation against the government of the papacy is, that it has crushed the genius of her subjects by depriving them of all opportunity for mental exertion, and it would

be more natural to expect the earth to open and swallow St. Peter's, than that a Cicero should appear in the empire of dull formality, and under the oppressive rule of such a pope as Gregory.

The Mamertine Prison must now be visited, but ere we ascend the Clivus Asyli we are induced to follow a crowd pressing into the church of St. Martino, standing on our right and close to the church of St. Adrian. There are eight or ten churches in and about the Foro Romano, seldom frequented. To-day, however, a crowd presses into the church of San Martino. Following the people, I find the building is adorned for a *festa;* descending with the multitude to the subterranean church, which is lit up and decorated, I discover the object of the ceremony. A priest stands here, having charge of a silver head, which represents the head of San Martino, which had been cut off in his martyrdom. This silver head is withdrawn from its case, and presented to each believer who desires to kiss it. Many kissed the head with apparent devotion—some did not. I was amongst the latter number.

Edified by this exhibition, we ascend the path of conquerors to the only prison of republican Rome, as asserted by the poet—

> "Oh! happy ages of our ancestors
> Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
> One jail did all their criminals restrain,
> Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain."

These prisons, confessedly earlier than the period of the republic, possibly of Etruscan workmanship, are now beneath the church of San Guiseppe. We seek the sacristan, and, supplied with candles, prepare to descend whither Jugurtha, Lentulus, and

Sejanus (but under somewhat different circumstances) descended before us. I confess at once my scepticism, I almost disbelieve the church tradition of St. Peter having been chained to a pillar in this dungeon,—of the miraculous fountain,—or of St. Paul having been imprisoned with St. Peter at the same time, in the same place. I wished to visit the prison described by Livy, and plainly referred to by Sallust, which was and is a work belonging to the kingly period, in which, in Cicero's time, Lentulus, after the curious debate given in Sallust, was strangled; where Jugurtha was starved to death; and Sejanus executed under Tiberius: a place clearly connected with historic records. The spot, in consequence of the tradition about St. Peter, has been consecrated by having this church of San Guiseppe built over it. The prison consists of two chambers cut out of the rock, one over the other; the upper cell is considerably below the level of the surrounding soil. By a flight of steps and a door recently made, we descend to the upper chamber, about 14 feet high, and 27 long. The lower cell, supposed to be the more ancient, and called the Tullian prison, is 19 feet by 9, and 6½ feet high. In the vaulted stone roof of this horrible pit is a circular aperture through which the miserable prisoners were lowered, to suffer death tormented by hunger and despair. This was Jugurtha's dungeon. I thought of his determined courage, his treacherous capture, his contemptuous expression when thrust down by his cruel conquerors, "Hercules, what a bath!" The Romans could not forgive Jugurtha; he had conquered their legions and disgraced them, bribed their magistrates, and unmasked the corruption and baseness of the common-

wealth to the world. Therefore did they satiate thus their cruel revenge upon an indefatigable enemy.

The view of the ruins in the area cleared before the base of the Capitol is better from the ascent, where, emerging from the prison, we now stand, than from the valley. We see the plan and basement of the Temple of Concord*, which stood near the Mamertine prison. This is the site of the republican temple wherein the senate met, and which was rebuilt in imperial times. Referring still to our guide, Canina, we recognize in the three graceful and elegantly carved Corinthian pillars, the remains of Vespasian's Temple. We are indebted to the labours of the French† for the preservation of this beautiful relic of antiquity. Beyond, and a little higher up than the last-mentioned ruin, stand the eight Ionic columns described by Canina as denoting the Temple of Saturn. The inferior style of the architecture attests the truth of the assertion that it was rebuilt after the fall of the Roman empire. Our interest in beholding it is lessened from a belief in the above opinion. Linger long we must in a spot consecrated by so many glorious recollections.

We will now retrace our steps, pass by the Pillar of Phocas, and cross over towards the Velabrum; but ere we quit this wonderful region, let us, as we stand near to the Clivus Capitolinus, endeavour to realize the order, the magnificence, and the horrors of a Roman triumph.

We must investigate the triumphal road. The victorious general, when he returned towards Rome at

* Refer to the sketch of the vicissitudes of the city.

† Canina, Region 8.

the head of his legions (in the days of the Republic) lost his military rank on entering the Pomerium, and became merely a civil magistrate. If the senate in its wisdom granted the general the honours of a triumph, then he was permitted to enter in all the glory of a conqueror at the head of his legions. The senate generally met in a temple outside the ancient walls, perhaps where the Portico of Octavia or the Theatre of Marcellus now stands, examined the claims of the general, deliberated, and either granted or refused the honour he sought. Always they refused when the victory was only gained over slaves or pirates, or rebels, or in a civil war. This was dictated by consummate prudence. If the triumph was allowed, then the grand procession, which was wisely made to partake of a religious character, would naturally pass through the most public parts of the city, in order to reach the temple of Capitoline Jove. The general would therefore assemble his legions in the Campus Martius, and there ascend his triumphal car; the treasures won from the enemy, the precious monuments of art, the arms, the spoils, were borne along. Even the cities, rivers, and mountains of the conquered countries were represented by appropriate symbols. The slaves, captives, kings, and queens, all made part of the magnificent show. Thus moving forward from the Campus Martius in gorgeous array, the procession would pass through the Circus Agonalis, and the Circus Flaminius outside the ancient walls,—spaces in which the greatest crowd of joyful spectators could be gratified with a view. Then approaching the Tiber, it would enter the old city through the Porta Triumphale. The preliminary essay of Canina explains the situation of the gates,

nigh the Tiber. The first, called Flumentana, near the existing ruin Ponte Rotto—through this the multitude would pour into the city, for none dare enter by the Porta Triumphale except those in the train of the victorious general. The Porta Carmentale was near the rock of the Capitol. The procession would next pass over the Velabrum, and proceed in all its martial pomp along the Circus Maximus, and turn into the road by the Palatine already described, and called the Via Triumphale, and so pass where the Arch of Constantine now stands, and descend by the Via Sacra into the Forum, where we may believe the grandeur of the scene was chiefly concentrated.

Here, at the Clivus Capitolinus, the procession stopped; the victorious general, exalted on his triumphal car, proudly received the acclamations of the people; the victims were hurried from this spot to death. This martial ceremony increased in splendour during the imperial times; the historian's description of Aurelian's triumph would seem the result of a poet's imagination rather than a narrative of fact.

"The pomp was opened by twenty elephants, four royal tigers, and above two hundred of the most curious animals from every climate of the north, the east, and the south. They were followed by sixteen hundred gladiators, devoted to the cruel amusement of the amphitheatre. The wealth of Asia, the arms and ensigns of so many conquered nations, and the magnificent plate and wardrobe of the Syrian queen, were disposed in exact symmetry or artful disorder. The ambassadors of the most remote parts of the earth, of Æthiopia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, all remarkable by their rich or singular dresses, displayed the fame and power of the Roman Emperor, who exposed likewise to the public view the presents that he had received, and particularly a great number of crowns of gold, the offerings of grateful cities. The victories

of Aurelian were attested by the long train of captives who reluctantly attended his triumph, Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. Each people was distinguished by its peculiar inscription, and the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms. But every eye disregarding the crowd of captives, was fixed on the emperor *Tetricus*, and the queen of the east. The former, as well as his son whom he had created *Augustus*, was dressed in gallic trowsers, a saffron tunic, and robe of purple. The beauteous figure of *Zenobia* was confined by fetters of gold; a slave supported the gold chain which encircled her neck, and she almost fainted under the intolerable weight of jewels. She preceded on foot the magnificent chariot on which she once hoped to enter the gates of Rome. It was followed by two other chariots, still more sumptuous, of Odenathus and of the Persian monarch. The triumphal car of Aurelian (it had formerly been used by a Gothic king) was drawn on this memorable occasion, either by four stags or by four elephants. The most illustrious of the senate, the people, and the army, closed the solemn procession. Unfeigned joy, wonder, and gratitude swelled the acclamations of the multitude."

The institution of the Roman triumph was a principal cause of the military greatness of the Republic.

Referring to the Tenth Region and the notes appended relating to the house of Cicero, we know to a certainty we are passing, on our way to the Velabrum, near the site of the philosopher's abode on the Palatine. Niebuhr exulted when in Rome, that he had discovered, within twenty feet of the spot, where Cicero's house stood. We also pass the church of San Teodoro, the site, according to Canina, of the celebrated Temple of Vesta; and here properly may be the lines of Horace be applied. The contiguity to the Tiber admits the description of the poet:

"We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tiber roll his rapid course,
With impious ruin threat'ning Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign."

We have crossed the cattle-market, covered by a thick coat of mud never cleansed, walked along the northern side of the Palatine, and arrived at the Forum Boarium and the Velabrum*, the most ancient quarter of Rome. The ground here rises slightly, then descends, and we perceive in the valley the Arch of Janus, called Quadrifons by our author; it is large, massive, with niches on the four sides of its square for statues, which are all gone. In general, when I have seen it, the venerable edifice has been so surrounded with abominable filth, that it was not possible to approach it: but from the dry ground above we can have a perfect view. I feel convinced when the Roman merchants frequented it of old to transact under its friendly shade their business, it was not in the state in which it now appears. The ancients regarded the decencies of life, and cultivated cleanliness in the streets and on their persons. Near this Arch was the Forum Boarium. So the cattle-market of Rome has now changed a little further on into the Forum. Close at my side is the old church of Saint George in Velabrum, dedicated, I was pleased to find, to the patron Saint of England. The interior is patched up with sixteen columns of various styles, filched, we may presume, from the splendid ruins of temples which stood near. And, what I have ever thought a disgrace to England, here lies the head of Saint George himself, who so nobly killed the dragon.

* See Region 8.

Our patron Saint belongs to Westminster, and I think if a proper exertion was made, might be recovered, and brought home in triumph, for the Roman people are not well acquainted with Saint George, seldom open his church, and have no festival to commemorate his name and actions. The church, however, possesses a deep interest on less questionable grounds. On the doors of this plain church, Rienzi, it is said, five centuries ago, affixed his celebrated notice, proclaiming that Rome would speedily return to her old estate of freedom. Rome's last tribune dwelt near this church, and it is not improbable he may have posted his notice on its gate; the language was inspiring, warmed the hearts of his countrymen, but soon the heated feeling was chilled, it seems for ever.

In whatever spot we stand for a moment in Rome, associations are awakened connected with the struggles of the people in some period of their eventful history.

We are now exactly opposite a narrow lane which leads to the Cloaca Maxima*; the approach to this massive work is difficult to be endured. When we pick our steps to the end, we see exactly as represented in the prints, a solid stone arched way, and underneath a black broad stream flowing from the sewers of the city, one glance of which satisfies curiosity. The Cloaca Maxima is, in fact, the whole channel which conducts the discharge from the above-mentioned arch, by what appears a narrow, muddy, turbid stream, into the Tiber, wherein it falls close to the Ponte Rotto. This Etruscan mo-

* Region 8, Canina.

nument has been described before in this book; I am willing to admit the construction to be very wonderful, and to escape as quickly as I can from its neighbourhood, which I have little doubt at all periods disagreeable, is not less so now than ever. Retracing our steps, passing the square arch and the old church, we cross over to the wide space by the banks of the Tiber, on which stands the structure perseveringly called the Temple of Vesta. The whole of this district has by the inundations of the Tiber been repeatedly covered with water.

A thick coat of mud covers the surface of the ground in this ancient region which no innovating spirit will remove. On our left is the interesting old church of Saint Maria in Cosmedin (on the site of the Temple of Ceres and Proserpine described by Canina*), and adorned with ten fluted columns of white marble belonging to that heathen temple, and said to denote the purest school of art. We must by no means omit visiting the huge absurd-looking head under the portico; a marble mask of a satyr, to which the name Bocca di Verita has been attached. The tradition is, that a suspected witness was obliged to put his hand into the mouth of this monster in swearing an oath, and keep it there during his giving testimony, when if the witness prevaricated, the mouth would close and chop off the hand; it would be more suitable to remove the offending member, the tongue, and I cannot but recommend the introduction of a Bocca di Verita into our courts of justice. The Temple of Vesta† is now fully in view, and it is not possible to behold it without

* Region 11. † Ibid.

delight. The small rotund form, graceful pillars of Parian marble, classical colonnade, have been exhibited in models over the world. This is the most precious of the remains of antiquity in Rome, because perfect as to its shape, and fabric, although not unspoiled by a modern roof. It is separated from the Tiber but by a narrow garden. Before I can reach the Temple I must pass my friend Mr. Cook, who is seated in an artist's chair in no enviable posture, and busily engaged sketching the inspiring scene around. By pushing back the houses in a line with the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, he is enabled to include its admirable remains in the same sketch with Vesta's shrine. There is little to disturb our view or our meditations; a conviction of the utter desolation of old Rome presses weightily on the heart, and we feel as if standing amidst the ruins of another world.

Picking my steps I get near the rotund temple; I find it surrounded by a railing for protection; a miserable monk appears with a key and admits me across the sacred threshold. To my astonishment I find the monk's bed is in a corner of the building; this is his abode; he obtains a livelihood by exhibiting to strangers the temple of heathen worship. He crawled after me. The roof projects over the beautiful columns, forming a circular porch around the temple; in traversing the porch I met a cobbler seated at work: he is a friend of the monk, and has been admitted to take his post in the porch of Vesta as a convenient stall wherein to cobble old shoes. The peristyle and the surrounding space are shamefully neglected and filthy.

Leaving the cobbler and the monk in possession

of their classic habitation, we pass down a filthy lane, on our right beholding the remains of the Ionic Temple of Fortune described in Region 11. There are seven columns which project from the thick wall of the church; they are of stone, which might be a ground for believing them very ancient, as marble began to be generally used in temples only in the imperial times. I confess my admiration for the Ionic order; and as examples of it are scarce in Rome, I have always regarded the remains of this temple with pleasure. The columns are fluted, and the entablature still exists.

We are now close by the bank of the Tiber and the ruined bridge called the Ponte Rotto, formerly the Palatine Bridge. Artists delight in sketching this picturesque ruin. The Tiber rushes rapidly past us here. Turning from the bank, and picking our steps carefully, we stop before what is called Rienzi's house—it is but a little distance from the site of the Porta Flumentana. Canina has informed us this house is a patchwork of various styles of architecture, and if Rienzi did dwell here, and it is not improbable, he must have collected all the scraps possible from ancient buildings, and stuck them on his palace, in order to throw an air of antiquity around the abode of the modern tribune. Could we stand in such a spot we might reflect on the varied fortunes of this extraordinary man. Our own language and literature are rich materials for judging of the character of Rienzi*. Great thoughts

* See translation of the life of Rienzi, by a learned Jesuit, recently published in London: Mitford's Tragedy, Bulwer's Rienzi, Hobhouse's Illustrations, and Gibbon's History. I may be excused for preferring the sketch by Gibbon; it is as entertaining as a novel, yet true to nature.

he must have had who thus addressed the Roman people:

"May the Roman city, ascending the throne of her wonted Majesty, rise for ever from the fall of her long prostration! Let her head be adorned with the diadem of liberty. Let her resume the sceptre of justice, and, strong and regenerate in every virtue like a fair dressed bride, let her show herself to her bridegroom!"

These were sentiments they had been long unused to hear.

Rienzi's idea was to unite Italy in a great federative republic, of which Rome should be the head. This grand conception may yet be realized. Vanity destroyed the tribune. "The Gracchi would have frowned or smiled could they have read the sonorous titles and epithets of their successor." Still he was a patriot, and strove to free his country.

His patriotism was expiated on the gallows. This was the last effort made in Rome (A.D. 1453) for liberty till the year 1846.

A narrow space separates the house of Rienzi from the undoubted imperial erection, the Theatre of Marcellus*. We still see plainly the circular outline of this massive structure. A part of the first row of arcades being the lower story, is half buried in the earth, and was in the Doric order. The second story, of which twelve arches remain, is in the Ionic style: the columns are in admirable proportion, light, and graceful. The third story is, according to the restoration by Canina, supported by Corinthian pilasters: this is gone entirely. From the fragment we now see, this vast theatre must have been one of the most splendid structures in Rome, far exceed-

* Region 9.

ing in elegance of style and finish the Colosseum, although nearly of the same shape. It could accommodate some 30,000 spectators. This noble ruin presents a very peculiar appearance. What remains has been built into and forms part of the front of the houses run up by the unclassic citizens. The roofs of the houses are where the third story of the theatre was, and shops of artizans occupy the basement story. Entering one of these shops I asked the proprietor to shew me what there was behind it: lighting candles he led me back to chambers perfectly dark, cellar-like, and shewed me the massive stone arches which have sustained 1800 years the arcade, and are likely to last for ages still to come. We may despair of ever seeing this edifice released from the dwellings and the rubbish which obscure its proportions and disfigure its beauty.

We must not quit this region without (despite the most formidable obstacles) visiting the portico which Augustus called after the name of his sister Octavia, wife of the profligate Mark Antony. The modern Romans seem to take a pleasure in defiling whatever classical ruins may have been spared them, so here they have placed their fish-market. The magnificent portico, consisting of nearly 300 columns, was built, Canina says, to shelter the play-going people of Ancient Rome from the rain; for the Theatre of Marcellus, like those of Pompeii, was exposed to the air. The colonnade of course was roofed, and the five or six fluted columns of marble which remain, with their carvings and decorations, attest the unrivalled splendour of Imperial Rome.

We will now conclude this long walk at the northern or modern front of the Capitol. We have

examined the path by which triumphant conquerors ascended from the Forum to the Temple of Capitoline Jove. We may now at the opposite side mount by those steps which their descendants meekly tread. We have before us that which certainly produces an imposing effect—a wide and noble flight of marble steps reckoning more than one hundred, and on the broad summit, facing you at either side the steps, trophies of ancient Romans, statues of heroic men who had served or saved their country*. In the centre of the square is the equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius, almost the only one that has come down from antiquity. So admirable is the workmanship of this horse that Michael Angelo bade it move. Through its capacious nostrils wine flowed on the day of Rienzi's knighthood, when inordinate vanity dispelled his reason.

Three sides are built round the square of the Capitol, and according to the designs of Michael Angelo; but however great the improvement must have been on its former condition, the modern buildings are better adapted for a museum or the residence of the Papal Senator, than suitable to our ideas of what the Capitol was or should be. If we pass under the arch on the right we will see beneath the porch two statues worthy notice, one of Julius,

* The statues of Constantine and his son were found in the baths on the Quirinal, and are ranged on the platform of the Capitol. There are also two colossal statues of Castor and Pollux standing beside their horses; the marble sculptures, miscalled the trophies of Marius; and at the extremity of the balustrade is the celebrated milestone of Vespasian which marked the first mile of the Appian way; a corresponding column at the other side sustains an antique ball said to contain the ashes of Trajan, and taken from the colossal figure which formerly stood on the summit of his historical column.

the other of Augustus Cæsar. The former I believe to be the best, nor could I ever omit in visiting the Capitol gazing on the figure of the greatest character of antiquity.

The square of the Capitol and modern erections disappoint the beholder. If we desire to see the Tarpeian rock we must move to our right on ascending the steps, and passing through a modern garden, we are shewn the Tarpeian stripped of its terrors, and which would now scarcely "cure ambition."

Its diminished height may be accounted for by the filling up of the ground below, and the falling from above of a considerable piece of rock.

We have been meditating on old Rome. Descending to the Piazza before the Capitol we find it crowded with people. Peasants from the Campagna are loitering on the flight of steps parallel to those already described, and leading to the church of S. Maria d'Ara Cœli, built on the site of the celebrated temple of the Capitoline Jove*.

What means this excitement? It is the festival of the Benedizione del' Bambino. I am reminded of the history of this Bambino, which shortly before I had given me by an Italian lady, and which I will here set down in her words.

"Many centuries ago a Franciscan pilgrim came to the convent of the Ara Cœli, and asked for shelter. This was afforded, and on the departure of the pilgrim, he left behind him a small box, which lay for a year unnoticed. At the expiration of that time, a monk passing near the chamber where the box lay, beheld a great and unusual light. He alarmed the

* Region 8.

brethren by the intelligence that the convent was on fire. They rushed into the apartment, and found no fire, but a marvellous and brilliant lustre shining round the long-forgotten box. It was opened, and there was discovered a bambino, being no other than a figure of the infant Saviour, which had been carved by the Franciscan out of the wood of a peculiar kind of tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, nigh Jerusalem, and painted by St. Luke himself, who was distinguished in that art."

Here I ventured to suggest the Franciscan order of monks did not exist in the time of St. Luke. Signora, nothing disconcerted, thought they did, and proceeded:

"The Bambino was preserved and adorned, but at first had not the repute it now possesses. A lady, however, borrowed the Bambino from the convent, (as ladies about to have a child imagine by looking at an interesting object they may have the like,) and pleased with the Bambino determined to keep it; and accordingly in execution of her pious fraud procured another image, and dressed it up so exactly like the true Bambino that she deceived the good monks, who believed they had got back their own precious deposit, when in fact the false image had been palmed upon them. They laid it up carefully, and thought no more about the matter, till one day when the monks were all at mass they heard the big bell ring. This surprised them. They looked about, and saw all the brethren were present. The bell still tolled. They rushed up to the belfry, and lo! found the veritable Bambino, right under the tongue of the big bell. Amazed, they brought away the precious relic, and then inquired from the

Princess to whom they had lent it, what she had done. She, terrified, confessed the imposition, and selling all her jewels bestowed the produce upon the miraculous Bambino, who had so transported itself from the house of the Princess to the belfry of the convent, and rang the great bell to arouse the monks. From that time the Bambino has been the consolation of Rome. When good Christians are dying, they send for it. A chosen party of monks, dressed in the habit of their order, (a carriage being provided for the sacred image, which is always taken abroad locked in a case,) proceed to the bed of the sick man, and then touch his forehead with the head of the Bambino. This was done (said Signora,) when my dear father was dying, and he departed this life, satisfied and in peace."

The above narrative prepared us for the spectacle we were now to witness. We ascended the hundred and twenty-four marble steps facing the Capitol, which are said to have belonged to the Temple of Venus and Rome, and are often worn by the knees of pilgrims and penitents. Now they were crowded by peasants from the Campagna, dressed in their picturesque and varied costume. We entered the church, not remarkable for beauty, although it possesses some twenty-two columns of various sizes and forms, taken from different buildings to support its roof. To the left, as we entered, was the chapel, where the scene of the Nativity was acted (as it were) by figures as large as life. It was the strangest sight I ever beheld. The Bambino was exposed in front of the stage, with precious stones shining on its wooden head. All the other figures were placed suitably to their characters throughout the long

stage, the church being dark, the hour four. There was a dim light showing clearly, however, the spectacle to the eyes of the devout worshippers. A lusty monk stood on guard over the Bambino, at one side, below the stage, and received the contributions of the faithful,—an important part of this business. Seats were ranged at each side the centre aisle, a space wide enough for a procession being reserved between. There was, notwithstanding the vast number of people in the building, room in the side aisles for persons to move up and down. The altar at the upper end of the church was decorated, as were the ancient columns, as for a festa. The Franciscan monks, priests, and friars were in full force, and were very busy chanting, &c. There was a company of a peculiarly armed guard in attendance, in full military costume, and with bayonets fixed. A confusion of sounds seemed to prevail, but the priests were strongest.

After some time there was great bustle near the altar, and a grand procession was formed. Priests, an immense train of monks, incense-bearers, a flag-bearer carrying a long narrow banner, on which was figured a monk of the Franciscan order in his habit, and the image of a Bambino at his feet. This represented, I believe, the finding of the very image (now to be exhibited) in a miraculous manner. As the procession moved on I followed in the train. What was my amazement,—a band close behind the priests struck up a lively air, which sounded to my ears not unlike a polka, and played till the priests reached the spot before described, where the old monk stood on guard before the Bambino. Here there was a halt; a priest in rich attire, with gloves on, stepped for-

ward. A way was made for him to the foot of the little stage, and he saluted the Bambino reverentially. Then it was well incensed,—and the music gaily played. The priest next raised the Bambino from the arms of the Virgin, and brought it out into the church, then held it up amidst general obeisance, a chant, and flourish of music. 'I was close to the image, and thought it badly carved, and ugly, although covered with jewels and necklaces of precious stones. The procession moved on to the door of the church, and out to the top of the huge flight of steps. There it remained a few minutes on the platform before the vestibule; music playing as before. The peasants, who were loitering about, became instantly attentive and devout, gazed at the Bambino with reverence, accepted the benediction of the priest, and having offered their veneration departed. The procession then crossing the platform outside, entered by another door the church, and passed up the opposite aisle to the altar,—the music playing as before; where the Bambino was placed in a prominent position, and there a religious service was performed. The guards never for a moment deserted the image. Such was the exhibition I witnessed in a church intended for Christian worship.

In the evening I chanced to meet an Italian gentleman of my acquaintance, engaged in literary pursuits. He inquired how I had spent my day? I replied, "Witnessing the benediction of the Bambino." "Ah!" said he, laughing, "so you have seen the Bambino,—our little doctor! And what do you think of him? He is a skilful physician!" and so on, manifestly scoffing at the absurdity of the popular superstition. This was what might be ex-

pected from a man of education; but what must a Protestant think of the miraculous Bambino after such an avowal?

Gibbon informs us that it was here, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers, that the idea of writing the "*Decline and Fall*" first entered his mind.

Supposing the historian to have witnessed such an exhibition as I have described, it might not be difficult to guess what effect it would be likely to produce on a mind inclined to scepticism. He might possibly contrast the ignorant, fanatical monks he beheld with Cicero and Pliny; men who passed their lives in the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of truth, and, confounding ceremonies with creeds, visit his contempt for the superstition on the Christian religion itself.

There cannot be a greater mistake than the assertion that such exhibitions do no harm. The Italian Church cannot thus escape; it presumes, no doubt, to infallibility, but when her educated followers condescend to argue and discourse upon ceremonies such as here described, and can give no more valid reason for their continuance than that they *do no harm*, they admit they are indefensible. I must frankly confess it requires a strong exercise of faith to discover in such a ceremony as the benediction of the Bambino, any tokens of the spiritual religion of the Gospel.

CHAPTER XIV.

INCIDENTS OF A WINTER IN ROME.

The last winter under Pope Gregory.—A Correggio discovered—and a lawsuit thereon.—How it was not decided—and what became of the Picture.—Civil Justice and its blessings.—A visit to the Tribunals. A Sketch of the proceedings.—A contrast between the Church and the Law in Rome.—Drawing of the Lottery and the Priest—a Ceremony not religious.—Popular Education.—Position in society of a Roman Advocate.—Papal Justice.—Example of the uses of the Index Expurgatorius.—Church discipline exemplified. Inquisition as it exists in reference to the Layman and the Priest.—A Narrative and Reflection.—Newspapers abhorred.—Foreign Journals seized.—Mystery in all things.—A Saint's-day and its advantages.—Locomotion forbidden.—Pope Gregory's sensible view of Railways.—Agriculture how encouraged.—A Harvest and its horrors.—Criminal Code in relation to political offences expounded. —Its effects.—Niebuhr's sketch of Roman society.—Massimo Azeglio introduced to the reader.

"Matter of fact breaks out, and blazes
With too great an evidence to be denied."

FEW visitors to Rome ever attend the courts of law. Busied with more agreeable occupations, they disturb not their thoughts by considerations respecting subjects so dull as the administration of justice, the character of the government under which they live, or the laws by which the property, liberty, and lives of the people are affected. Yet these are more certain tests of civilization than splendid palaces

or beautiful pictures. I felt I had too long neglected serious inquiries into the political and legal system of Rome in the nineteenth century; the light of the Christian world, thought I, shines brightest in her justice. The narrative of a curious lawsuit respecting a celebrated picture, now known as Lord Ward's Correggio, roused my attention to the subject of the administration of civil justice: of the Roman criminal law I shall hereafter speak. This lawsuit about the picture sprung out of a singular state of facts. A person of distinction in Rome, wishing to clear his gallery, selected, under professional advice, a number of inferior paintings for sale; these pictures were advertised, and the best amongst them disposed of; the remainder were ranged in an apartment in the palace for exhibition, by the steward, who was authorised to sell to any purchaser. A skilful buyer, a total stranger to the proprietor, visited the palace, examined the condemned pictures, and selected one at a very insignificant price, and turned it towards the wall; subsequently he paid for and removed what was believed to be a worthless bargain. It seems from his examination, the shrewd dealer suspected there was another and better picture, concealed under the bad painting visible to the eye. His conjecture proved well founded. Removing carefully the exterior coat of varnish, there appeared a soft and beautiful picture underneath, which was vauntingly proclaimed to the world to be the Reading Magdalen, by Correggio. That exquisite artist is said to have painted three pictures, nearly alike, of this subject. The universally admired Reading Magdalen is in Dresden; a second original, I believe, still exists; the third had been long missing, and it

was confidently asserted the precious work of Correggio was at length discovered*.

The seller now demanded a large sum of money from the buyer, or the restoration of his picture. The buyer declared he had purchased fairly and would keep his Correggio. The civil tribunals were appealed to, and were exceedingly perplexed to discover on what principle to decide this, to them difficult case. At first a judgment was given in favour of the purchaser, as one who had bought without fraud. On appeal, this was reversed, chiefly on the ground that the buyer had turned the picture towards the wall, which the Roman judges said showed fraud or cunning. There was a third hearing, when the court appearing more puzzled than ever, and the prospect of litigation being interminable, the parties compromised. Lord Ward purchased the Correggio for a large sum, which was, I believe, divided between the litigants. Enquiring from an advocate an explanation of this case, he said legal proceedings in the civil tribunals of Rome led to great delay and diversity of opinion, independent of the several appeals permitted, owing to a bad habit practised by the judges of throwing out an opinion upon the case before them, not a judgment, whereupon the matter had to be reargued. When the sum at stake was considerable, the final judgment, my friend observed, might be thus almost indefinitely postponed. I asked, "Suppose the sum reached fifty thousand pounds, what would be the possible length of the

* I have seen this valuable picture; it exhibits the softness of expression, harmony and roundness of composition which belong to Correggio, who in these qualities, and in colour, light, and shade was superior even to Raffaelle.

suit?" The advocate replied, "Such a lawsuit might go on for ever." Wishing to see the practitioners of so wise a system, a day was appointed for a visit. An advocate kindly undertook to conduct us* through the Roman courts and the offices of the law.

The courts of justice are on Monte Citorio, near the Post Office, in a spacious palace. Ascending by a flight of steps, we reached a lofty hall, where shabby people walked to and fro. The judges had not yet sat—I saw some men in coarse gowns, who I supposed to have been beadles. About eleven o'clock there was a rush towards the door,—our guide hastened forward, and we were soon in an oblong room; opposite the entrance sat five judges in arm chairs elevated on a raised floor; the man in the centre I concluded was a priest, all resembled ecclesiastics in their dress: a large crucifix stood on a table covered with green cloth. About a foot from the table was a ledge of wood running along the entire room; behind this sat the advocates, whom I now saw were the men I had before mistaken for beadles. Their gowns were similar to those worn by our tipstaffs, the dress and appearance of the owners were unprepossessing in the extreme; at the upper end of the room lounged a crier, who called on each case. The pleadings were made up in little bundles of paper, which the advocates held, and as his case was called each counsel rose and spoke, and the cross chief justice pronounced the rule, seldom consulting his learned brethren. These causes were

* I say *us*, for on this occasion I was accompanied by my lamented friend, Mr. Arthur Pakenham, then in Rome in pursuit of health, since taken from the evil to come. He was an able lawyer, an admirable scholar, and an honourable gentleman.

disposed of quickly enough, but the parties had their appeal. There was a total absence of dignity in the aspect of the court, judges, and practitioners; the room and its arrangements were immeasurably inferior to a London police office, yet this was a court of superior jurisdiction. Quitting the supreme court, we were conducted to the other civil tribunals. One of these resembled a noisy court of conscience; a single judge sat here without dignity, and his judgments were received by a crowd of vulgar people, who pressed round him without respect. The jurisdiction of this inferior court reached the amount of 200 scudi, (each scudi 4*s.* 6*d.*,) a considerable sum in Rome. We then returned to the hall, the advocate explaining how his brethren generally were paid, by the job, when the cause was over, according to the sum involved in the issue. We were conducted next to the offices, where the pleadings and depositions (for suits are decided on written depositions, not oral examinations) were filed; these were clean and spacious. The advocate in Rome discharges many of the duties of attorney with us.

We next requested our courteous guide to introduce us to the criminal court. He shewed us a closed door leading to a chamber wherein a criminal cause was proceeding, but regretted he could not gratify our curiosity, inasmuch as he himself had no right of entrance. The judges, the prisoner, his advocate, the procuratore fiscale prosecuting, and the guard, were the only persons permitted to be present at the trial. No relative or friend of the accused dares to cross the threshold of the court, no part of the evidence, trial, or sentence, can be published; the proceedings of the criminal tribunals are

wrapped in impenetrable mystery. Mr. Pakenham asked, within what time after his arrest must a prisoner be tried? The advocate answered, there was no time fixed, nor any means of enforcing a trial; he admitted a prisoner might be from one to eight years in gaol, without being brought before any legal tribunal. This gentleman was a stranger to us, until the day of our visit; he said nothing against the system of Roman Criminal Justice, he merely described it; we took our leave, having learned something, even by a first visit to the courts of justice in the Eternal City. I confess the contrast between the meanness of the judicial, and the excessive splendour of the ecclesiastical system, surprised me. I had beheld the unrivalled grandeur of the Church in Rome, its pompous ceremonies, splendid churches, the gorgeous finery of its priests—in comparison the courts of justice resembled a barn, or hay-loft, and its administrators were only on a level with the humblest sacristans.

Descending the flagged staircase, I heard a flourish of drums. Somebody cried out, "The Lottery, the Lottery." And I saw figures in a balcony of the very building we were in, looking towards Monte Citorio. Hastening into the piazza, I perceived a great crowd of anxious people, chiefly of the lower classes, a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, and a military band, which occasionally struck up a lively air. Looking up to the balcony, I beheld a large crucifix, a gentleman in the dress of an ecclesiastic, a boy tightly robed, especially on the arms, a machine like a balloting-box before him; beyond the boy another grave official in black, stood at the edge of the balcony over the crowd. Profound silence

now prevailed. The boy plunged his hand into the box, drew out a slip of paper, held it up between his fingers, then handed it to the ecclesiastic, who scrupulously examined it, noted the number, and then passed it to the official at the corner of the balcony. He proclaimed the lucky number twice; then dropped the ticket amongst the crowd. There was a shout—the lucky winner seized the ticket, and rushed away in exultation. Others looked on in gloomy disappointment, and all noise was speedily drowned in the flourish of music that succeeded. I waited till all the prizes were drawn in the manner described, and had ample opportunity of witnessing the pernicious effects of this abominable system of gambling, organized by the Papal States to supply its failing coffers, and publicly sanctioned with all the formalities of religion.

It was a repulsive exhibition. On a subsequent occasion, visiting the extensive hospital of San Michele, while in the printing-office of the establishment, which enjoys a monopoly of printing catechisms and other books for the benefit of the institution, my eye was caught by a lottery guide-book; it was purchased with a catechism, and on examination found to contain a farrago of absurd and superstitious rules and calculations for instructing the people how to purchase lottery-tickets. The reader will relish a description of the contents of this precious tract, stamped with the *Imprimatur* of religious men. I have therefore given the pious preface, and an account of the matter of the book, in a note*.

* "The surest means to win in the Lottery,
or,
New General List of Dreams,

This is the method a paternal government should pursue to strengthen the morals and enlighten the minds of its subjects. We might be disposed to think such a system calculated to lead the people to

With the Names of all the Things and of the Corresponding Numbers
For the Drawings of the Lottery at Rome and at Naples,
The work of

FORTUNATO INDOVINO, *alias the Lucky Guesser*, and of ALBUMAZAR* DU CARPENTERI,

Enlarged by 2 Effigies, and by 90 Figures of the Roman Lottery,

By ANOMINO CABALISTICO,
alias the Nameless Guesser,

With the addition of many words which have been taken from the Venetian Edition. with the increase of the 19 Tables, of the 1500 of Rutilio Benincasa, the method of using them, and various Cabalistic Numbers; moreover the interpretation of Dreams, with the Tariff of the Prices,
and finally the
Drawing of the Lotteries that have taken place up to the present time.

Florence, 1826.

Reprinted at Rome with permission.

Preface.

THE ASTROLOGER,

FORTUNATO INDOVINO,

TO THE READERS.

"Behold, most beloved Readers and admirers of the Lottery, the present book, entitled, 'The surest means to win in the drawings of the Lotteries of Rome, &c.,' I having sought to do in it the utmost in my power to find good fortune therein, as you will perceive by observing at the end of the same little book, various Cabalistic numbers by me invented and proved, all for the benefit of the admirers of the Lottery. I only bid you try your luck, for according to the proverb, 'There is no being sure of the future.'

"In this new edition there are added a quantity of words which were wanting previously in this little book; and which are to be found

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* This name has an Oriental air, suggesting the notion of an Arabian or Saracen conjuror.

idleness and vice, did we not know it is adopted by a government which cannot err. The Vatican ought, no doubt, to be entrusted with the direction of the education of the whole Christian world.

in the last Venetian edition. To cause, then, less confusion and less expense to the amateur, it has been thought best to fix a single number to each word. There are also added the names of men and of women, the chief male and female Hebrew names, those of the months, of kingdoms, and of their capital cities. There are also many Cabalistic numbers for the amusement of amateurs, being also most easy to be understood by any one who may never have made a study of the Lottery.

"I have also put there the 19 Tables of Rutilio Benincasa, with his Key of the 1500, they being by many desired and asked for. As also will there be found the 90 figures of the Roman Lottery, with two effigies drawn corresponding to the 90 numbers for the Lotteries of Rome and Naples. Make use then, opportunely, most beloved readers, of all that I have done for you; and remember not only this, which I have told you, and protested, but also that the true riches and happiness come from God, the supreme giver of every blessing, that these must be chiefly procured by good works, that these do not perish nor are subject to frauds and illusions; and that if we apply our hearts to these, we shall find here a treasure meet for the purchase, not of a corruptible, but of an incorruptible kingdom. I wish you from heaven all prosperity."

What a jumble—pious exhortations mixed with barefaced imposture! There is next given in one hundred pages, a general list of all the words, persons, arts, animals, and other things, placed in alphabetical order, in double columns, beginning 'Abbate Secolare,' Secular Abbot, &c. We have then a recapitulation, or the summing up of all the words of the preceding list, placed under their respective numbers—this occupies thirty pages of valuable writing. To the number one, there are about one hundred corresponding objects.

There is then a chapter 'Operationis,' or perpetual Cabalistic numbers. To this chapter belong wood-cuts of fifty-nine objects, such as the moon and sun, ten in a page, numbered from 1 to 90, followed by columns of figures referring thereto, and by the 'Regole,' or rules for knowing in every drawing a sure number, which must come out at the lottery.

Then are given figures of the lottery of Rome, with wood-cuts of ninety familiar objects—as a tree, a pair of shears, a woman with

I had an opportunity, on the evening of the day of this visit to the civil tribunals, of learning the exact position in society of the Roman advocate. The profession of the law is considered by the higher classes to be a base pursuit: no man of family would degrade himself by engaging in it. A younger son of the poorest noble would famish rather than

flowers, a hen and chickens. We have now a grand chapter on the interpretation of dreams, alphabetically arranged, for a trial of luck, for the use of those who put into a number lottery. Rules for calculating chances from tables follow, wholly unintelligible to me. There are given the drawing of the lotteries from 1833 to 1843 in Rome.

And at the close of p. 264, and of the whole volume, is this important certificate.

Nihil obstat.
Fr. Thomas Antolini, Proc. Gen. Ord. S. Augustini, Censor Theologus.

Reimprimatur.
Fr. Th. Dominicus Piazza, S.P.A. Mag.

Reimprimatur.
J. Della Porta, Patriarch. Constantinop. Vicegeren.

Unexceptionable.
(Signed) Brother Thomas Antolini, Procurator-General and Theological Censor of the Augustine Order.

Be it reprinted.
Brother Th. Dominicus Piazza, S.P.A. Mag.*.

Be it reprinted.
J. Della Porta, the Vicegerent of the Patriarch of Constantinople.

Thus we have traced to the priestly authorities in Rome, the publication of such a compound of superstition and absurdity as cannot be equalled in the world. I was not surprised after reading this precious compilation of Cabalistic nonsense to hear enlightened Romans say, "The education of the people must in this country be wrested from the priesthood!"

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* I conclude this means Maggiordomo of the Holy Apostolic Father.

earn his livelihood in an employment considered vile. The advocate is seldom, if ever, admitted into high society in Rome; nor can the princes (so called) or nobles comprehend the position of a barrister in England. They would as soon permit a *facchino* as an advocate to enter their palaces, and they have been known to ask with disdain (when accidentally apprised that a younger son of an English nobleman had embraced the profession of the law) what could induce his family to suffer the degradation? Priests, bishops, and cardinals, the poor nobles, or their impoverished descendants will become—advocates or judges, never. The solution of this apparent inconsistency is to be found in the fact that in most despotic countries the profession of the law is contemptible. In Rome it is particularly so, because, no person places confidence in the administration of the law—the salaries of the judges are small, the remuneration of the advocate miserable—and all the great offices grasped by the ecclesiastics, pure justice not existing, every body concerned in the administration of what is substituted for it, is despised, often most unjustly, as being a participator in the imposture. I write it with pain, but I remember being present when a gentleman of fortune, referring to a troublesome squabble into which he had got with a Roman tradesman, said, "My courier tells me I must give ten scudi to the judge, in order to receive a decision in my favour." It may be suspected the rascal said this to secure the bribe for himself, but the fact that a native of Rome would make such a declaration, and that it could be credited, proves the reputation in which the administration of justice must be held. My curiosity to

witness a criminal trial was whetted—but I could not accomplish that object while Gregory reigned.

The pure administration of justice it is that sustains the fabric of society. The conviction was now forced upon me that under the Papacy, which affects to direct the Christian world as to the maxims of eternal justice, the profession of the law, that is, the being concerned in the administration of justice, was made a thing despicable; and this not from any peculiar wickedness in the rulers of the kingdom, but from their unfitness for civil government, and their unhappy delusion, that the elevation of their Church was the chief good to be secured on earth.

The condition in which a foreign people live, in regard to the enjoyment of political or even personal liberty, is felt and understood by the stranger only by degrees, and after some lapse of time. The people pursue their common occupations in life as in other countries; and at first view seem to enjoy all the liberty they can reasonably desire. A rigorous despotism seldom affects the private pursuits or enjoyments of the individual who yields obedience to its iron rule. A number of domestic occurrences taught me the character of the Papal government better than written essays could do. These incidents of a Roman winter are worth recording, were it only to preserve the memory of Gregory XVI., and of the system his ministers thought best adapted to the wants and spirit of the age.

Wishing one morning to compare the population of ancient and modern Rome, I desired to refer to Gibbon's History, and accordingly asked my banker where I should be most likely to procure the book; he smiled, said, I must, he feared, do without Gib-

bon till I reached England, as he believed it had been lately seized by order of the Inquisition, that is, by the officials who watch over books exposed for sale or hire, and punish offences against the *Index Expurgatorius.*

Curiosity induced me to walk straight to the bookseller. I asked for Gibbon; he replied, the book he had not then, as it had been taken from him lately. Subsequently I heard, the officials visited this man's shop and library, examined his stock, and removed such books as they disapproved of, although printed in foreign languages. Amongst the books so seized were Gibbon and, I believe, the Histories of Robertson and Hume. This system of tyranny is sharp and decisive; the property of the subject is summarily seized and carried away, and he has no means of legal redress, and dares not mutter a complaint. I once fell into conversation with a priest in Rome on the subject of the rigid censorship exercised over the sale, as well as publication, of books, The priest observed,—the number of mischievous books published formed the justification for interference by the clergy, who felt bound to guard the morals of the people. This was plausible; but, not satisfied with giving advice and example, the priests in Rome assert the Church ought to exercise vigilant control over the books to be read by the laity, and what their system in this respect is, has been shown. A more naked tyranny could scarce be imagined.

Soon after this incident, my Italian servant somewhat abruptly entered my room, and announced he should go that moment to confession. I answered, it was very right to attend to his religious duties, but they should be discharged at a reasonable time

of the day, and not just then; he declared, if he did not go instantly he should be arrested, *as he had been posted.* This assertion as to the arrest, I believed to be a fabrication; what the posting meant I did not understand; however, as he put the matter on religious grounds, I yielded at once; and to confession he went. I immediately inquired what this could mean, and was informed each parish priest keeps a list of those who attend confession at appointed times within their respective parishes, and of those who do not. The latter are warned to attend their duty; failing to obey this friendly notice, their names as defaulters are affixed to the church door; and disregarding this notice for a given time, they are committed to prison. The name of my negligent domestic had been posted, and so in truth he had no time to lose in settling the affair. An Italian lady, who laughed at my Northern notions about this trifling incident, assured me no harm would have been done the man. "Perhaps he would have been consigned to a convent for a few days; and when the monks had brought him to a sense of his duty, he would have been discharged." This, again, is what is meant by *discipline of the Church,* as enforced in Rome, namely, the investing the priests with power to imprison those who do not obey their spiritual commands; the process is certainly simple. No doubt it is easy to avoid all collision with ecclesiastical authority on this point. An advocate explained to me that nothing could be more gentle than the discipline of the Church, *when a man stood well with his parish priest.* The higher classes never disobey, and so have no dispute; but supposing a papal subject to be negligent or conscientious, and obstinately

decline auricular confession at least on great festivals—he must go to prison, and there reason the matter as he best can with a sturdy monk (his gaoler) and his conscience. I have met Puseyite people from England, who contended the discipline of our Church was shamefully lax, and insisted there ought to exist in the Church a power to enforce its rules; certain priests in Oxford, like their brethren Rome, would like to rule our minds through the medium of the confessional, our bodies by what they call the discipline of the Church.

The Inquisition, gentle over laymen, is a severe and irresponsible tribunal, bound by no law, inaccessible to reason, over the priesthood. Heresy is not inquirable into before the ordinary tribunals, but is treated as an ecclesiastical offence. Should a layman talk foolishly respecting the Church or its doctrines, he would be summoned before the inquisitors and admonished, perhaps thrice, to behave respectfully, that is, hold his tongue. Should he persevere in his misconduct, he would be imprisoned privately for a reasonable time, but no kind of torture would be resorted to. Cruelty is not practised; it is merely desired quietly to repress freedom of opinion on religious subjects, the existence of which would, it is feared, be fatal to the papal system, contradistinguished from the Catholic religion.

Supposing, however, an unfortunate priest is suspected of heresy, to him no mercy will be extended; for him there is no law but the will of the Pope and the inquisitors; and this again is insisted upon as a necessary part of the discipline of ecclesiastical Rome; and those who deliberately adopt this system are convicted of a preference for the discipline of the

Inquisition, to the reasonable liberty of the Church of England. An example of what has been said occurred in Rome the winter previous to my some. A Roman priest doubted several of the doctrines of his Church; he became acquainted with some English gentlemen, (from one of whom I had this narrative,) and frankly expressed to them his change of opinion, and consequently the peril in which he stood. After enquiry they became convinced of his sincerity, his danger increasing every hour. My informant declared that the priest's terror was such, lest he might be suspected of heresy, that his life was miserable. The priest said, he knew well what his fate would be, if arrested and discovered, that is, if it became known he meant to change publicly his religion, *imprisonment for life at the least.* Several Englishmen (amongst whom was my friend) subscribed a sum of money, and also applied for a passport in a feigned name; and having provided the terrified priest with a purse and a passport, he escaped by Leghorn to England. Having heard this statement from one not given to exaggeration, I applied to an advocate to be informed what was the law in cases of heresy. His answer, in writing, was characteristic of a good Catholic:—

"Protestants" (he wrote) "who sojourn amongst us are tolerated and respected, but no Catholic can embrace their creed; with respect to Apostates, '*non vi é legge contro costoro ad imitazione credo io delle leggi Spartane che non aveano stabilita alcune pena contro il Parricidio.*'"

This is in conformity with what I heard from the lips of another Roman advocate, that he thought it was a thing contemptible for any man to change the religion in which he was born. Thus we have the mat-

ter clearly explained, and it is of the last consequence, since we are invited to cast off belief in the Church of England and her imperfect discipline, to understand exactly what we are to receive instead. Religious discussion is a thing forbidden resolutely in Rome; are we to copy that precedent in England as a part of the system pursued by the Infallible Church? If so, all religious liberty is at an end. The enlightened Roman Catholic countries have shaken off entirely this despotic doctrine; but let it be remembered France and Bavaria are, I believe, considered to be heretical by the Tractarians. The ecclesiastical system in Rome, so preferred by some in England, is not professed to be compatible with religious liberty, but it is frankly proclaimed this liberty is a sin, a crime, and as such to be repressed and punished.

Again, it repeatedly happened during the winter, on sending to the post for newspapers and letters, we found the English and French newspapers were seized and suppressed. I thought this the meanest of papal oppressions. A great number of English and a great many French, sojourning in Rome, naturally desirous of gaining intelligence from their homes, send for their newspapers; the authorities say "No, there is something not good for you to read in your own newspapers, or, perhaps, something which you shall not tell to our subjects." The leading English journals were sure to provoke this suppression when they touched on Austria or Gallicia. In such cases, in deference to the will of the Austrian ambassador, no newspapers were delivered to individuals, or to any public library. Whenever allusion was made to *Ronge*, or the new reformation in Germany, the Papal Government took alarm, and a like seizure

was made. This, however, was but a corollary from the proposition before insisted on, that the priests should regulate what the people ought and ought not to read.

I naturally looked at the Roman Journal, permitted under Gregory, called a newspaper because it gave no news. The amount of political information afforded to an inquisitive people was—

"The Supreme Pontiff will attend the Church of the Jesuits next Friday, at noon. The Pope will perform high mass in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore on Tuesday!"

On the statistics, politics, crime, commerce, or business of the Papal States, not a line was suffered to be printed. If there was anything to be found unfavourable to other countries in their journals, as showing misery in the people or danger to their Governments, that would be briefly extracted, nothing more. An iron despotism crushed the press; literary periodicals did not exist. The Jesuit censors never allow a sentence to escape favourable to the liberty or political advancement of the human race; in fact, nothing on the subject of politics was permitted to be even remotely touched on; nor could a man advertise for his strayed dog without submitting the placard to the censor for his imprimatur. The expression of thought was dreaded, and naturally, more than the brigands. The difficulty of ascertaining the truth of any event was almost insuperable. I recollect driving one day to the Borghese gardens, and finding the gates closed, enquiring the reason, we were answered, because three people had been stilettoed in the grounds the evening before. The precise facts of this tragedy could not be learned from any

public statement or newspaper: an Italian doctor told me it was much better it should be so, for a particular detail of such atrocities was hurtful to the feelings. Everything is wrapped in mystery.

A trifling incident in its nature occurred in relation to a saint's day which interested me not a little. A respectable woman, employed by several English families as a washerwoman, had been recommended to us. She or some of her assistants were caught in the act of working on a *festa**, and a fine of forty crowns was imposed on the industrious woman by the police, to which she would not have been subject for working on the Sabbath. The discipline of the Church had been invaded; industry on that day was a crime. The decent woman, for such she was, being advised to memorialise Pope Gregory, did so, and, to my satisfaction, successfully, for the fine was remitted. The want of industry is manifestly a crying evil amongst the people. The Church, to aggravate that evil, wisely proclaims numerous saints days, and festivals, on which no honest employment

* The regard for the festa might be traced to the usages of ancient Rome. The "dies fasti" were those on which legal and public business might be transacted, and the "dies nefasti" were devoted to the service of the gods. Secular employment on the last became a sacrilege. The "Fasti" were of three kinds: 1st. Those on which the Prætor sat all day, thirty-eight in number, marked F in the Calendar; 2nd, "Dies intercisi," when there was legal jurisdiction during part of the day marked F p or N p, according as religion or business began or concluded the day. The 1st of March was the N P "Nefastus primo;" of these there were sixty-five.

3rd, Dies Casa fasti

Ille nefastus erit, per quem tria verba silentur,
Fastus erit, per quem lege licebit agi."—OVID, *Fasti*.

The three words were, "Do, dico, addico," the formula of the Prætor; "Do leges, Dico jus, Addico id de quo quæritur."

is permitted to be exercised. This is in exact conformity with the nicest rules of political economy.

I became acquainted with a young, handsome, fashionable Count, who mixed largely in English society in Rome. During an evening's conversation he remarked, he had never beheld the sea, and had a great desire to do so. I observed that was very easy, the sea was but a few miles distant, and if he preferred a sea-port, Civita Vecchia was not very far off. The Count laughed. "I made an effort to accomplish it, but failed," he then said. "You English who travel over the world do not know our system. I applied lately for a passport to visit the coast; the officials inquired my age, and with whom I lived; I said with my mother. A certificate from my mother was demanded, verifying the truth of my statement. I brought it; the passport was still refused. I was asked who was my parish priest; having answered, a certificate from him was required, as to the propriety of my being allowed to leave Rome. I got the priest's certificate; they then told me in the office I was very persevering, that really they saw no necessity nor reason for my roaming about the country just then, and that it was better for me to remain at home with my mother." He then muttered, "The priests, the priests, what a government is theirs!"

Here this despicable tyranny interfered with the innocent enjoyment of life; the only palliation for the refusal of a passport to this young man for his trip, may be found in the fact that the insurrection had occurred at Rimini a few months before, and as the youth had an honest face, and was not then of

age, the officials may have considered him a conspirator.

Political fears deterred the government from sanctioning railways. When Gregory understood his loving subjects of Bologna might visit him in Rome *en masse*, he would not hear of the innovation. I remember the remark of a man of business on the subject: "*Il Papa non ama le strade ferrate.*" No reasons were given for the refusal to adopt the improvement, except that his Holiness hated railways. Gregory reasoned as did an inveterate Tory of my acquaintance, who condemned railways because they were a vile Whig invention. Any improvements in agriculture which could be effected by agricultural societies were interdicted, all such noxious institutions repressed.

An English gentleman, devoted to agricultural pursuits, chanced to call on me one day, and mentioned he was going to witness a novel scene in Rome, namely, horses ploughing (a labour universally performed by oxen). The event took place in presence of a number of distinguished persons, and plough the horses did. An Italian steward observed of the affair, "To be sure, they ploughed, but it was a very scandalous exhibition." The gentlemen of the Irish College originated some reforms in their farms which were regarded with surprise, not followed. Nothing would be more unjust than to fasten on the papal government the accusation of having caused the desolation of the Campagna. Napoleon's prefect, an unprejudiced witness, dispels our prejudices on this subject, so commonly misunderstood. The system of agriculture pursued, must

in every country, to a great extent, depend on the climate, soil, wants and habits of the people. The districts around Rome may be best adapted for pasture, and undoubtedly that mode of using the soil is most congenial to the habits of the people. Unfortunately, evil customs have been perpetuated, and assuredly the Papal Government is responsible for not attempting any reform which might mitigate the dreadful evils attendant on the system of agriculture pursued within view of the Quirinal. The prefect, in his table of statistics, shews more people die than are born in Rome. This arises from the numbers of labourers who perish annually in the hospitals from malaria, caught in reaping the harvest in the district around the city.

The inhabitants of the city or neighbourhood never expose themselves to the risk attendant on this useful labour; the miserable reapers come from the mountains.

Mr. Spalding, in his excellent work on Italy, writes:—

"The peasants from the mountains, chiefly Abruzzesi, male and female, who come down in hundreds to earn a wretched pittance by the harvest-work, toil from early dawn till sunset, and then lie down for the night on the bare cold ground. There rises from the infected earth the clinging white mist which has death in its bosom; the fires lighted round the sleeping places are insufficient to scatter it, and the poor mountaineers are thinly clad. Within a week the most sickly drop; the marsh-fever has infected the majority of the others before the reaping is concluded; and it attacks almost all the survivors on their way home. More than one-half of those who thus come down from the highlands die in the plain or soon after their return. Those who escape look at their starving children and prepare to go down again the succeeding year. During this horrible scene, the Campagna has scarcely any other inhabitants than

the reapers except a few of the hardier animals, with their herdsmen, who, left in the pestilential flats to attend their summer pastures, ride over them with long pikes and wrapt in sheepskin cloaks. These men either die in the first year or after the seasoning fever become inured to the climate, which has imprinted its ghastly mark upon them for life *."

Where the only hope of repelling malaria is from an increase of population, thousands of valuable lives, which might be saved, are annually sacrificed. I say might be saved. Sir James Clarke, well acquainted with the Roman climate, in his book on Climate observes:—"A person may, I believe, sleep with perfect safety in the centre of the Pontine marshes, if he have his room kept well heated by a fire during the night." Experience confirms the above opinion. There are no dwellings for the reapers even to sleep in over the wide Campagna, exposed as it is to the scorching rays of the sun by

* "On ne peut s'empêcher d'être vivement ému en voyant de près la triste condition de ces pauvres ouvriers, auxquels le plaines romaines doivent leurs récoltes, et qui, mal vêtus, grossièrement nourris, prives des douceurs de l'abri paternel, et le plus souvent des soins de leurs parens livrés aux rigueurs de l'atmosphère, aux piqûres des insectes, semblent descendus au plus bas degré de l'échelle des souffrances. Dès que la chaleur se développe, des maux plus grands encore les accablent; leurs poumons, habitués à l'air subtil des montagnes, sont mal à l'aise dans l'atmosphère pesante de la plaine; leur corps, dont le soleil a ouvert les pores, se refroidit brusquement par le contact immediat d'une fraîche rosée, et de la terre qui leur sert de couche; la fièvre en saisit chaque jour quelques uns; et le soir toutes les victimes de la journée sont conduit à l'hôpital le plus voisin, distant quelquefois de dix à douze lieues. Mais trop souvent on arrivent lorsque les secours sont devenus inutiles. Quelquefois dans le paroxisme de la fièvre, ces pauvre gens s'éloignent de leur troupe; et il n'est pas rare que la mort les frappe loin de leurs amis. Ainsi, dans ces campagnes romaines, l'homme peut mourir seul, il son cadavre est livré aux oiseaux de proie."

The above is a true though fearful description, by the Count de Tournon, of the effects of the malaria on the reapers who descend from the mountains to save the harvest for the inert Romans.

day, and noxious vapours by night. This prodigious tract is held by colleges, convents, hospitals, churches, great lords, and by the Government itself. Over these ecclesiastical bodies the Government has control; moreover it is absolute; an edict would compel the erection of barns for the reapers to sleep in, and fires to dispel the exhalations of the night. No such edict has ever been issued, and we perceive the consequences. When the harvest is reaped, the labour of cleaning it for the mill is endless; the women sit in rows, picking the stony particles from the grain with their fingers. There was not a winnowing machine in Rome. Application was made to the Government for leave to import this useful invention; but it is said when Pope Gregory heard what kind of thing it was, he declared it should never enter his States, as it would throw so many poor women out of employment,—a decision which might be expected from a good-natured monk.

After a residence of some months I perceived an universal gloom pervaded Rome, and as universal a discontent. When the Pope appeared, no man said, God bless him; of the cardinals as a body, I scarce ever heard a kind observation made; generally, the language applied to them was expressive of contempt, but chiefly in reference to their political government.

I have heard the people complaining of any abuse, say, "This comes of being governed by *men in red*, or by old men in red." In Bologna I heard a man apply to the Cardinal Legate, the expression, "*old woman in red.*" Reverence for the Government, or respect for the law, there was none. This feeling of contempt had descended to the lowest classes. I

chanced to enquire from an attendant in one of the principal hotels, whether he knew if letters were opened (as rumoured) in the post-office. He replied, "As many as two thousand were opened during the last insurrection, but the practice was given up latterly;" then he moralized, "Better for the people to remain quiet; if," said he, "it was left to ourselves, we would soon settle him (the Pope), but as we know Austria would crush us, it is wiser to wait." There was candour and good sense in the remark.

My inquiries were now directed specifically to the criminal code of Pope Gregory from the following incident.

I chanced to spend an evening with a friend: an Italian gentleman joined our party; accidentally the subject of political prosecutions was touched on. The Italian related the case of a friend, who had been arrested, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, without being able to guess who were his accusers. I requested him to be specific. He repeated his assertion. "Surely the accused must have got a trial," I observed. "Such a trial as they give here," said the Italian, "but he never saw the witnesses against him, or knew who they or his accusers were." I could not refrain from remarking there must be some mistake in this narrative, as a trial there could scarcely be without witnesses, or evidence. The Italian persisted in his statement, and said the ordinary forms, bad as they were, did not apply to a political case; "he was no lawyer, but he thought, if I examined the code, I should find a man could be condemned in Rome, when charged with a crime against the State, without seeing any witness, or knowing who accused him;

and, moreover, without ever being allowed to quit the gaol, in which what was called the trial, frequently took place."

I firmly believed this gentleman was mistaken, and said so to my friend, but he thought the Italian knew best what was the law, especially as his near relative was a distinguished advocate. Next morning I procured the Gregorian Code. In considering its provisions, I was willing to make every allowance for the difference of custom, education, peculiar jurisprudence, and national character. But the principles of justice are immutable, and, irrespective of all forms of procedure, of universal application. Hastily running over its thin pages, I came to Chapter 10, book 7, page 59, concerning the mode of proceeding in crimes of high treason, conspiracy, sedition, and offences against the public tranquillity. It consists of eleven clauses, and it is fairer to give the whole of the English translation and the Italian in the note*.

* "On the mode of proceeding in crimes of high treason, conspiracy, sedition, and other offences against the public safety.

"555.—In cases of treason, conspiracy, and other crimes against the public peace, proceedings shall be taken at once in an expeditious and summary manner by the means of a commission deputed for the formation of the process, the members of which shall be in every case selected by the Secretary of the State.

"556.—The judgment upon the same offences is reserved

"Del modo di procedere nei delitti di lesa maestà, cospirazione, sedizione, et attentati alla pubblica sicurezza.

555. "Nei delitti di lesa maestà, cospirazione, sedizione ed altri attentati alla pubblica sicurezza si procede sempre in via spedita, e sommaria col mezzo di ministri specialmente deputati per la formazione del processo che vengono nominati en ogni caso dalla Segreteria di Stato."

Let us consider what this brief chapter permits or enjoins. Secret trials; suppression of names of witnesses and prosecutors; refusal of means of making defence against a charge alleged, it may be,

to the Supreme Tribunal of the Consulta, which has the direction of the mode of procedure in accordance with the power it has received, or which may be granted according to different circumstances.

"557.—The process being completed, the criminals shall be removed to one of the metropolitan prisons from whatever place in the state they may be, except when on the representation of the Supreme Tribunal through the Secretary of State, the Holy Father shall delegate the judgment of the cause to one of the ordinary tribunals of legation or delegation.

"558.—The process shall be communicated, together with the summary, of it to Monsignor, advocate for the poor, or to such other counsel as shall be named by the accused, if his choice shall be sanctioned by the president of the Supreme Tribunal.

"559.—In five days shall the cause be brought forward without any further delay.

"560.—In the above-mentioned crimes there shall not be allowed any personal confronting of witnesses.

556. "Il giudizio su i medesimi è riservato al Tribunale Supremo della Consulta, incaricato della direzione e del modo delle procedure a seconda delle facoltà, che gli vengono accordate, e che nelle rispettive circostanze può acorrendo impetrare.

557. "Ultimato il processo, i detenuti vengono tradotti nelle carceri della capitale da qualunque luogo dello stato, purchè presso rappresentanza del Supremo Tribunale col mezzo della Segreteria di Stato, il Santa Padre non dia ordine di commettere il giudizio della causa ad uno dei tribunali ordinari di legazione, o di delagazione.

558. "Si communica il processo col ristretto a Monsignor Avvocato de' poveri, o al difensore nominate dall accusato quante volte la scelta del medesimo venga approvata dal capo del Tribunale Supremo.

559. "Nel termine di cinque giorni si propone la causa senz'altri termini dilatorj.

560. "Nei suddetti delitti non si ammette confronto personale coi testimonj.

by a private enemy; special commissions; torture of the accused by personal interrogatories in his prison; the code, barbarous as it is, giving no definition

"561.—The Supreme Tribunal shall meet together with the Procurator Fiscale General and Monsignore, the advocate of the poor, the Cancelliere, and the accused being brought before it, he or they shall be informed in a compendious manner of the facts and circumstances connected with the cause, then the President of the Tribunal, or his delegate, according to Article 43, shall interrogate the accused to attain as much information as may be required, after which the accused shall be taken away again into prison.

"562.—The Tribunal may meet, if deemed necessary, wherever the prisoners are confined, there to fulfil the provisions of the preceding article.

"563.—The Procurator Fiscale Generale shall then make his observations and his demand on the Tribunal, Monsignore, the advocate for the poor, shall then, either by word of mouth, or in writing, adduce as much as he may think useful for his client, after which both, together with the Cancelliere, shall withdraw.

"564.—Sentence shall be passed by a majority of votes con-

561. "Radunato il Tribunale Supremo in uno de suoi turni coll intervento del Procuratore-Fiscale-Generale di Monsignor Avvocato de' poveri e del cancelliere, si fa comparire l' accusato o gli accusati avanti il Tribunale, ove dopo una compendiosa esposizione del fatto e delle circostanze, il Presidente del Tribunale, o quello fra i Luogotenenti, che può essere dal medesimo destinato a forma del Articolo 43, interroga l'accusato per avere gli schiarimenti opportuni, dopo di che l'accusato viene rimandato in carcere.

562. "Può il Tribunale secondo le circostanze radunarsi al luogo di detenzione degli accusati, ed ivi farli presentare per esaurire il disposto del precedente Articolo.

563. "Quindi il Procuratore-Fiscale-Generale espone le sue osservazioné, e fa le domande di suo istituto, Monsignore Avvocato de' poveri, deduce in voce, o in scritto quanto crede utile al cliente; l'uno e l'altro col Cancelliere si ritirano.

564. "La sentenza si forma a maggioranza di voti, secondo l'Articolo 443, ed è inappellabile.

of sedition or treason, and leaving it to a court so constituted, to condemn (upon an extorted or perverted answer), the unfortunate accused, to death.

Thousands of individuals have been persecuted under this system, which seems closely copied from the Florentine writer's description of the tribunals of the Inquisition. Practically speaking, under this atrocious code, any gentleman in Rome might be easily sacrificed to the suspicions of the Government. I conversed some time afterwards with a gentleman who had himself been tried for a political offence; he informed me the trial was a complete mockery. The process, which contained depositions of nameless individuals, or so much of the depositions as the tribunal pleased, was handed to his advocate chosen for him by the tribunal; which advocate made what observations he could on the paper, in the private apartment where the tribunal sat, and then the cause was over. In ordinary cases of enormous crimes, the criminal proceedings are peculiarly slow; while, in political cases, the whole affair may be decided with a surprising rapidity.

A faithworthy person mentioned to me the case

formable with Article 443, and no appeal can be made against it.

"565.—Should the accused be sentenced to capital punishment, and the decision not have been unanimous among the judges, his trial may be reviewed by the same Tribunal aided by other judges.

"566.—The revision must be effected within the term of five days, without any intervention on the part of the accused."

565. "In caso di condanna a pena capitale, se la decisione non è stata ad unanimita di voti ha luogo una revisione coll' intervento del secondo turno dei giudici unitamente al primo.

566. "La revisione deve effettuarsi entro il termine non maggiore di altri cinque giorni, senza intervento dell' accusato."

of an Italian of respectability, charged with sedition, who was tried in the above-mentioned way in his prison; he was then required to sign a declaration of guilt, and promise to quit Italy for life; he declared he would suffer death in preference. Twice called on in his prison to sign the confession, he refused; two months after the last visit the judge returned, and informed him he had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

With respect to the other provisions of this code, I find ecclesiastics are triable before a separate tribunal consisting wholly or partly of priests; and by Section 6 it is provided that where the punishment is fixed for laymen in ordinary crimes by the code, a less degree of punishment shall be reserved for ecclesiastics. Thus, should a priest deserve the galleys or public works, he will be imprisoned where this tribunal may prescribe.

"Ove però possa aver luogo la pena stabilita pei laici, si accorda loro nei delitti communi un grado di minorazione di pena.

"Se la pena stabilita dalla legge è l'opera o la galera, trasmettono il condannato al luogo ove trasmetterebbe il Tribunale Ecclesiastico."

One law for the priest, another for the layman; and he who ought to set the best example, suffers the least punishment for his crime.

The classification of punishment is—1, death; 2, the galleys for life; 3, the galleys for a time; 4, public works; 5, exile; 6, imprisonment; 7, fine; 8, deprivation of public employment and of civil rights.

On examining this papal code I could find no provision for admitting those accused of any offence

to bail. I applied to a Roman advocate to know how this matter stood; and learned that there is no admission to bail for any crime, small or great, in the Papal States. The system of bailing men is not understood,—hence the prisons are crowded with persons accused of venial offences, indiscriminately huddled together with criminals of the deepest dye. The evils of such a system are intolerable.

For the enactment of such a code of laws it is difficult to find even a palliation. Ignorance cannot be pleaded, because the men in power in Rome are men of education, and some knowledge of the world. They had in criminal legislation the inimitable essay of Beccaria to guide them—the admirable code of Tuscany ready drawn for a precedent; the public impartial administration of the criminal law during the government of the French, in Rome itself, which had produced the best effects on the morals of the people, and in diminution of crime.

Napoleon's Prefect, in his fourth book, writes,—

"Mais un cause plus puissante que l'activité des agens de repression, a surtout contribué à réduire le nombre des crimes: c'est la promptitude et l'inevitabilité de la justice. Dès que cette pensée si salutaire, que le châtiment suivrait necessairement le crime, se fut introduite dans l'esprit du peuple, on vit s'opérer un changement prodigieux; souvent cette peusée, se presentant comme un éclair à l'homme prêt à frapper, retenait son bras, et on l'entendait murmurer en menacant, O! se non fosse la seduta! Ah! si je ne craignais le tribunal!"

The Prefect adds that unquestionably such a result was not obtained without great severity; and the number of capital convictions was considerable. But the people were reconciled by the impartiality of the decisions and the publicity of the proceedings.

The papal government therefore had the best

materials at hand for preparation of a sensible criminal code and just procedure. They deliberately gave the preference to the principles of the Inquisition.

Under this dreadful system all confidence between man and man, all happiness, even cheerfulness, disappeared,—universal suspicion and gloom prevailed.

Niebuhr's graphic description of what Rome was in 1830, struck my mind as very applicable to its condition as I beheld it with my own eyes.

"It is a dreary life here in Italy; but I could not have supposed that I should have found it so melancholy. What advantage to me are her works of art? unhappily I am as little an enthusiast for works of art as an ancient Roman; I cannot live upon them. Where that which is living disgusts, how can he who feels himself elevated and made happy only by the human soul and the human heart find compensation from statues, paintings, and architecture? The Italians as a nation are walking dead men. True, we must deplore and not hate them; for unavoidable misfortunes have plunged them in their degradation; but the degradation is not the less certain. Intellect and knowledge, any idea which makes the heart throb, all generous activity, is banished from the land: all hope, all aspiration, all effort, even all cheerfulness; for I have never seen a more cheerless nation."

No man had better opportunities of acquiring an intimate acquaintance with Roman society than Niebuhr; independent of his amazing knowledge of the ancient and modern history of Rome, he resided long in the capital as Ambassador from the Court of Prussia, and thoroughly comprehended the whole system. What a picture he draws of the aspect and intellectual character of the Roman aristocracy and people in his day. Their degradation must be ascribed to the government which oppressed them.

I still, however, wished to procure an authentic

narrative (which could be regarded as historical) of the latter years of the reign of Pope Gregory, and the effects of his government on the Papal States.

Happening to visit Florence for a short interval in the spring of 1846, I met with a gentleman, who, from his position, was perhaps as well as any living man acquainted with Italy.

Conversing with him upon the condition of the country, he observed, "There has been published here a political tract, by Massimo Azeglio, which contains more accurate information of the politics of Italy than you will find in any other book extant. If you inquire for it in my name it will be given to you." I went immediately to the bookseller referred to, and asked for the book. He denied having it. I took him aside, and named the person who had recommended me to him. The bookseller then led me to the end of his shop, which he quitted for a moment, and soon returned with the tract which he sold thus privately.

The author, Massimo Azeglio, could not (had he desired) have found a printer in Florence to publish openly the essay, although relating chiefly to Rome, because it was political. But he manfully affixed his own name to the tract; and, as I understood, was requested by the Government, in consequence, to quit Florence forthwith. He retired to Turin.

Returning to Rome, I resolved to test the truth of Azeglio's statements before relying on their accuracy; and accordingly applied to two advocates (with whom I had been acquainted) upon the subject. Both assured me *Massimo Azeglio had understated the truth in his description of the papal government, and especially in reference to the political prosecu*

tions under Pope Gregory. One of these gentlemen added, that such was the turpitude of the system, that nothing would induce him to engage in a political trial.

To comprehend accurately what was the political government of the Papacy in the nineteenth century, —of what evils the Italians had really to complain,— in what style a political writer discusses national grievances,—what facts he narrates,—we cannot apply to a better source than the forbidden book of the Marchese Massimo D'Azeglio. It has all the value of history, and has produced an amazing effect throughout Italy.

CHAPTER XV.

SUMMARY OF MASSIMO AZEGLIO'S TRACT, ADDRESSED TO CESARE BALBO.

Insurrection of Rimini.—Why has Italy been so long enslaved?—its position distinguished from that of Spain or Greece.—The comments of a foreign press on the Italian people.—Ireland and Poland. A pertinent question asked of the Papacy.—Pope Gregory described.—The subjects of Gregory tempted to unite with Austria. No law or fixed rule of government in the Papal States.—Does the Pope believe the Gospel?—An eloquent appeal to his conscience. Financial system of the Papacy, recommended to the notice of Political Economists.—Agriculture.—Commerce.—Causes of corruption in the State exposed.—The mercenary Army.—A prophecy.—A horrible accusation against the Government.—State Prosecutions.—A Pope's practical administration of political justice—contrasted with the usages of heretical nations.—Events of Romagna since 1843.—A fearful Sketch.—The Inquisition realized.—Anecdote of Avvocato Pantoli, and the honest Monk.—Truth a crime.—Seizure of Rimini—the Manifesto—the Result.—Contrast between the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany.—How tranquillity may be obtained in the Papal Dominions.—England yields to opinion.—Can Rome resist it?—Papal Government at home sustained by a Hireling Army—Abroad by a Foreign Army.—All esteem for the Pope's Government gone.—Difficulties of reforming the Papacy.—Anticipations of a reforming Pope—and a Statement of the Obstacles he would have to overcome.—A brief Sketch of the domestic Politics of Rome.—Reforms suggested.—A Prophecy.—Will the Government of Rome follow the advice offered?—A word to the governed.—A glorious anticipation for Italy.—Appendix.—Financial view of the Papacy.—The Manifesto of the Liberals at Rimini.—Summary of the Reforms demanded by Azeglio.—Concluding Observations.

"History should speak freely of men's acts
And with full mouth."

TO CESARE BALBO.

"I PRESENT to you this publication, not because I intend that the authority of your name should be a shield to the opinions therein expressed, but because I know that each of us concurs in the most important, that of our independence; because I know you are convinced as well as I am, of the necessity of extinguishing in Italy every spark of discord, by large and reciprocal concessions upon matters of minor importance, to the end that all may lend a hand to the great work of our national regeneration; because I am bound to you by ties of great relationship, and honourable friendship; and with bonds tighter still, those which unite two hearts more firmly together, an equal and ardent love for their country, and the desire to do their utmost for its liberation."

"Respecting the insurrection at Rimini, in September last, very few, and perhaps those only who were present, know the exact truth. In Italy, where men dare not venture on private correspondence, and the public papers will not speak out, it cannot be otherwise. According to their statements, copied from foreign journals and consequently dispersed throughout Europe, a few hundred ruffians, headed by a person condemned to the galleys for ten years, disturbed public tranquillity and overturned the Pontifical authority in Rimini; afterwards dispersing in small bands through the Apennines, and flying before the bayonets of the Swiss, they were in a few days dispersed, having committed disorders and robberies, as rebels, thieves, and cowards.

"I disapprove of the insurrection at Rimini, it was mischievous because unseasonable. But if I believed its instigators did not reflect upon the untimeliness,

and therefore, the folly of their undertaking, they are not for this reason to be designated thieves and cowards. If it would be puerile to conceal our tendencies, our hopes, the not daring to speak of them moderately and wisely would be cowardice.

"But the Government! the Police! the Special Commissions! one may exclaim. In the first place, I do not see that he who dared to print his opinions freely, upon the present and future state of Italy, had a hair of his head touched. Cesare Balbo is a living witness that I affirm what is true, and Nicolini and others live free and undisturbed.

Freedom is deserved by knowing how to suffer for a time, to endure with resignation, and to dare judiciously, when the opportunity offers. It is deserved by great and virtuous sacrifices; and we Italians may raise our heads, lay our hands upon our hearts and ask God and man—Have we deserved it?"

Our author then discusses at length, the unseasonableness of the insurrection; in the course of his argument he makes this deliberate assertion:—

"There may be different opinions in Italy as to the best mode of reforming its respective states, but ask every Italian from Frapani to Susa, if it is for the benefit of Italy to deliver it from foreign dominion? Each individual will answer, Yes. Even our princes would lie against their own consciences if they said otherwise. In an age in which slavery is regarded with universal detestation; in which the most powerful and civilized nations are endeavouring to wipe out that stain from the world, in an age in which it is considered unjust that one man should enchain the free will and actions of another man, appropriate the

profits of his labour, leaving to the slave but his life and the meanest necessaries for subsistence, who can assert that what is considered unjust between men, is just between nations? Who can deny Italy that nationality, which all the races, all the tongues, dispersed over the face of the globe, contend for?"

Having proved that neither France, (under *Louis Philippe*) nor Prussia, nor England, would aid any insurrectionary movement in Italy, our author distinguishes the classes of persons who might be disposed to revolt in Italy, and under what inducements; and explains sensibly the cause of the prolonged subjugation of the Peninsula. "Men of education, and particularly political education, may sometimes revolt by reason of sufferings affecting their moral nature; but that class is everywhere the most limited, and especially so in Italy. The greater number destitute of education suitable to civil life, and not understanding first political principles, (in which condition is the bulk of the people amongst us) revolt only from physical wants and sufferings, and they must be insupportable; because these persons are accustomed by the state of society in which they exist to bear the heaviest burdens with resignation."

"Nature is so generous to her sons in the soil of Italy, that the sluggishness or malignity of man has never been able to waste or entirely consume her gifts. And one of the reasons of the prolonged slavery of Italy, is perhaps because our soil has always been able to satiate both the greedy covetousness of the foreign conqueror and the hunger of the conquered. The common people of Italy, compared with other

nations, are unacquainted, we may say, with misery or famine; and physical want it is which most powerfully stimulates the people to action.

"And although the Italian people have not studied politics, have read no journals, know nothing of the balance of power and general interests of Europe; they know nevertheless, that if even they succeeded in throwing off the yoke of their local governments, they would effect nothing, and must needs fight, undisciplined and unarmed, against Austria, well disciplined and well armed."

Azeglio next shows how different is the condition of Italy from Spain or Greece, which succeeded even in their struggles for independence by foreign aid; and he asserts, with much probability, that England would not be likely to send the Duke of Wellington with an army, to restore freedom or independence to Italy; therefore he concludes the insurrection of Rimini was unseasonable, and consequently mischievous. In reference to the opinion expressed by the European press on these miniature revolutions, he feelingly exclaims:

"And would to God they were not noticed, or were merely condemned and denounced! But they are derided and scorned. They afford a subject for short articles in journals, overflowing with a patronizing compassion; a sardonic advice which makes the blood boil in our veins more than the severest reproaches; and the foreign reader smiles and passes on; and the opinion entertained of us is, that we are a people without manly ideas or political education, incapable of weighty undertakings—incapable alike of enduring and resisting, and therefore de-

serving our fate. And have we sunk into such a depth of degradation, that the misery, tears, and the blood of Italy should offer only matter for laughter? And shall we never find that our misfortunes awaken, like those of Ireland and Poland* (in many points analogous), that disdain towards the oppressor, and generous compassion for the oppressed, which is to them comfort and hope? Why do Ireland and Poland receive it? Because they suffer more worthily than we do. Esteem, sympathy, the opinion of the whole civilized world, is with them; and these feelings are powerful allies! And as to us? At us they laugh.

"But before examining the system the Court of Rome adopts towards its subjects—before entering into a discussion with that government respecting its acts—I wish to know if discussion be possible, that

* Foreigners, in their ignorance and jealousy of England, frequently couple Ireland with Poland; affecting to believe England has one code of laws for herself, another inconceivably wicked for Ireland. I once had an amusing example of this. Chancing to meet with a Polish countess in Germany, she asked in broken English, at table, where I came from? Having replied, from Ireland, she exclaimed, "I do so love you!" (This was not complimentary, as the lady was elderly and ugly.) Delicately requesting to know the cause of her sudden affection, the good lady declared she looked upon the Irish as the Poles: England ruling them as Russia trampled on Poland. She added, she had read *Moore's Melodies*, and knew the slavery the Irish suffered. When I explained to her the same law and equal liberty prevailed in Ireland as in England, she was astonished—that was a thing she had never heard before. I think the erroneous conceptions of foreigners on this subject may be traced to the fact that continental journals have always published, and by permission of the censors over the press, what has been spoken and written in Ireland against England, in order to depreciate the latter country. Consequently, many even educated foreigners imagine the English, by an atrocious system of laws, have fastened a gigantic oppression on the Irish people.

is to say, if we set out upon a basis equally agreed on by both parties. I therefore ask if there is one decalogue only, one Gospel only, one moral code only—given equally to all, to be the rule of their actions? or if on the contrary, there are two editions of these codes, one for sovereigns, another for the people; one for governors, statesmen, diplomatists, another for the multitude governed? As I must necessarily give the answer, I assume, agreeable to the doctrine professed by the Court of Rome, that there is one moral code only, for governors as well as for the governed. One thing remains for me to know, and I ask if to this grand rule of morals it is possible to apply the maxim, that every general rule has its exceptions, or if the eternal rules of justice are the only ones which man has no pretext to disobey? To this question I am obliged also to reply, by assuming that the decision of the Court of Rome is favourable to the last opinion, it being the necessary consequence of the doctrines taught by itself. Being agreed on these two points, discussion becomes practicable, and there remains one thing only to be examined—what conclusions does the Court of Rome draw from these premises, and what consequences are deduced from them by the opinion of the civilized world?

"The truths I have adverted to are so elementary, that the reader will wonder I have stopped to express them; and without doubt it is most strange we should have to put the question in this manner, and upon principles which would appear to be obvious to all. But how can I do otherwise, wishing to enter into a discussion with one who, setting himself up an

ambassador to the world of good tidings, makes his message so grievous to those immediately confided to him by God? with one who is the guardian and proclaimer of the divine code of justice, love, and mercy, and commits, or permits at least, injustice, changes love into hatred, and has never granted mercy? with him who preaches upon the throne humility and charity, while closing his ears to every reclamation, inculcates love of our neighbour, and then issues the iniquitous military commissions?

"If we ask such men, Do you or do you not believe in what you teach? they must not be offended, and no one on earth can be surprised at the question. I do not utter these hard words through any hatred of the papacy. I solemnly declare it, before proceeding a step further, in order that my readers may not misunderstand me *I* venerate Christianity, I venerate Catholicism, *and should esteem it the last of Italy's misfortunes if its religious unity were disturbed, the sole principle of union which remains to it.* Moreover I feel no spite or aversion towards the Court of Rome, from which I have never received any offence, on the contrary, I have sometimes received favours, and therefore my language, however bitter, is not to be interpreted as the expression of hatred towards an enemy, but should be understood rather as the effect of grief excited in my breast for a friend who madly rushes on destruction.

I have professed to speak the truth, and I am forced to praise Austria. Her code (political cases excepted, in relation to which the law of Austria is iniquitous) is equal for all; it does not admit any exception of persons, classes, or religions. With the

code in his hand the lowest porter obtains justice against persons of the highest rank, even Ministers of the Crown. I do not say that her laws are therefore good, that they are adapted to the wants of the Italians who obey them, or meant to promote their real welfare; and much less that her government is therefore acceptable in Lombardy and Venice, being ever a foreign government, and which even in doing good aims at the worst of evils, that of preventing us from becoming a free and independent nation; but I assert that men submit sometimes to very heavy grievances when they live under a fixed rule impartial and equal for all, and content or not they adapt themselves to it. But they never can be content to see for example of two delinquents, one acquitted and the other condemned for the same crime, to see the priest exempt from that condemnation by which the laity are inexorably punished*. The subjects of Austria do not submit to a life of constant suspicion, to exist in a state of continual uncertainty, with the tormenting dread of being spoliated of their property, imprisoned, or arbitrarily injured in some way or other, without the possibility of appeal, without any ascertained law to defend them. Austria is well aware of this, and profits by it; but amongst the Italian governments all more or less shew by their conduct they are ignorant of this feeling; more than any, the Papal Government; and if her subjects dis-

* In the Papal States the guilty priest is punished less severely than the laity, whilst the rule in truth should be exactly the contrary. The ecclesiastic should be more rigorously punished, being bound by his profession to show good example, and being supposed to be more enlightened by education, and restrained by a higher grade of morality. (AZEGLIO.) See ante the sections of the code referred to.

like foreign sway, and do not seek, as many have said and believed, *to be united to Austria*, the noble nature of the Romagnuoli is to be thanked, their truly Italian national spirit, through which they would rather suffer the worst evils than submit themselves to the stranger, to the great enemy of their country: but it must be confessed, the papal government has done everything in its power to drive its subjects to that painful alternative. It is the chief duty of every government to have a code; and by code I do not mean merely laws, but institutions, fixed and certain.

"This then is the first duty, and ought to be the first care of the Papal Government; and if her subjects demand it, they ask what is reasonable, and if the government deny it, that government is guilty of a rank injustice. But since they have no general or impartial code or system of law, since they have to live, or more correctly strive to live in hope of better days, defending themselves against the hundred authorities in the state, constantly at variance with each other, contending for the administration, and sporting with the miserable papal subjects and with their property, their interests, their liberty, would that these unfortunate people had at least the power of raising their voice and making themselves heard when flagrantly outraged,—would that they had a way open to their complaints, an ear that would hear them!

"I will now relate a fact which those not acquainted with Rome will believe to be a calumny. The head of the state has not set apart a day for granting public audience as all absolute sovereigns have done. But this is nothing. If a subject ask to speak to

the Pope, he is not permitted, unless he formally promises, in the first instance, not to speak upon public business. This fact admits of no comment, and should it be alleged, that it is permitted to present memorials, have recourse to the tribunals, secretaries of state, &c. &c., what confidence could be placed in such resources! In short, either my accusations are calumnies (and let that be proved) or it is true that he who preaches justice, and is its first guardian, perpetrates injustice, and therefore it is reasonable to ask him if there are two Gospels, and two moral codes, or one only; *if he believes or not in what he preaches and teaches the world?* It is reasonable to ask him to condemn one of these two things, either Christian morality or his own conduct. It is reasonable to say to him, of the Rimini insurrection, of the killed and exiled, you the Sovereign, and not your oppressed subjects, have to render an account before God; their blood will fall upon your head; their sufferings, their afflictions, will be considered by that tribunal before which never will appear crowns, sceptres, nor papal tiaras; in the dust of sepulchres these baubles will lie, but before which naked souls will present themselves, protected from the sword of eternal justice by no other shield than that of a pure and innocent conscience,—your actions will be weighed by that incorruptible balance, in which the least injury done to the humblest of mankind, weighs more than all the thrones and crowns of the universe. *Either what you teach concerning the justice of God, and his awful judgment in the life to come, is false, or what you teach is true, and you are convinced of it, and believe that God will one day demand a justification of your conduct, and will*

say; I intrusted you with a nation; what have you done with it? And then tell me with what epithets are your actions to be branded? Tell me how can the system you pursue be explained? Tell me, because I can neither discern nor divine it. The powerful of the earth I know deride these declamations, so called. They say, scornfully, "The usual refuge of the defenceless is to enjoy in this world the thought of being avenged in the next." But if other men in power say this, you cannot say so without giving the lie to yourself, and your own words. Besides, open your eyes and see if the sword of eternal justice always waits for man beyond the limits of the grave. See if it has always so much forbearance? Look around you: see whether injustice, whether violence, is a tree that strikes its roots deeply and firmly in the soil. Observe within fifty years past how many principalities, a hundred times firmer than yours, which imagined themselves to be impregnable and immovable, through the grace of God, and conceived they might, in His name, safely commit iniquity; of how many of these do we behold the ruin? Observe throughout the universe how crimes of long standing have undermined the foundation of guilty power. See Turkey paying for the old wrongs done to Greece; Russia in constant agitation on account of ruined Poland; Austria reckoning the days of political life remaining to her, alarmed at every straw that moves in Italy, in Hungary, in Poland, or in other provinces of her empire; because with many, she has tremendous accounts to settle. England herself, the happy, the powerful England, the Queen of the ocean, and of the wealth of the world,—behold her disturbed in her triumphs by

the spectre of famished Ireland, by the apprehension of a domestic revenge, which at the first real danger might bring her to utter ruin. God is just, and does not favour iniquity, and of all his gifts the only one not infinite is patience in enduring injustice.

"Mine are words of grief rather than of scorn, seeing so large a portion of Italy, that country I love, placed by you in the painful alternative of either enduring the evils you make it suffer, or rising in arms to fall into the hands of your executioner or of the foreigner. But the words that have fallen from my pen are so severe, that I feel it my duty to show I have the strongest reason for using them. I must therefore enter more deeply into this painful subject. I must lay bare the many wounds which afflict those beautiful and unfortunate provinces."

"The economical system of the Papal States, and the finances, are reduced to such a condition that no one in Europe can be ignorant of its absurdities and impending ruin; and if there be one thing more wonderful than another it is that this ruin has not been already consummated,—in a word, that the State is not declared bankrupt. A reasonable ground of amazement, everybody knowing that her financiers and statesmen spend with one hand more than they receive, and shut up with the other the sources of public wealth! The prohibitory system fetters exports and imports with extravagant duties, to which ignorance gives the name of protection, with foolish restrictions by which, instead of encouraging national industry, not that industry, but the monopoly of a few, is favoured; labour and production are limited; smuggling, the fountain of corruption and immorality, is provoked; a system hostile to the

very Government itself, which thus supports a class of lawless men, ever ready to unite against whosoever would oppress them. The effect of this system is to oblige the subjects of the Pope to pay for the goods they consume a higher price than their value: —in a word, the impoverishing all, in order to enrich a few. Concerning every matter which, on the other hand, might increase the public wealth, the Government refuses to hear one word; in everything it sees a plot,—a rebellion. The Pope of Rome has said, "*I do not put faith in railroads,*" and the whole of Europe laughs at this profession, but not so the Papal subjects. The Government obstinately opposes every other means of amelioration either by positive prohibition, or obstacles thrown in the way; will not allow the existence of banks, which tend to increase the public credit*, nor tolerate agricultural or industrial associations. The social body being thus paralyzed in every movement, the circulation of its most vital humours intercepted, it must necessarily be speedily and finally exhausted. Land proprietors being loaded with insupportable taxes, and finding no market for disposing of their produce, are dwindling to nothing; nor can they ever succeed in amassing capital, which is the nerve of agriculture, and the only means whereby permanently to improve it."

"The national commerce is, one may say, nothing; and the most central State of Italy, situated between two seas, and upon that new road on the point of being opened to the commerce of the East, India,

* The Roman Bank excepted.

and China, with rivers, partly navigable, rich in mines, and the most fertile soil of our peninsula, is inhabited by a people in whom Providence has infused with a prodigal hand readiness and invention, foresight, energy, endurance, and courage.

"This State has two principal ports, Civita Vecchia and Ancona. I have seen both lately; in both, with the exception of a foreign steamer, which had cast anchor for a few hours, I found but a few poor coasting-smacks and boats of fishermen.

"Generally speaking, with Governments, the worse they are, the more they cost. Thus the Papal subjects are obliged to support an army of useless *employés*, (would that they were merely useless!) custom-house clerks, officers, &c. They are obliged to pay liberally ministers of state, often foreigners, occupying situations to which the citizens cannot aspire, except by taking holy orders, whether they have a calling or not for the sacred office. And the offices, on the other hand, to which the laity may be appointed, such as governors, judges, presidents of the tribunals, are on the contrary so badly paid as to make it impossible for the civilian with his family to live honestly upon his income. But above all, the Government expense, the most grievous to the people, is that of the mercenary Swiss. I do not mean the Swiss Guard at the Papal palaces,—too limited in number to be a weight upon the State,—but I speak of the Swiss regiments, which present the painful and startling spectacle in our time of the ancient companies of adventurers; nor can one understand how the brave and virtuous nation to which they belong does not abolish the practice of

foreign enlistment amongst its people, as fatal to a high national spirit, of which Switzerland has given such splendid examples, as it is contrary to her true dignity.

"The Papal Government know not what an accumulation of hatred (would to God it be not revenge!) is now hoarding up against it amongst the people and army, on account of the curse of these mercenary and foreign soldiers, who would be attacked, and no doubt scattered, by the people of Romagna, if they were not aware that these Swiss are the vanguard of Austria. But there exists in Romagna another evil. A wicked power, invisible to all eyes, which every citizen, in every place, at every moment of his life, feels to be at his side, prepared for his destruction. The reader will exclaim, 'The police!' But he is mistaken. I speak of a baser thing,—of an enormity, more rare, unknown in civilized nations,—of which I dare not, will not, accuse the Government, but of the existence of which the Government is well aware, and yet does not wipe out the infamy in the places where it possesses unlimited power."

"There exists in Romagna a class of vile men, of a dissipated and wicked life, slothful and quarrelsome, who profess to be devoted to the Pope, his Government, faith, and religion; with this vaunt they consider themselves freed from all restraint; they esteem every description of violence lawful, perhaps praiseworthy, provided it be directed against men professing different opinions from theirs; which is, as every one will perceive, the same as saying whosoever may be odious to them.

"This infamous gang, profiting by the constant terror of the Government, assemble in obscure places, and there concoct imaginary conspiracies,

secret accusations, and worse, plot assassinations. The city and suburb of Faenza are torn by miserable and inveterate animosities amongst the citizens, a remnant probably of ancient party feuds. The old names of parties have given place to those of *liberals* for the city, and *papalists* for the suburb. Faenza is a place which may be called a manufactory of outrage—the favourite nest of those abominable miscreants which there, and in other cities of the Romagna, provoke, strike, wound, sometimes kill, and always without risk, those whom they nickname *liberals, freemasons,* or *Carbonari.* Many cases have happened since 1831, and daily do happen. In 1831, during the Austrian occupation, it chanced that some peaceable citizens returning home late at night, met a body of those vagabonds, who first by abusive language insulted, afterwards beat them with sticks, and struck them with daggers. Several times were they repulsed and threatened by the Austrian officers themselves, who, although foreigners, although our enemies, felt nevertheless indignation at these enormities and the infamous connivance of the Government, and moved by humanity guarded these citizens to their homes in safety.

"Whilst I am writing, I cannot but reflect that all this happens, or may happen, not in a country unrestrained by law, and in the whirlwind of revolution, but in a country governed in the name of Him, of whom it is written, 'that He so loved men, as to lay down His life for them!'

"As a drowning man catches at a straw, I will cling to the idea that the Pope is ignorant of what is committed in his name, that he knows it not? I feel a repugnance in pursuing this subject: but if

he knows it not, his ministers, or at least some of them, are well aware of it. I will not defile my pen by attaching to these vile offenders the epithets they merit, but leave them to the execration of honest men of all nations. Let us turn aside from this disgusting theme, though true it is I am obliged to touch upon matters as base, but less repulsive. I speak of the trials, political inquisitions, entrusted to extraordinary commissions, unfettered by any of the usual legal rules of procedure, and with unlimited power of condemnation these tribunals, true *coupe-gorge* as the French call them, held infamous by all civilized nations: their very nature betraying the object they were designed to serve: that is, to be instruments of the Sovereign's vengeance, not justice. In these tribunals I say, the same men are both accusers and judges; there is no liberty of defence, nor even in the choice of a defender. The advocate for the accused is named by the tribunal, selected from a class devoted to it; the pleadings and proceedings are mysterious, secret, composed wholly to favour the prosecution. The examinations of the accused are deceitful, cunning, and full of artifice. Moral torture is applied, and one might say, bodily torture also. The classification of crime is indefinite and arbitrary: for which reason, a mere opinion, a passing thought, the affections of the heart escaping by a word in some imprudent composition, are often adjudged high treason, and visited by punishments which exceed all limits of proportion and justice, even admitting the guilt of the accused.

"Considering the mildness of the courts of the civilized nations of France, England, Belgium, in

State prosecutions, their scrupulous, and I might say, trembling concern for the guilty, in order that he may not be unjustly pressed upon: seeing, for example, Louis Napoleon, set at liberty after the offence of Strasbourg; after that of Boulogne merely imprisoned; whilst if he were born a subject of the Pope, scaffolds enough could scarce have been erected whereon to execute him,—seeing in France and in England, merely exiled or confined, madmen, who had attempted the King or Queen's life; and to think by whom those states are governed, and by whom the Roman State is governed; to think that to the former is attached the stain of heresy or irreligion: that their rulers are regarded as persons who corrupt and pervert human society, while the latter is proclaimed as the holiest of the earth,—seeing the works of each, the effects produced by the one and the other, human reason would waver if God in his compassion had not established in the heart of man the faculty of knowing and loving truth and justice, and of detesting falsehood and iniquity. The assassinations committed by such commissions are in conformity with their nature and are alike at all times and in all places where they are resorted to; because the same causes produce the same effects, and, therefore, by the common consent, they are considered only as instrumental to violence and vengeance. Experience has proved that the base judges who accept seats in those tribunals, either knowing or guessing the wishes of their patrons, strive to find men guilty, not innocent, they know that for every condemnation they rise in the favour of the Government, whilst they would sink by an acquittal; they know that the most sure

steps of the ladder of reward and honour for them, are the bodies of their victims, innocent or guilty matters not. Thanks to the press, the world is full of the infamous deeds committed by these judges; the most notorious names among them (which were in Lombardy, Sâlvotti and Zaiotti) are stamped by universal execration.

"It would be superfluous in civilized countries to denounce such atrocities: but not so in Italy; and, in order to extirpate this nuisance, I must describe the things done by the special commissions, and to this purpose narrate the events in Romagna since 1843.

"During the summer and autumn of 1843, the increasing custom-house vexations, added to many other provocations of the Government, occasioned tumults in the Bologna province. Petty merchants and artisans, combined with some smugglers persecuted more than usual by the custom-house officers, retired to the mountains, and there had skirmishes with the *douaniers*. These disturbances were merely a vain and feeble resistance of people disturbed in their gains, more or less legal. The citizens of Bologna, of all ranks, pitied while they regretted these insurrections, knowing them to be the fruits of ill-regulated taxation.

"The city was tranquil; but the police authorities were not satisfied. The old trade of these men in Italy is to imagine and even provoke demonstrations adverse to the Government, for their own benefit: for this object they described those disturbances to their superiors as political, and commenced persecutions, examination of houses, imprisonments without any real offence or competent evidence; and

hence the flight of many inhabitants, who, fearing they might be imprisoned, took refuge in the mountains, joining the others; and with these, and evils of an earlier date that increased, promoted the purpose of the police, enabling them to frighten the imbecility of the governors of the province, and insist on the hasty re-assembling of the infamous special commission. Universal distrust and terror being thus awakened, a few ardent and generous men of the first families of the city, long suspected or persecuted by the Government, conscious their lives or liberty were in imminent danger, contrived somehow to escape; and rather than provide for their safety by mere voluntary exile, preferred to join their unfortunate fellow-citizens, whom the iniquity of their rulers was reducing to the last extremity, succour them with their property, their persons, and advice, and, becoming their guides, save them from the galleys or death.

"In the meantime the commission in Bologna had condemned very many persons to long imprisonments, seven or eight to death. Of the means adopted to discover the guilty, little or nothing is known, the prosecution and the defence being alike secret. It is reported that many of those victims were not actually guilty. It is very certain, however, that the punishment was altogether arbitrary and excessive. Colonel Freddi, of the Carbiniers (a man abhorred in Romagna), whom public report asserts to have been prosecuted before 1831, and afterwards taken into favour by the Government, by seconding its violence, was in 1843 the life and soul of the Commission of Bologna. He and his confederates made enormous profits on that occasion, were praised

by the Government for upholding order, vindicating the rights of sovereigns, and were loaded with honours and rewards. But this harvest could not long last; it began to fail; their police business was coming to an end, and in consequence their profits.

"The city was now tranquil, and the Romagna had shown no signs of union or correspondence with the agitations of the Bolognese territory. The special commissions were on the eve of dissolution. The province or legation of Forli, under the administration of Cardinal Gizzi (to whom I render the homage his humanity and nobleness of heart deserve), did not offer a suitable field for the Commission. The Cardinal's temperate policy preserved the legation in tranquillity. In Ravenna, on the contrary, the Cardinal-Legate Massimi, a Roman prince, whose pride and severity were notorious, and who had provoked the bitter hatred of the citizens by his continued persecutions, vexations, and arbitrary punishments, and insolent contempt for the people—in Ravenna, I say, it appeared to the Commission it might more conveniently exercise its infamous wickedness by the help and favour of the Cardinal, who was prone to anger and implacable revenge, and wished to stupify the people through terror. The people being excited by these unjust and violent proceedings, and their patience severely tried, a crime was perpetrated (which certainly no provocation can excuse, but which cannot create surprise), the murder of a Swiss soldier and a Carbinier, one of a body, owing to their oppressions, universally hated; and this homicide opened the way to the Commission to extend its operations into the unhappy Romagna.

"A connection between the insurrection of Bologna in 1843, and this fact, which happened in Ravenna in 1845, was supposed to exist; they dreamed of plots and conspiracies in various cities of the legations, multiplying at the same time the number of capricious imprisonments in Rimini, Ravenna, and in the territory of Romagnuola.

"The supposed opinions of the accused were sufficient grounds on which to imprison him; and this is shown by the numbers set at liberty after months, and sometimes *years of confinement*, whom the Commission itself was obliged to acquit as innocent.

"The bodily torments, unhealthy prisons, the infamous means resorted to by the Commission to obtain confession or revelations, are horrible to describe. Those who have read the works of *Pellico* or *Andrane*, may have an idea of them, for wicked men are everywhere alike. Some idea of the cruelty and iniquity practised by the commissions in the secrecy of their prisons and tribunals may be inferred from the sufferings of the political prisoners in daylight and in view of the people during the past summer. In the scorching heat of the day, were seen slowly moving along the dusty roads of the Romagna, a train of carts, guarded by carabiniers and policemen, upon which were tied those accused of political offences, whom the commission were transferring from one prison to another. These prisoners were not used to such violence, they were educated men of every rank and every age, perhaps the greater part of them innocent in the eyes of the government itself. Imagine with what feelings they were seen traversing the town in that manner, covered with dust and filth, burnt by the sun, bound like

highwaymen. Who can expect to inspire terror by such means, especially in a people possessing the fortitude and courage of the Romagnuoli? Of him may be said that God has blinded his eyes, and deprived him of reason! But all these villanies were useless in attaining the object coveted by the commission. Threats, crafty examinations, promises of pardon, were all tried, and all without effect, upon individuals who, not from exalted virtue, but from having nothing to say, removed at once all pretext for the commission continuing the prosecutions. The judges, despairing to make any gain by these unhappy men, often ran from the prisons to the Cardinal (so says one then in Romagna) showing the impossibility, with any colour of honesty, of sentencing even one individual; and the Cardinal instigated them to spend money, use every art, make every effort to establish a ground for punishment, and, finally, being unable to discover either conspiracies or political offences, a criminal process was made up, upon apparent analogies between remote and present transactions, by depositions of concealed witnesses, confounding smuggling with political offences, from all which jumble the commission found a pretext for condemning two individuals to death, and very many to the galleys for ten, fifteen, or twenty years. One noble and generous act relieved the general mourning for these sad events, if high praise can be deserved by the fulfilment of a strict duty. It is the practice of the commissions always to entrust the defence of the accused to a person in their confidence, and in the cases mentioned this duty was assigned to *Ulisse Pantoli*, an advocate of Forli, of noted fidelity to the govern-

ment, who it was anticipated would have seconded the intentions of the tribunal. But truth and justice had more effect upon the mind of the honest advocate, than the spirit of faction, or the love of gain; he became a warm and energetic defender of those unfortunate men, and overthrew altogether the accusation by solid convincing proofs. The honest boldness of this lawyer engendered against him in the minds of the Cardinal and judges the fiercest hatred, which was shown by the illegal withdrawal of papers proving the innocence of the accused, and, lastly, by imprisoning him at Ravenna until the sentence should return ratified from Rome.

"Being at length liberated, it is reported that he will be suspended from his office of substitute for the civil judge—even from practising his profession*.

"My reader will be wearied; but a last fact remains to be related. Let us bear the irksome detail from a desire to know the truth. One of the prisoners, accused as a participator in the murder of the carabinier, by a fortunate accident, slept the night that homicide happened, in the country, and in the same room with a Mendicant Franciscan friar. In proof of his innocence, he called the friar as a witness, who affirmed the fact stated by the accused was true, and for so doing received bitter reproaches from the judges, and, being recalled to Rome, was imprisoned for his misconduct in a convent.

"The most probable view of the whole matter is that the accused were innocent, and according to all appearances, the murder of the carabinier and Swiss soldier sprung from private revenge; that crimes the

* This seems the climax of tyranny.—W.

result of no extensive or guilty conspiracy were committed by a few already out of the reach of the government; and that the Cardinal and the commission have wickedly sent to the galleys, or executed many unhappy people, and with them some of higher rank, either altogether innocent, or at least deserving (and of this there is no doubt) punishment a hundred times milder than they received, filling their families and the city with grief and dismay, causing in all directions terror, flight, and voluntary exile, sowing seeds which no doubt will bring forth bitter fruit, and sooner or later an indescribable harvest of revenge.

"Such was the state of the legations when, in the summer of this year, the whole of that unfortunate body of exiles having escaped from the grasp of the commission assembled within the confines of the republic of San Marino. The refugees in San Marino found themselves hard pressed every day, without money or assistance. To escape into Tuscany, being distant, was too difficult an undertaking. The menaces of the Papal Government to the little republic were incessant, to procure the delivery of those who had been confided to her honour. Finding, therefore, no other way to escape from that net, or else, nourishing a strong hope that some important result might issue from a passage of arms, they decided amongst themselves upon moving in a body upon Rimini. In order to profit by their opportunity with effect, so as to make known to the world the state of the Romagna provinces, and their just demands, they resolved on printing a manifesto, directed to the Powers of Europe, with the intention of publishing it in Rimini on their arrival. This

was done; and having, without opposition, taken possession of the city, and being joined by the Papal troops, they were enabled to declare their intentions by means of this proclamation* to the people and troops. In the meantime a body of about two hundred men had assembled upon the mountains of Faenza and Forli, composed of voluntary exiles and refugees from the Romugnuola, led by rich proprietors ready to sacrifice their property to make head against the Papal Government. They were marching towards Rimini at the time that the Swiss troops, by the *Via Emilia*, were approaching the said city, which, on their arrival, was evacuated by the rebels, who took the direction of Tuscany.

"Either the authors of the insurrection did not wish it to spread, content with the demonstration made and the appeals published, with finding a place of refuge, after having declared to the world their honest demands, or the insurrection did not propagate itself through the sound judgment and true patriotism of the inhabitants of the surrounding provinces. Certain it is, however, that not the happy condition of the inhabitants of the Papal States, but their generous love of country produced the effect which so strangely misled foreign journalists. The official journals have published shameful falsehoods respecting the doings of the rebels in Rimini during their short government. All the honest citizens are witnesses that those engaged in the insurrection observed the greatest moderation. Not one revengeful act, insult, or offence was committed or suffered in that short space of their liberty. The men in public offices were all respected, and left

* See Appendix for this document.

in their situations. To say that they demanded, and would have by force money from private persons and from the savings' bank, is an infamous calumny. Three thousand dollars were taken from the cash belonging to the Government and Commune, for the purpose of maintaining the troops and supplying the most pressing wants. The propriety of seizing on the State may be disputed; but it is a necessary consequence that the public money should be applied to meet expenses which cannot be suspended in any kind of Government.

"Upon leaving Rimini, those engaged in the insurrection carried nothing away but what little property belonged to them: this cannot be doubted, as those brave but unhappy men reached the confines of Tuscany, ragged and wretched. Through the humanity of the Grand Duke they were sheltered and succoured, and did not fall victims to suffering and famine upon the road leading to the land of exile.

"For this behaviour of the Grand Duke our hearts bless and thank him, our understandings commend his virtues; and if the thought wounds us, that an Italian prince reduced his subjects, born of the same blood, speaking the same language, to seek a refuge in the arms of a prince of Austrian descent, our detestation of the former does not lessen our respect and gratitude for the generous humanity of the latter.

"This is a brief history of the late events at Rimini. An infallible proof of the grievous condition of the Papal State. I believe I have said enough to make known the truth to those capable of understanding and accepting it. I pray to God that those whom it most concerns may profit by it. The Romagna and

the entire state appear tranquil, and it may be said of this as was said of Poland, "*L'ordre règne à Varsovie.*" But let them not be deceived by this tranquillity. The papal government will not obtain true and durable tranquillity by her new tribunals of the Sacra Consulta, instituted to blot out the infamy annexed to the name of Commissions, but similar in practice and in the character of the men who compose them: it will not be obtained by the terror* of imprisonments, which are daily multiplied in Rimini and the legations, although those who really participated in the late events have all fled the country: it will not be obtained by the brutal treatment of political prisoners, chaining them with thieves and assassins, contrary to the custom of all civilised nations, so that men, respectable for their talents, rank, and character, are imprisoned with the basest wretches in Civita Vecchia and elsewhere, the greater number without legal proofs, and without having in many cases, in long years of imprisonment (I relate things known to all men), ever seen the face of an examiner or judge; it will not be obtained by increasing the number of hireling bayonets, as they report the papal government intend to do. *But it will be obtained by justice, charity, mercy, which it preaches but does not practise: it will be obtained by observing for once the sacred law it teaches, by submitting to the just demands made upon it by universal opinion.*

"In sovereignty, no authority in the world can be

* Per aver idea della stima che si fa in Romagna della prigione, e da supersi che se domandate colà ad un giovani: Siete mai stato in carcere? Vi risponde quasi con rimmarico: Non posso ancora dire d'esser uomo.—AZEGLIO.

founded on any other basis than universal opinion. We behold the most powerful government in the universe, England, resisting every power, but reverently yielding to public opinion. It willed an electoral reform—that was granted; Catholic emancipation—that was obtained. Now it wills that the rich aristocracy shall not be permitted for their own profit to let the poor die of hunger: and whilst I write Tories and Whigs, Ministers and statesmen, the Queen and her grandees, are disquieted by day or by night, pursued by its voice, and trembling for delaying perhaps too long, in obeying its commands. But this governing principle of the world has also a ruler whom it serves, who moves and directs it, and this ruler is God—of his own will He unchains it against iniquity; and what means does He employ? Means which verily appear to reproach the vanity of human wisdom. England now presents to us a memorable example. Does not the firm and ancient edifice of her Aristocracy, the work of ages, the pride of so many powerful intellects, which Europe led on by Napoleon could not shake, now perhaps waver, struck by a superior power? Has the whole world formed an alliance to accomplish that object for which the forces of Europe and Napoleon were insufficient? Do we perchance see God stirring up wars, or letting loose the elements against that old and until now unshaken injustice? No such thing. He infects the root of that plant which nourishes the people—the potato. With this mean instrument, perhaps for the purpose of deriding the proud impotence of man, He is effecting what the united forces of the universe have attempted, but in vain.

"This fact conveys two important lessons for every

Government. First, that God is at last wearied of enduring iniquity, and with facility overthrows it; and secondly, that the English Government, however powerful, does not believe itself sufficiently so to oppose universal opinion; and moreover for no other reason is it powerful and mighty than because it never separates from, never abandons its broad and solid base. When opinion changes, the Government changes, even although men of high authority be offended, as happened in the cases of Reform and Emancipation, and is now on the eve of taking place in reference to the Corn Laws. What, therefore, the Government of England cannot do, let no others believe it can, and least of all the Government of Rome.

"As an ancient principality and an ecclesiastical sovereignty, it may still possess vast power, if it knows how to use it; if it follows the example of the English aristocracy, changes its policy seasonably in reference to opinion, consents to its just demands, understanding that it is sometimes better with a good grace to grant a part, to avoid being violently deprived of the whole.

"But instead of this, abandoning that power which properly belongs to it, as the ecclesiastical sovereignty, and therefore held in reverence by the Catholics of the whole world, it rests for support on two forces most hateful in the opinion not only of Italy, but of the whole Christian world; forces which being destroyed, (and this will happen sooner or later,) will hurry that Government with them to ruin. These are at home a mercenary army—abroad a foreign army.

"The fact of calling in mercenary Swiss, proves that the Sovereign has no one in whom he can con-

fide—it proves too he is loved by no one. His power is based upon violence, and must fall with its failure. Foreign armies (that is, to say the protection of Austria) keep him on his throne, but, as in the case of the Swiss troops, it proves he can place no reliance on his own subjects, whilst it renders him odious to the Italians striving for independence—and out of Italy it appears a horrible spectacle to all just men, though they may be strict Roman Catholics, to see Austria grasping the Romagna in order that the Pope may govern as he pleases. This is the reason that in Italy and abroad, not only Protestants or other adversaries of Rome, but the most devout Catholics, and priests themselves, uninfluenced by private reasons, lose their esteem for the Pope's temporal government. *They declare it to be prejudicial to faith and religion—they would wish it either removed or restricted to a narrow compass,*—in a word, the two forces on which he relies could not assist him, did any general disturbance shake the equilibrium of Europe. How heavy, how imminent such a danger is, every one must perceive. If these forces will not aid him then, they have the effect of depriving him now of the only real force on which at all times he could rely—the consent of universal opinion.

"To attain this, very great difficulties that encircle the government of Rome, must be overcome. Of these I am well aware; to enumerate them would require a volume. I will merely allude to one, which appears to me most important; the source of all others.

"In other states, ministers, chosen from the same people, and bound to them and to their sovereign in

many ways, are well aware their private interest is connected with that of the public, as well through respect for their ancestors, as by hope for their descendants. This is not the case in an ecclesiastical government. Every pontiff, with his ministers, and all those under him, form an isolated system, which has no regard for the future. All the acts of the government are referred to a certain standard, viz., the probable duration of the Pope's life.

"The greater number of those holding situations being foreigners, and not bound to the state, they rule by any tie; their aim is to insure themselves the greatest possible gain in the shortest possible time.

"*For this reason, if even a pontiff were to be elected gifted with a high knowledge of state affairs, and with equal virtue to employ it for the benefit of the public, and without a thought for himself,—if this pontiff resolutely wished to reform the abuses by which so many profit, those benefitting from them would neither allow nor obey him, nor would he have the means of constraining them, and they would always find some way, secret or otherwise, to frustrate his intentions**.

"But to say a thing is difficult, is admitting it at the same time to be possible. The necessity and perils of the state are such and so many that the Pope must endeavour to effect this possibility. The only way, perhaps, to instil new life and vigour into the dying ecclesiastical principality, is to reform the state according to the experience acquired in a severe school. Let the Pope truly reign. The distribution of the authority of the state amongst natives, and the exclusion of foreigners, are reforms unavoidable

* Prophetic of Pope Pius IX.—W.

and demanded by justice. They were promised after the events in 1831. The promise was not kept, and this fact has rendered more overwhelming than ever the necessity of cancelling the foul blot of injustice made worse by deception. The few lines above written, I am aware, contain very important matter. They contain designs which require genius, prudence, and great nerve in whosoever will undertake to execute them. Confident am I that love of justice, and above all, sincerity, in a governor, would overcome many difficulties. In affairs of state, rapid transitions should be avoided, because true it is, a monarchy, a constitution, or republic, may be proclaimed, *but no human power can upon a sudden make a people monarchical, constitutional, republican, if not so disposed by custom and opinion.* The copies of foreign constitutions brought into Italy in 1821, were insufficient to render the Italians constitutional, as they at that time were not disposed to be so.

"But even without commencing fundamental reformations the Government might begin a system calculated to gain public opinion, and exonerate it from the accusation of being an enemy to every kind of progress. *Why, for example, forbid its learned men to attend the annual scientific congress? Why perceive danger where Austria herself does not? Why not forego the shameful profits of the lottery? I know why. For economical reasons; but is it not too horrible to see the head of the Church keep open the doors to admit a vice so corrupting, whilst the more civilized nations have shut them? Why oppose, openly or secretly, every endeavour to improve*

the education of the people? The reason is too obvious. *It fancies such reforms are aimed at from an extended design of liberals to reform the State.* But, I repeat, does it imagine it has more to fear than Austria? And if it confessed such to be the case, would this not be the most damning of all confessions? Is it not too shameful that whilst it is is up in arms against Aporti on account of his manual for schools, the censorship permits "*Il Libro del l'Arte,*"—the book of dreams, to teach gamblers how to win in the lottery, "*L'Indovinagrillo,*" &c.,—a truly moral instruction for the people. *I like sincerity, and I admit the instruction of the people will in the end change the State, and render the return of many abuses impossible. But education is inevitably spreading everywhere. The Papal Government is encompassed, besieged by it, and will not be able to prevent its invasion, nor retard its progress.* Education may create revolutions, but it renders them at the same time less mischievous and sanguinary. Why so obstinately oppose the construction of railroads? Always for the same reason, the fear that they may convey more ideas than merchandize. This mode of government is received with scorn by its subjects, justly impatient under an accumulation of evils. Will the Government of Rome follow the advice set forth by me, —yet not mine, but given by the opinion of all Europe? I know not;—perhaps I should say I do know, that my reader may not suppose me blessed with too much simplicity.

"I have said what I believe few deny, opinion is the real mistress of the world; and that it would be

prudent for the Papal government to submit to it. What I have said to governors I say to those governed; opinion has been at all times adverse to rash undertakings. The courage for conspiracies, and physical courage we Italians do possess, like all those of quick imagination and hot blood. But we have in a less degree moral courage. To recommend this, and shew its utility, all my arguments tend. Their meaning may be summed up in a few words, namely, That we Italians must first bring into action moral courage, to obtain from our governments improved institutions and temperate liberty, then military courage to obtain independence, when it may please God to give us the opportunity.

"From one end of the Peninsula to the other, every one may unite in the common cause to accomplish a great work—a work which being conducted in the ways of truth and virtue, may call down upon it, the benediction of God, who turning at last His countenance upon us, will perhaps see that, if the past faults of Italy were very grievous, we have been for many ages severely punished for them."

The Marchese, to complete his view of the condition of Rome in point of finance, has added in his appendix, the following brief table, which is sufficiently full with the explanation given.

I have also the printed manifesto of the liberals who fought at Rimini, (called rebels) and the reader can judge whether it makes extravagant demands, or on the contrary, those consistent with justice and reason.

STATEMENT of the Income and Expenditure of the Papal States.

Extract from Mr. Bowring's Report.—London, 1838, p. 68.

Principal Sources of the Income.

No.		Scudi.
1.	Land taxes, house property, &c.	3,280,000
2.	Monopolies, custom-houses, &c., consumption taxes	4,120,000
3.	Stamps	550,000
4.	Post Office	250,000
5.	Lottery	1,300,000
	Total	9,500,000

Administrative Expenses.

1.	Land taxes, house property, &c.	760,000
2.	Monopolies and consumption taxes, custom-house, &c.	460,000
3.	Stamps	90,000
4.	Post Office	150,000
5.	Lottery	760,000
	Total	2,220,000
	Gross income	9,500,000
	Deduct for administrative expenses	2,200,000
	Net income	7,280,000

Expenditure of the State.

1.	Sacred Palaces (Pope's), Sacred Colleges (Cardinals), ecclesiastical congregations, and diplomatic corps at other Courts	500,000
2.	National debt	2,680,000
4.	Prisons and police	920,000
5.	Public instruction, fine arts, and commerce	110,000
6.	Alms and public benevolence	280,000
7.	Public works, cleaning and lighting up Rome	580,000
8.	Troops of the line and Carbineers	1,900,000
9.	Military situations, health and sea officers	290,000
10.	Public festivals and extraordinary expenses	44,000
11.	Reserve funds	100,000
	Total expenditure	7,934 000

OBSERVATIONS.

1.—This statement is taken from the official documents communicated by the Papal Government to Mr. Bowring.

2.—In this statement the expenditure of the provinces does not appear; and consequently it seems the Government spends nothing in the provinces. They therefore defray expenses belonging to the Government.

3.—The scanty revenue from stamps proves the limited number of contracts.

4.—In this statement the expense of the foreign soldiers does not appear. These troops are reckoned at 6000, and cost ten millions of francs per annum.

5.—Notwithstanding all this between the income and expenditure there is an annual deficit of 654,000 scudi.

Demands of the Pontifical Subjects contained in the Manifesto addressed to the Princes and People of Europe.

1st.—That a general amnesty be proclaimed to all political offenders from the year 1821.

2nd.—That a civil and criminal code, modelled on those of the civilized countries of Europe, and the institution of juries, with publicity of trials, be granted.

3rd.—That the Inquisition, or Ecclesiastical Tribunal, shall exercise no authority over laymen.

4th.—That political causes may from henceforth be tried and punished by the ordinary tribunals, and by a fixed law.

5th.—That the Municipal Council may be freely elected from amongst the citizens, and that a Supreme Council of State be chosen from amongst deputies nominated by the provinces.

6th.—That the Supreme Council of State shall reside in Rome, and have a voice in affairs of state.

7th.—That all employments, civil, military, and judicial, be thrown open to laymen.

8th.—That the Bishops and Clergy may have the

superintendence of religious instruction only; and not that of secular education.

9th.—That the Censorship of the Press be restricted in terms sufficient to prevent any injury to the Catholic religion, to the Sovereign, and to the private character of the citizens.

10th.—That the foreign soldiery be dismissed.

11th.—That a guard of citizens be enrolled, to whom be entrusted the preservation of public order.

12th.—That, in fine, according to the spirit of the age, the Government enter on the path of improvement marked out by the other civilized nations of Europe.

Summary of the Reforms demanded by the Marchese Massimo Azeglio.

The right of petitions to be accorded.—The right of public audience of the Sovereign.—Abolition of special commissions and the spy system.—An improved code.—The opening of all offices in the state to laymen.—Reform in the customs, &c.—Dismissal of a mercenary army.—Formation of an Italian force.—Disconnection with Austria.—Improved system of education.—Abandonment of the lottery.—Construction of railways.—Economical reform.—Encouragement of the Scientific Congress.—Free expression of opinion.—A Government to be conducted in obedience to enlightened opinion, and directed towards accomplishing the independence of Italy.

Having studied the above historical narrative of the Government of Pope Gregory XVI. (especially as it existed in its latter years), sketched by a man of virtue, a sincere Roman Catholic, one thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and incapable of falsehood, we have laid bare to our view the vices, cruelties, and enormous abuses coupled with the intolerable despotism of the Papal system.

Yet nothing would be more erroneous than to visit the odium of this mass of injustice and absurdity on the Pope.

I had the honour of being presented to him. On his face were stamped kindness, good nature, I might say innocence. There was no blemish on his morals, he was virtuous in private life, and possessed of theological learning: I will not believe he could of himself be guilty of an act of cruelty or even unkindness. But he was a monk, and had the capacity of a monk for civil government.

Elevated to an absolute sovereignty for which he was disqualified by education, habit, experience, he knew not which way to turn amid the storms which assailed him. Naturally he leaned on the iron despotism of Austria: his minister, Cardinal Lambruschini, a remorseless politician, must chiefly bear the blame of having caused, or at least aggravated, the dreadful evils Massimo Azeglio has exposed; and the ridiculous system of government which made a monk a despotic Prince is to be reprehended, and not the individual. That sixty venerable and pious priests should elect a bishop seems not at all inconsistent with reason, but that the bishop so chosen should possess absolute temporal authority is manifestly so.

We may derive another important lesson from the perusal of this tract—that an educated Roman Catholic expresses his opinions on the misgovernment of his Church with sincerity, truth, and an unflinching boldness. In what he has written he has laid bare the absurdity of the Pope's temporal government, and he appears to have the lowest opinion of the moral teaching and education afforded by the Papacy, in its spiritual character, to its subjects. He and the thousands who in Italy think with him, would manfully reform both church and state in Rome with an unsparing hand. The secular education of the people, Azeglio would, it may well be believed, take wholly out of the hands of the priests. At the very time this terrible exposure of the Papacy was written, wonderful as it may appear, a body of educated men in Oxford repudiated the tolerant Church of England, and declared their belief that the system of Papal Rome was not only to be preferred, but that it was perfect. The charitable conclusion to draw is, that these gentlemen, living in their university, secluded from the world, were captivated by the grand idea of one perfect Church overspreading the earth and governing consistently the Christian world, then by a violent stretch of imagination, conceived Rome to be that infallible Church, and abhorring all difference of opinion, and the toleration from which it springs, apostatized to that Church which represses heresy by crushing freedom. A tree is to be judged of by its fruits. What were the fruits of the Papal system? The sealing up the Scriptures, the interdiction of knowledge, false teaching, flagitious temporal government, alternately the ridicule and scorn of the people, and,

what was more dreadful, according to the proved statements of Massimo Azeglio, an open denial of justice. ——

Heartily may we unite with him in wishing to the Roman people improved institutions and rational freedom!

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